

Memoirs and sketches of the life of Henry Robinson Pollard; an autobiography

H. R Pollard

Memoirs and Sketches OF THE LIFE OF Henry Robinson Pollard

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

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TO

The one to whom I long ago dedicated my life, and to whose sweet companionship and gentle, loving helpfulness is due whatever of good I may have accomplished; who has been an inspiration for all of my best successes and achievements, I now lovingly dedicate this little volume of sketches of that life—to My Wife, JESSIE GRESHAM POLLARD.

“ I thank all who have loved me in their hearts With thanks and love from mine. ”

INTRODUCTION

At one time, under the influence of Sir Walter Scott and other such writers, I supposed that the history of no other country could equal in charm and interest that of the little land sometimes called North Britain, but a closer study of the people of my own Virginia and of the vicissitudes through which they have passed with credit to themselves has led me to alter this opinion. What better support for this change of view could I offer than to point the reader to these vivid sketches selected by my valued friend, Hon. Henry R. Pollard, from interesting and thrilling scenes and experiences of his long and active life? No important events have taken place in Virginia during the last sixty years in which he has not taken an active and often a leading part. The narrative begins, indeed, at a more distant period, for he unfolds a delightful view of those halcyon days of the former state of society in which we lived, and in which he was reared, when Virginia was, as it were, younger and stronger and brought forth from her fertile bosom those states-men, and heroes, and noble matrons whose names have given her a place amongst the nations. If the proper study of mankind is man, Mr. Pollard has met this requirement, for, in the course of his long professional and political career, he was thrown almost daily with men of all classes and of all shades of opinion, and being a keen observer, he acquired a wonderfully accurate knowledge of every phase of the character of our people. The reader, for all his learning, will be able the better for reading these pages to understand the many-sided Virginian, his mirth, his wit, his seriousness, his sturdiness, his patriotism, his patience, his courage, his deep religious faith.

Who of the present generation can picture to his mind the matchless fortitude with which those lads and young men of General Lee's army, who having fought to the last ditch went home, as did Mr. Pollard, to earn a living and repair the ruin in a land not only desolated and ravaged by the iron heel of war, but turned upside down by stunning disaster and by a social revolution of a darkly threatening nature? Whose heart will not be moved when

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he reads of the joy in Col. John Pollard's house in old King and Queen County when our young veteran appeared at the front door as if come back from the dead, fresh from Appomattox County, where he was one of the immortals who there surrendered and received that badge of honor of which his children may well be proud, his parole?

We now see the young man with a fixed determination to prepare himself for the Bar, a step which even in times of peace and abounding prosperity requires a heart not only stout but impervious to all discouragement. But, blessed with a clear mind, the strictest integrity, and that unflagging industry that has marked his life, barrier after barrier was pushed aside, and while yet a young man we find him called to take part in important litigation in various parts of the State, and regarded as one of its first lawyers. Business came to him in such volume and such was his well-earned reputation that he left his native county of King and Queen and fixed his office in the City of Richmond. He was not destined to remain much longer, however, in an exclusively private practice. The City of Richmond required as its attorney a lawyer of wide experience and well prepared not only to advise on corporate questions, but to conduct warmly contested cases in all the trial and appellate courts, whether State or Federal, and, a vacancy having occurred in that office, the choice fell upon Mr. Pollard. His friends and supporters had high hopes of the reputation that he would win for himself in the new office, but it is no exaggeration to say that the zeal, ability, and industry with which he devoted himself to his duties as the legal officer of a large and expanding city exceeded what could reasonably have been expected from the labors of any one man. This office he held until the finger of time was laid so heavily upon him that, at his request, he withdrew from all duties except such as are advisory.

An important part of this little book is devoted to the arduous labors performed for his State in the political field. Virginia had dangerous foes without, which her people could not control, but there were foes to be fought for many years within; and it was due to the patriotism, firmness and sagacity of her faithful sons, in whose ranks Mr. Pollard was

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always numbered as a distinguished and tireless worker, that the Government of our State was finally placed upon a safe and honorable footing.

No man can hope to be exempt from misfortune and sorrows, and these Mr. Pollard mentions with no repine. Political and judicial honors that might have x been bestowed upon him with perfect propriety were withheld, and in the death of a brilliant young son the light seemed for a while to have gone out of his life. His inward strength supported him in all these trials, and his perfect composure of manner concealed the struggles of his heart.

I should mention Mr. Pollard's religious faith. He is a Baptist and comes of a Baptist ancestry, and he strongly upholds, as have done his forefathers, the integrity and authority of the Holy Bible by precept and example. During the many years that he taught in a Sunday School, he urged upon the young men of his Bible Class the importance of making God's Word the rule of their lives.

I wish for others the pleasure and information that I have received in reading the manuscript. I expect to read and re-read it in printed form.

Daniel Grinnan.

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE

Feeling that my long and varied experience in political and civic affairs of my State, both in rural and urban communities, had given me much information that might be of interest to the public, my friends have for several years urged me to write a history of my life, or rather my personal recollections of important events of my time and the men who have made the history of this State. Of these latter, I have been fortunate enough to have known many, and my destiny has been cast during a most intense and critical period of Virginia's political annals, when her very existence as a State was at stake and, even more important, the continuance of white supremacy and Anglo-Saxon dominance was

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threatened. However, it is proverbially said that the Law is a jealous mistress, and my legal and political activities have hitherto occupied my time so fully that I have had no time for loitering in the by-paths of other lines of endeavour, no matter how attractive they may have seemed. Now, however, since my impaired health has made it imperative that I retire from such strenuously active participation in civic affairs, I have found more leisure, and thus, at the insistence of some of the more persistent among my friends, I have followed their suggestion to some extent. But I have not undertaken a formal biography in this, my maiden effort in literary fields, believing that a more informal and conversational xii presentation would better suit the subject matter that I had to present, and also that it would be more agreeable to me to work in this fashion—just chatting, as it were, with old friends, “reminiscing” and spinning yarns with them.

It is also a pleasant thought to me that in this way my spirit may still be with them even after I have lifted the curtain and passed on into the Next Room; that thus I may always remain with my dear children, especially with my very dear little daughters—Julia, and Josie, and Elizabeth, and Mattie, and Sherrod, and Mary, and Jane, and Helen—giving them my love “unto the death, and out beyond into the dream to come”; that, by this little book, grandfather may always gather around the hearthside, one of the family circle, and thus supply the demand of even the littlest grandchild to “tell me a story.” For, whatever reception my little volume may have from the general public—and I offer it with some trepidation and misgivings I know that this inner circle of loved ones and friends will not only take pleasure in reading it but will treasure all these things in their hearts.

I wish to express my thanks and grateful appreciation to the many friends who have assisted me in this work—to those who have been the inspiration which persuaded me to undertake the writing of these sketches; those whose ready sympathy, understanding and encouragement have been a sustaining force when my literary Muse seemed to desert me and my feeble pen would have stopped but for the loving friendship that spurred me on to fresh endeavour; and those who, like Mr. Lee Moore and Mr. Ashton Starke, have contributed articles and anecdotes and suggestions for xiii this volume, or who have

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aided an old man's memory in recalling the details of happenings of the long ago. In the words of the poet, "I hold it true that thoughts are things, Endowed with bodies, breath, and wings," and it is to me a beautiful truth that the interest and love and understanding of our friends can form a kind of invisible armour around us to protect us from failure and discouragement, carrying us on to success on the wings of their kind thoughts and good wishes for us and their faith in us.

I wish to acknowledge my indebtedness to my dear friend, Judge Grinnan, for his readiness to assist, for his graceful and gracious introduction, and for his unceasing interest. Indeed, he was the first to suggest that I prepare these *Memoirs* and it was mainly due to his urging that I did so. So it is on him, Gentle Reader, that you must pass verdict, whether of praise or blame, for bringing this volume before you. I also wish to thank Dr. McIlwaine for his friendly interest in my work, and for his unfailing courtesy and kindness in assisting me to find old records and in permitting me to use, at my leisure, rare old volumes and manuscripts.

And especially do I wish to voice my appreciation of the valuable assistance rendered me by my young friend and secretary, Miss Morriss, who has industriously and faithfully collaborated with me in this work, bringing to it a spontaneous interest and enthusiasm. She has been quick to catch not only the literal facts of my narrative but the spirit of it as well; xiv and thus, by her quick and sympathetic understanding and instinctive feeling for the right word, has, in many instances, been able to express my exact shade of meaning better, perhaps, than I, since *my* training and my talents are greater along legal and practical lines possibly than along literary lines.

Henry R. Pollard.

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CHAPTER I. ANCESTRY

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"The honours of a name 'tis just to guard, They are a trust but lent us, which we take, And should, in reverence to the donor's fame, With care transmit them down to other hands."

— Shirley.

The first Pollard to appear in the authentic records of our family is Joseph Pollard (1701–1791), of Goochland County. He was the eldest child of Robert Pollard, of Bruington, King and Queen County, and Priscilla Hoomes (or Holmes), of Caroline County. Beyond this point, although the name appears frequently on the records, it is so far remote in point of time and so shrouded with the mists of tradition, that the evidence is conflicting and it is almost impossible to trace the thread of direct lineal descent with any degree of authority. Out of this mass of tradition, with its lapses into silence during certain periods of time, the best evidence seems to justify the following conclusions.

The earliest mention which I have found made of the family is in the time of Henry VIII., when there flourished Sir Lewis Pollard, 'the Judge,' who was knighted by the king, and of whom a contemporary chronicle contains the information that "his knowledge of the laws, and other commendable virtues, . . . 2 rendered him famous above most of his age and rank." He was the father of eleven sons, and from him we trace all of the various branches of the family, which, in the next century, was said to have been "widespread in the west of England" and hence difficult to follow out the exact relationships.

Next there comes Sir John, son of Walter Pollard of Plymouth, who was a 'sergeant-at-law' in the Middle Temple, London, and later Speaker of the House. of Commons, in 1553. He is described as "excellent in the laws of this realm." He married Mary, a daughter of Richard Gray, of London, but died in 1557, without leaving any direct heirs, and his estates passed to his brother Anthony.

In the time of Queen Elizabeth we read of another Sir John Pollard (1528–1575), "of Trelawney, in Cornwall; descended from an ancient and celebrated Devonshire family, and

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himself a gallant soldier and a brave seaman. Mention of his name frequently recurs, and always creditably, among contemporary papers. He served at the siege of St. Quentin's in 1557, and in 1568 was president of the province of Munster in Ireland. He died in 1575, and was buried in St. Helen's church, on the 4th of December; his widow continuing to reside in the same parish until the year 1585.”* He was knighted November 10, 1549, by the Earl of Warwick, and served several terms in Parliament. Moving thus as he did in close touch with the brilliant court of Elizabeth, and living much in London during this most gorgeous and adventurous period of English history, he must, as a

* See The Life and Times of Sir Thomas Gresham, Vol. 11., page 463.

3 matter of course, have known intimately and at first hand of Sir Walter Raleigh's romantic and ill-fated expeditions, and it was only natural that he and his descendants should have been intensely interested in the strange new land named in honor of the Virgin Queen. But alas for the seeker after old history! Time draws the curtain upon this vital drama and the dim romantic figures in the pageant are seen no more until after the lapse of many years.

The scene now shifts to the New World, and we find frequent mention of Pollards in the county records of King and Queen, King William, Essex, and Gloucester; especially of one “Joseph Pollard, gentleman,” whose name recurs frequently—in one instance in an order from the Court of King and Queen to “Joseph Pollard and John Smith, gentlemen; to consult with Essex Court about making bridges across Draggon Swamp.” Another, Thomas Pollard, is mentioned as deputy clerk of Essex. Yet, as I have stated, a great deal of uncertainty surrounds these names and their exact relationship to one another. I remember, as a boy, often to have heard the older members of the family—especially a great-uncle who attained extreme old age and whose memory reached back to these remote times—say that the first of our name to appear in this country were two brothers who came from Ireland. A careful study of the county records and the dates seems to bear this out, and to give ground for the logical conjecture that the descendants, either sons or nephews we cannot be sure which, of old Sir John, governor of the Irish province of Munster and staunch loyalist and friend of the crown, either remained in Ireland or fled

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thither from London in the 4 time of Cromwell. Then later, when the Irish persecutions became so bitter, they further fled, in all likelihood, from the hated Protectorate, and came to Virginia, as did so many of the friends of the Stuarts.

This theory seems all the more plausible in view of the somewhat full account that we have of Sir Hugh Pollard, a devoted adherent of Bonnie Prince Charlie. He was a son of Sir Lewis Pollard, bart., of King's Nympton, and Margaret, daughter of Sir Henry Berkeley (possibly a relative or connection of the royalist governor?); a descendant of Sir Lewis 'the Judge,' and either a great-nephew or a cousin—it is not certain which—of the second Sir John. His wife was a member of one of the proudest houses in England—Bridget, daughter of Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford. Sir Hugh served as a captain in the army under Conway against the Scots, and was several times a member of Parliament from Devonshire. In 1641, he succeeded to the baronetcy. This same year he became implicated in the Royalist "First Army Plot," was expelled from the House of Commons, and imprisoned in the Gatehouse. However, he managed to secure bail and, the next year, set out for Holland, to raise levies for the king's service, but met the royal fleet with arms and ammunition and returned with it. He fought as sergeant-major in Viscount Kilmorey's regiment, in Devonshire and Cornwall, and was acting as governor of Dartmouth when the town was besieged by Fairfax. The town was stormed, Pollard was wounded and again imprisoned, this time for more than a year. He finally procured bail and, though always royalist at heart, remained in England until the Restoration, when he became the recipient of many 5 marks of the royal favor. He was appointed Governor of Guernsey, and Comptroller of the King's household; again took his seat in Parliament; and received a grant of £5,000 from King Charles, to reimburse him for his losses and compensate him for the hardships endured in the service of his most gracious majesty. He died November 27, 1666.

At any rate, we find in the records of Lancaster County that, on January 8, 1656 (just when Cromwell's power was at its height), Edwyn Conway made an assignment of a land warrant to a certain Robert Pollard, generally presumed to have been the father of Robert

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Pollard of Bruington. A generation later (1720), there is recorded a royal grant, from King George II., "for divers good causes and considerations, but more especially for and in consideration of the sum of twenty-five shillings in good and lawful money paid to our Receiver General of our Revenues in this our Colony and Dominion of Virginia;" of two hundred and fifty acres, near Tuckahoe Swamp in St. Stephen's Parish, King and Queen, to Robert Pollard. This grant is signed by "A. Spotswood," the royal governor.

With the aforesaid Robert Pollard of Bruington, the figures step out boldly and clearly into the light of authentic facts and enact their part definitely upon the pages of history rather than in the annals of tradition. This Robert Pollard had three children—Joseph; Robert, who lived in King and Queen; and Elizabeth, who married Philip Pendleton, son of Philip the emigrant. Joseph was born in 1701; married Priscilla Hoomes, of "The Mansion," near Bowling Green, Caroline County; and was sheriff of King and 6 Queen in 1750. Later—the exact date is not certain—he moved to Goochland County and there resided until his death in 1791. His will furnishes one of the most interesting and complete bits of family history extant, and so seems to me of sufficient importance to quote here at length.

In the name of God amen I *Joseph Pollard* of Goochland county being in an advanced age but by Divine favour of sound & disposing memory do make this my last Will and Testament for settling my temporal Affairs. Inprimis my eldest daughter *Sarah Pendleton* having received her due proportion of my estate is therefore omitted herein.

Item. I give to the Children of my son *William Pollard* decd, a negro Woman named Lucy & her children and a boy Sawney now in the possession of the sd children, and a fifth part of my stocks of Cattle, Sheep & Hoggs in Goochland & a sixth part of my household furniture.

Item. I give to my daughter *Frances Rogers* Four Negroes Brutus, Hannah, Patty & Chloe now in her husband's possession with the children of the females born or to be born, also one fifth part of my Cattle, Sheep & Hoggs in the County of Goochland & a sixth part of my Household furniture.

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Item. I give to my son *Thomas Pollard* & his Heirs the Land whereon he lives in Fairfax County & all the stocks thereon, also three negroes named Gilbert, Scopeo & Moll with her children now in his possession & a sixth part of my household furniture.

Item. I give to my daughter *Anne Taylor* a large looking glass & a large Kettle which I purchased of her Husband's estate also one fifth part of my stocks in Goochland County & a sixth part of my household furniture; also I confirm to her daughter *Elizabeth Johnson* a negroe woman named Janey and her children to go according to the terms of her marriage settlement.

Item. I give to my daughter *Elizabeth Meriwether* the use of young negro woman named Rachel & her increase 7 during her natural life & at her death to be equally divided between her children. I also give her one fifth part of my stocks in Goochland and a six part of my Household furniture.

Item. My daughter *Jane Dandridge* having received her due proportion of my estate is therefore omitted herein.

Item. I give to my daughter *Mille Pendleton*, my Negroes Flora and her children born or to be born & Emos now in her Husbands possession, also one fifth part of said stocks in Goochland and a sixth part of my Household furniture.

Item. It is my meaning that none of the bequests of stocks in Goochland or of Household furniture shall take effect until the death of my wife who shall have the use thereof during her life.

Item. All the rest of my Estate I give to my wife during her natural Life and after her death I give a Young Negroe or Forty pounds Specie (at the current value of Gold or Silver) to each of my Grandsons *Joseph Pollard* (son of William) *Joseph Pollard* (son of Thomas) *John Rogers*, *John Taylor*, *Thomas Meriwether* & *John Pendleton* and the remainder of my

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estate or residue after my just debts being paid I give at the death of my wife to be equally divided between my sons *Thomas Pollard* and the children of *William Pollard*, decd.

Item. If any Child should die before me the legacies herein devised to such child shall not lapse but go to the representatives of him or her according to the Statute of distributions, except where it is otherwise limited.

Item. The looking glass & kettle to my daughter Anne Taylor are to be taken out before a General division of my Household furniture.

Lastly I do appoint my sd wife *Pricilla Pollard*, my son *Thomas Pollard*, and my sons in laws *Edmund Pendleton* & *Edmund Pendleton* the Younger Executors of this my will who I desire may not be compelled to give security and that my estate may not be appraised.

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Witness my hand and seal this Twenty Third day of November one thousand seven hundred and Ninety one.

Joseph Pollard (Seal)

Sealed and Published before us who subscribed the same in the Testators and at his request. Jno Shelton, Joseph Shelton, Jos. M. Payne.

Recorded in the Clerks Office of Goochland Co. Va. Deed & Will book No. 6 p. 56.

This Joseph Pollard is the ancestor of three United States senators, one congressman, and an attorney-general of Virginia, and his will is remarkable for the number of distinguished names it contains.

A son-in-law, named as one of the executors, was Judge Edmund Pendleton (1721–1803), member of the first Continental Congress, author of the resolutions of the Virginia Convention of May, 1776, proposing a declaration of independence; president of the

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Virginia Convention which ratified the Constitution of the United States; and president of the first Supreme Court of the State. Jefferson said of him, "He was the ablest man in debate I have ever met with."* With Jefferson and Wythe, he wrote the first Code of Virginia. His home, *Edmundberry*, in Caroline County, was standing in 1906. He left no children.

* Jeffersonian Encyclopedia, p. 685.

With the exception of Chief Justice Marshall, probably the most distinguished judge and lawyer produced in this State was Edmund Pendleton, a most complimentary sketch of whom is to be found in Call's *Virginia Reports*, † concluding with this eloquent tribute:

† Vol. IV., pages vii., to x., inclusive.

He is said to have resembled Lord Mansfield, as much in his person and manner, as in the structure of his mind; and he certainly entertained a very high respect for the judicial opinions of that nobleman, as if he had an innate sense of congeniality.

As a judge, Mr. Pendleton was a man of the first order of talents. Industrious and methodical in business, he possessed quick perceptions, clear discernment, practical views, great argumentative powers, and a sound judgment. Perfectly acquainted with the statute and common law, as well as with the doctrines of equity, he knew, reasonably well, how to apply them to the habits and exigencies of this country; which he understood, not only from observation and experience, but almost by intuition; and may be truly said to have been born "*Utilium sagax rerum*," et "*Ad unguem factus*."

To this beautiful eulogy, may be added the following eloquent tribute of Judge James Keith, late President of the Supreme Court of Appeals of Virginia, taken from his address at a banquet given to the State Bar Association at the Hygeia Hotel.

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When we recall the names of Virginians who have filled judicial positions, the mighty shades of Marshall and Pendleton, of Washington and Roane, of Tucker and Carr, of Moncure and Daniel, of Joynes and Bouldin, and a host of others, pass in review before us; and we know and feel indeed that we must be pure, faithful and fearless, to be worthy successors of such men. With their example to inspire us, and aided by the zeal, ability and learning of the gentlemen of the Bar, let us hope that the judiciary of Virginia will ever remain "Guardians of the right, the refuge of the weak, and a terror to evil-doers only."

Miss Pendleton, a collateral descendant of the great judge, finding that his body was in a neglected grave in Caroline County, had his remains removed to Williamsburg, for re-interment in the north aisle 10 of the old Bruton Parish Church there. His two wives were also placed beside him. His first wife was Mildred Pollard, as above set forth. She had three sisters, one of whom married Edmund Pendleton, called "The Younger;" one, Mr. Taylor of Caroline, and the third, Mr. Holmes of Spotsylvania.

The other son-in-law mentioned as executor, Edmund Pendleton, "the younger," was a colonel in the Revolutionary War. He lived at *White Plains*, near Sparta, Caroline County, and his home, which is still standing, is now owned by Rev. Andrew Broadus, D. D.

The grandson, "John Taylor of Caroline" (1750–1824), mentioned in the will, was a colonel in the Revolutionary War and three times a senator from Virginia. He offered the famous Virginia Resolutions of 1798 against the Alien and Sedition Laws. He was a prolific writer on political and agricultural topics. Among his books are *An Inquiry Into the Principles and Policies of the Government of the U. S.* (1823); and *Arator*, one of the first American books on agriculture. Jefferson said that his book, *Construction Construed*, was "the most logical retraction of government to the original and true principles of the Constitution creating them, which has appeared since the adoption of that instrument." John Taylor's home, *Hazlewood*, in Caroline County, where he is buried, is still a fine estate and is owned by a son-in-law of William Jennings Bryan.

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Both Col. Edmund Pendleton and John Taylor were educated by their uncle, Judge Edmund Pendleton, at William and Mary College.

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The daughter, Francis Pollard Rogers, mentioned in the will, was the wife of George Rogers (1721–1802), of *Mt. Airy*, Caroline County—the uncle of George Rogers Clarke. From this daughter was descended Joseph Rogers Underwood (1791–1873), born in Goochland County, Virginia, United States Senator from Kentucky; and also the present Senator Oscar W. Underwood, of Alabama, recent Democratic leader.

The son, William, mentioned in the will, was clerk of Hanover county, 1740–81. He was a friend and neighbor of Patrick Henry, and his name is signed to the resolutions of the famous gathering of Hanover citizens to take action concerning the course of the colonists in resisting British oppression. His home, *Buck-eye*, near Shirley, is still standing and is owned by the family.

The son, Thomas Pollard, lived in Fairfax county, Virginia, was a friend of George Washington, and served with him as vestryman in Pohick Church.* He afterwards moved to Kentucky and has many descendants in the west.

* See History of Pohick Church.

The grandson, Joseph Pollard (son of William), was a soldier in the Revolution and was at the surrender at Yorktown. He married Catherine Robinson, great-granddaughter of John Robinson, President of the Council and acting Governor of Virginia, 1749. From him were descended my father, the late Col. John Pollard, of King and Queen county; my brother, the late Dr. John Pollard, of Richmond College; and John Garland Pollard, LL. D. of Richmond College, former Attorney-General of Virginia, and now professor 12 of Constitutional History and Law at William and Mary College.

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So much for this side of the family. It is of equal interest and importance to trace the line, through my paternal grandmother, Catherine Robinson, to the Robinsons of Hewick (or Huic as it sometimes appears in the old records). The most complete account of these is given in a sketch compiled by Louise Pecquet du Bellet in the department of Maryland Heraldry.

This family was a well-known one in the days of the Old Dominion. It was founded (according to tradition) in Virginia about the year 1666, by Christopher Robinson, of Cleasby, in Yorkshire, the brother of the Right Reverend John Robinson (1650–1722), a distinguished prelate and statesman, who was bishop of London as well as ambassador to Sweden for many years, and who represented England as first plenipotentiary at the congress of Utrecht, in 1712.

Grants of lands to the name Robinson appear numerous in the records of the Virginia land office, the first being to Richard Robinson, one hundred acres on the north side of Pocason river, April 21, 1635.* The first grant to Christopher Robinson was on February 23, 1652, of six hundred acres in Henrico county.†

* See Book No. 1, p. 107.

† See Book No. 3, p. 172.

The arms of the family, according to Burke, are: Vert a chev., betu; three bucks trippant, or. On a salt cellar owned by Commissary Robinson, these arms were impaled with others not fully distinct. A ship, however, appeared in chief.

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John Robinson was owner of the manor of Hewick, near Ripon, in Yorkshire, and hence the name of Hewick was given by Christopher Robinson to the house built in Virginia, which is still standing in Middlesex county, near Urbanna, on the Rappahannock river, and which until about the year 1875 passed down by will in the family. John Robinson, the Lord

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Bishop of London, obtained the manor of Hewick (at which he appears never to have lived) by purchase, and, at his death in 1722, left it to the eldest son of his brother Christopher (the first in Virginia, the second according to the English count), who, by his will made in 1768, shortly before his death, directed it to be sold and the money realized to be laid out by his executors, Richard Corbin and Ralph Wormeley, in land and negroes in Virginia, the property so obtained to go down as if entailed to the nearest male heirs. In accordance with the will, the executors sold Hewick Manor, in Yorkshire, to Sir Fletcher Norton, Speaker of the House of Commons and afterward Lord Grantley, for about £17,000. It consisted of about nine hundred acres and was sold about the year 1776, and of the money so realized a portion was laid out in land in Virginia and the remainder invested in English funds. Christopher Robinson 2d leaving no son save Christopher 3d, who died single in 1775, the proceeds of the sale of Hewick, in Yorkshire, went to his brother, John 2d, as nearest male heir; but Hewick, in Virginia, was left by Christopher 3d to his sister, Elizabeth, the only surviving child of his parents. She married William Steptoe.

Most of the Robinsons of Hewick took an active part in the affairs of their county, and some of them 14 an important one in the events of their time, and for three generations the name is intimately connected with the history of Virginia. Through marriages with the Beverleys, Wormeleys, etc., they were connected with almost all of the old Virginia houses.

Christopher Robinson (1st) was born at Cleasby, in Yorkshire, England, in 1645. He came to Virginia, where he served as one of the original trustees of William and Mary College, and secretary of the Colony of Virginia. He died at his estate, Hewick, Middlesex County, in 1693. He married, first, Agatha Bertram; and, second, Catherine, daughter of Theo. Hone and widow of Robert Beverley, of Virginia, formerly of Beverley, in Yorkshire, of whom she was the second wife. Their children were: (1) Christopher Robinson (born in 1681, died in 1727), a naval officer of Rappahannock river. He married Judith, the daughter of Christopher Wormeley, one of the councilors of Virginia, and widow of William Beverley, the son of Robert Beverley, before mentioned, and before that of Corbin Griffin,

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Esq. She died in 1720. (2) John Robinson, president of the council and acting governor of Virginia, in 1749; born in 1683, died in 1749; twice married. At his death, he lived in Essex county and had received a grant of land which he called Cleasby, after his father's parish in Yorkshire. (3) Agatha Robinson, died young. (4) Ann Robinson, married Dr. J. Hay. (5) Elizabeth Robinson, died young. (6) Clara Robinson, married John Walker, of Virginia, son of John Walker of Ashborn in ye Peak, County Derby. She died in 1715; her tombstone is at Urbanna. (7) Benjamin Robinson, married Sarah King and was the father of Commissary William Robinson, 15 minister of Stratton Major parish; born in 1719, died in 1768, leaving issue.

John Robinson, the president of the council of Virginia, (tracing now the second generation) married, first, Catherine, daughter of Robert Beverley. "This is presumed to have been Major Robert Beverley, of Middlesex county, clerk of the council and father also of the historian of the same name." He married, second, Mrs. Mary Welsh of Essex County, Virginia. His descendants were: (1) Christopher Robinson, died unmarried; a fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. (2) John Robinson, speaker of the House of Burgesses. (3) William Robinson, of Spottsylvania county; married, first, Agatha, daughter of Harry Beverley (of Spottsylvania), and second, Miss Smith. About the year 1725 he was put under the care of his cousin, William Beverley, probably of Blandford. He is said to have had three sons: (a) John Robinson; (b) Harry Robinson; (c) Christopher Robinson, born 1763. In the vestry book of Spottsylvania county, William Robinson is mentioned as vestry-man for the period 1738–69. (4) Robert Robinson, captain of an Indiaman, died in England. (5) Henry Robinson, married Mary Waring. (6) Catherine Robinson, married Peter Wagener. (7) Mary Robinson. (8) Beverley Robinson, born in 1722; died in 1792, in England; colonel of the King's Loyal Americans, a loyalist officer whose name is associated with the fate of Andre—and who was banished and his large estate on the Hudson confiscated for the part he took in the Revolution. He married Susannah Philipse.*

* See Washington Irving's Knickerbocker History.

John Robinson, the speaker, was married three times—first to Miss M. Story, and third to Mrs. Seaton, daughter of Col. John Chiswell. His second wife was Lucy, daughter of Augustine Moore, of *Chelsea*, one of the most famous manor houses in Virginia. This connection was of such prominence in Colonial Virginia as to justify more than a word in passing, even at the cost of digression from my subject.

Chelsea, which is architecturally today as it was over two hundred years ago, was built by Augustine Moore, the first of his name in America. It was called for the seat of his ancestor, Sir Thomas Moore, Lord High Chancellor of England under Henry VIII., and beheaded by him for refusing his judicial consent to his divorce from Catherine of Aragon. Augustine Moore married the widow of Lord Seaton, settling in King William county about 1700, and in addition to his 8,600 acres there, owned land in surrounding counties, his achievements in clearing primeval forests and planting them in tobacco doing much for the development of Virginia.

Of his children, Thomas died unmarried; Bernard, long a member of the House of Burgesses, married Anne Katherine, daughter of Sir Alexander Spotswood, greatest of the colonial governors, the marriage taking place at her home, *Temple Farm*, thirty miles from *Chelsea*. Lucy, as stated, married Speaker Robinson, and they lived at *Pleasant Hill*, just across the river from her father's home. Elizabeth married James Macon, and, through the marriage of their daughter, Mary, to General William Aylett, a first cousin of Martha Washington, another distinguished family was added to the connection.

King William and adjacent counties had their full quota of distinguished residents, and the dwellers at *Chelsea* did not lack congenial associates. Near them was Robert Beverley, the historian, from whose house, in 1716, the Knights of the Golden Horse Shoe, led by Sir Alexander Spotswood, set out in quest of a passage through the mountains, "having slept and been entertained the night before at *Chelsea*." *Waltham*, the home of Mrs.

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Burwell Bassett, Mrs. Washington's sister; *Fairfields*, the residence of Patrick Henry's descendants, the Ayletts; and *Romancoke*, part of the White House estate, which later passed to General Lee, were accessible. Even the homes of General Nelson, of Martha Custis, and of Governor Spotswood were within reach in that day of many saddle horses and carriages, and much leisure for visits of indefinite length.

Chelsea was occupied by the Moores until the extinction of the male line, when it descended to the Robinsons. The house with walls two and a half feet thick of glazed gray brick, is T-shaped, the front representing the horizontal and a rear wing the perpendicular portion of the letter. The room to the right of the entrance once held a collection of family portraits, and here General Lee, a frequent visitor, often remained alone, saying, when urged to join some group of guests, "I don't like to leave my ancestors, these old Romans."

The arms of Moore, of *Chelsea*, are: On a field of ermine, three greyhounds sable courant, collared; gules by augmentation; a lion regardant, or, on a field of gules; motto, "Swift in pursuit bold in attack."

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William Wirt, in his *Life of Patrick Henry*, * gives this characteristic sketch of Speaker Robinson:

* Pp. 44–45.

John Robinson, the Speaker of the House, was one of the most opulent men in the colony, and the acknowledged head of its landed aristocracy. He had now filled the chair of the House with great dignity, and without interruption, for five and twenty years, he was, also, colonial treasurer; and from the high offices which he held, in connexion with the regal government, was as warmly attached to its authority by interest, as he was by taste and fashion, to all the grandeur of its forms. But, notwithstanding this close allegiance with the court, his personal influence, in every class of society, was very great; and he held that influence by a tenure far superior to any that his own vast wealth or the power of the

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crown could confer. For he possessed a strong and well informed mind, enlarged and corrected by great experience, and he united with it a benevolence of spirit and a courtesy of manners which never failed to attach every heart that approached him. The poor drew near to him without awe or embarrassment; they came, indeed, with filial confidence, for they never failed to find in him a sympathetic friend and an able counsellor. The rich enjoyed in him an easy, enlightened, and instructive companion; and, next to the governor, regarded him as the highest model of elegance and fashion. An anecdote is related of this gentleman, which displays, in a strong and amiable light, the exalted force of his feelings, and the truly noble cast of his manners. When Col. Washington (the immortal saviour of his country) had closed his career in the French and Indian War, and had become a member of the House of burgesses, the speaker, Robinson, was directed by a vote of the House, to return their thanks to that gentleman, on behalf of the colony, for the distinguished military services which he had rendered to his country. As soon as Col. Washington took his seat, Mr. Robinson, in obedience to this order, and following the impulse of his own generous and grateful heart, discharged the duty, with great dignity; but with such warmth of coloring and strength of expression, as entirely confounded the young hero. He rose to express his acknowledgments for the honour; but such was his trepidation and confusion, that he could not give distinct utterance to a single syllable. He blushed, stammered, and trembled, for a second; when the speaker relieved him, by a stroke of address that would have done honor to Louis XIV. in his proudest and happiest moment. "Sit down, Mr. Washington," said he, with a conciliating smile; "your modesty is equal to your valor; and that surpasses the power of any language that I possess."

From a younger brother of Speaker Robinson, Henry or Harry, the fifth son, is descended in direct line, our family, through the marriage of his granddaughter, Catherine, and Joseph Pollard.*

* See genealogical tables in Appendix, p. —

With this background, we find the stage set for the American Revolution. The Boston Port Bill and other Acts of the British government depriving the colonists of their liberties, and the sending of General Gage with troops to enforce these provisions, made the colonies more determined on united resistance. In Virginia, it was proposed to call a convention, at Williamsburg, to perfect plans for a general congress of representatives from all of the colonies. Every county in Virginia elected delegates, and no better example of the prevalent sentiment can be given than the resolutions of Hanover county instructing their delegates. It is these resolutions which William Pollard, mentioned in the will quoted above, signed as county clerk, and which he probably helped to write.

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To John Syme and Patrick Henry, junior, Esquires.

Gentlemen: You have our thanks for your patriotic, faithful and spirited conduct, in the part you acted in the late assembly, as our burgesses, and as we are greatly alarmed at the proceedings of the British parliament respecting the town of Boston, and the province of Massachusetts Bay, and as we understand a meeting of delegates from all the counties in this colony is appointed to be in Williamsburg on the first day of next month, to deliberate on our public affairs, we do hereby appoint you gentlemen, our delegates; and we do request you, then and there, to meet, consult, and advise, touching such matters as are most likely to effect our deliverance from the evils with which our country is threatened.

The importance of those things which will offer themselves for your deliberation is exceedingly great; and when it is considered that the effect of the measures you may adopt will reach our latest posterity, you will excuse us for giving you our sentiments, and pointing out some particulars, proper for that plan of conduct we wish you to observe.

We are free men; we have a right to be so; and to enjoy all the privileges and immunities of our fellow-subjects in England; and while we retain a just sense of that freedom, and those rights and privileges necessary for its safety and security, we shall never give up the

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right of taxation. Let it suffice to say, once for all, *we will never be taxed but by our own representatives*; this is the great badge of freedom, and British America hath hitherto been distinguished by it; and when we see the British parliament trampling upon that right, and acting with determined resolution to destroy it, we would wish to see the united wisdom and fortitude of America collected for its defense.

The sphere of life in which we move hath not afforded us lights sufficient to determine with certainty concerning those things from which the troubles at Boston originated. Whether the people there were warranted by justice, when they destroyed the tea, we know not; but this we know, that the parliament by their proceedings, have made us and all North America parties in the present dispute, and deeply interested in the event of it; insomuch that if our sister colony of Massachusetts Bay is enslaved, we cannot long remain free. Our minds are filled with anxiety when we view the friendly regards of our parent state turned into enmity; and those powers of government, formerly exerted for our aid and protection, formed into dangerous efforts for our destruction. We read our intended doom in the Boston port bill, in that for altering the mode of trial in criminal cases, and finally in the bill for altering the form of government in the Massachusetts Bay. These several acts are replete with injustice and oppression, and strongly expressive of the future policy of Britain towards *all* her colonies; if a full and uncontrolled operation is given to this detestable system in its earlier stages, it will probably be fixed upon us forever.

Let it, therefore, be your great object to attain a speedy repeal of those acts; and for this purpose, we recommend the adoption of such measures as may produce the hearty union of all our country-men and sister colonies. UNITED WE STAND, DIVIDED WE FALL.

To attain this wished-for-union, we declare our readiness to sacrifice any lesser interest arising from a soil, climate, situation, or production peculiar to us.

We judge it conducive to the interests of America, that a general congress of deputies from all the colonies be held, in order to form a plan for guarding the claims of the colonists,

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and their constitutional rights, from future encroachment, and for the speedy relief of our suffering brethren at Boston. For the present, we think it proper to form a general association against the purchase of all articles of goods imported from Great Britain, except negro cloths, salt, salpetre, powder, lead, utensils and implements for handy craftsmen and manufacturers, which cannot be had in America; books, paper, and the like necessities; and not to purchase any goods or merchandise that shall be imported from Great Britain, after a certain day that may be agreed on for that purpose, by 22 the said general meeting of deputies at Williamsburg, except the articles aforesaid, or such as shall be allowed to be imported by the said meeting; and that we will encourage the manufacturers of America by every means in our power. A regard to justice hinders us at this time from withholding our exports; nothing but the direct necessity shall induce us to adopt that proceeding, which we shall strive to avoid as long as possible.

The African trade for slaves we consider as most dangerous to the virtue and welfare of this country; we therefore most earnestly wish to see it totally discouraged.

A steady loyalty to the kings of England has ever distinguished our country; the present state of things here, as well as the many instances of it to be found in history, leave no room to doubt it. God grant that we may never see the time when that loyalty shall be found incompatible with the rights of freemen. Our most ardent desire is, that we and our posterity may continue to live under the genuine, unaltered constitution of England, and be subject, in the true spirit of that constitution, to his majesty and his illustrious house; and may the wretches who affirm that we desire the contrary, feel the punishment due to falsehood and villainy.

While prudence and moderation shall guide your councils, we trust, gentlemen, that firmness, resolution, and zeal will animate you in the glorious struggle. The arm of power, which is now stretched forth against us, is indeed formidable, but we do not despair. Our cause is good; and if it is served with constancy and fidelity, it cannot fail of success. We

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promise you our best support, and we will heartily join in such measures as a majority of our countrymen shall adopt for securing the public liberty.

Resolved, that the above address be transmitted to the printers, to be published in the Gazettes.

William Pollard, *Clerk*. *

* See Patrick Henry—Life, Correspondence and Speeches, by Wm. Wirt Henry, Vol. I, page 191.

In marked contrast to this, I find another ancestor, on the maternal side of the family, shouting “Treason!” 23 in shocked protest against Patrick Henry's famous Resolutions protesting against British aggression in the passage of the Stamp Act. These resolutions, as is well known, constituted the first formal protest in America against the Stamp Act. They were written by Mr. Henry, “a young lawyer, who had not been above a month a member of the House,” on the blank leaf of an old law book. He himself regarded them as so important that he left a copy of them in a sealed letter along with his will, with the following comment: “The within resolutions passed the House of Burgesses in May, 1765. They formed the first opposition to the Stamp Act and the scheme of taxing America by the British Parliament. . . . This brought on the war which finally separated the two countries and gave independence to ours. Whether this prove a blessing or a curse will depend upon the use our people make of the blessings which a gracious God hath bestowed on us.” After a “most bloody debate” these resolutions passed the House, although the fifth and last was carried by only one vote. It was during the debate on this that Henry made the world-famous comparison, “Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third—.” At this point John Robinson, speaker of the House for more than twenty-five years, rose and, pounding his gavel on the desk, shouted, “Treason! Treason!” and his cry was taken up by other members. Coolly looking him in the eye and holding his

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place on the floor, Henry calmly continued, “may profit by their example! If *this* be treason gentlemen, make the most of it.”*

* Ibid, Vol. I., page 78 sq.

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I thus have the dramatic spectacle of my grandfather, William Pollard, the young clerk, an ardent Whig and staunch friend and supporter of that arch-spirit of the Revolution and American independence, Patrick Henry; and, on the other side, my collateral ancestor, the Speaker, an extreme Tory; and his younger brother, Beverley, who fought in De Lancey's brigade, together With a young cousin who is said to have run away from college at William and Mary to join the British, and who later died in exile in London.

My father, Col. John Pollard, son of Joseph Pollard and Catherine Robinson, was born July 14, 1803, in Goochland county, Virginia, and at the age of fifteen, with very little education, was apprenticed to his uncle, Robert Pollard, Sr., then clerk of King and Queen County, to be taught the duties of clerk. To the training thus secured is largely due his success as an accurate, patient and faithful business man. He later became actively engaged in farming and in the discharge of the duties of commissioner in chancery of the courts of his county, and afterwards served for many years as commissioner of revenue and as sheriff of the county. It is evident that he must have applied himself diligently during his apprenticeship, reading law, and also kept up his studies during later life, for, in 1853, he obtained a license to practice law, and successfully followed this profession until his death—prior to the war as a partner to his son-in-law, Philemon T. Woodward; and after the war in partnership with me.

In 1845, he was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel of the Virginia Militia, whence he derived the military

COLONEL JOHN POLLARD

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25 title by which he was so universally known throughout King and Queen and adjoining counties.

In politics, he was an ardent Whig and, like most of his party, opposed to secession, though he loyally yielded to the will of the majority and gave the Confederacy his hearty support. In religion, he was a Baptist and earnestly and untiringly labored to advance the cause of religion at home and abroad. He was an earnest advocate of education, and afforded his children the best advantages in this direction that his means justified.

He died, September 13, 1877, without an enemy; dearly loved by many of his fellow-citizens, and highly esteemed by all. He was buried in the family graveyard at old Mattaponi Church, in his adopted county.

On November 4, 1824, my father married Miss Juliet Jeffries, a daughter of Thomas Jeffries and Hannah Campbell, of *Spring Farm*, near Mattaponi Church. He was then only twenty-one and she seventeen, and said to have been one of the most beautiful girls of that day in the surrounding country. Certainly, in my eyes, although it was many years later that I remember her, this reputation was amply justified. She was a young woman of good education, charm of manner, and deeply, devotionally religious in character. She had been educated at *Woodlawn*, Mrs. Southgate's School for Young Ladies, a large boarding-school taught by Mrs. Southgate, who was formerly a Miss Muse, and so highly did my mother regard this school, even after the passage of many years, that she sent my four sisters there also. However, her mother died when she was only fifteen, two 26 years before her marriage, and upon her fell the care of the household and of her younger brother.

Soon after their marriage, both my father and mother professed religion; were baptized by Rev. William Todd—affectionately known to all of his parishioners as “Uncle Billy”; and became constituent members of Mattaponi Baptist Church. My mother was the organizer and first president of the Ladies Missionary Society of this church, and its first meeting was

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held at our house when I was a small child. She died September 4, 1874, and rests beside my father in the churchyard at Mattaponi.

A quaint record is entered in the family Bible, kept largely in the handwriting of my esteemed father, John Pollard, and reads as follows:

“1866 November 4th. I have been married this day 42 years and up to this time I and my wife are still living and all the Groomes men and brides maids are still alive. They were Dr. Wm. F. Gaines and his sister, Mira, now Mrs. Carlton, the widow of Mr. George R. Carlton; and Col. Alexander Fleet and his sister, Susan, now the widow of Mr. Wm. Ryland of King William; Mr. Edmund Berkeley and his sister, Miss Betty Landon Berkeley, of Hanover; Mr. James M. Jeffries and Miss Martha T. Haynes, now the widow of Dr. Wm. Smith of Essex. This perhaps is the most remarkable instance on record. Miss B. L. Berkeley died Nov. 22d, 1866

November 4th, 1867. I and my wife and all the other Groomes men and brides maids are still living

Henry Robinson Pollard, 4th son of John and Juliet Pollard, and Miss Jessie Gresham, daughter of Mr. John N. Gresham and Hannah his wife, married December 19th, 27 1867. His brother, the Revd. John Pollard, Jr., and his brother in law, the Revd. Alfred Bagby, officiating. Marriage solemnized at Mattapony Church

J. P

While doubtless the quaint remark recorded by my father referred to the *longevity* of the participants in the matrimonial ceremonies of my father and mother, yet general statements having reference to historical facts may be enlarged and made to apply to other kindred facts relating to like subjects, and it may be justly said of them, in the Johnsonian sense, that they “point a moral and adorn a tale.” Availing oneself of this principle, we here find two members of the distinguished Gaines family, Dr. William F.

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and his sister, Miss Mira Gaines, who married George R. Carlton, a large and influential merchant of the county; and Col. Alexander Fleet and his sister, Susan. Col. Fleet at this time was the presiding justice of the county of King and Queen, and for many years thereafter was continuously a member of the General Assembly of Virginia, and his sister is also spoken of as Mrs. Ryland. We also find Betty Landon Berkeley, a near relative of Governor Berkeley's family; and James M. Jeffries, subsequently judge of the circuit court for many years in the counties of Eastern Virginia, who, having presided in that position for many years, died but recently, "full of honors and of years."

Of this marriage there were ten children, namely:

Hannah Catherine, born August 9, 1825; Mary Elizabeth, born July 13, 1827; Thomas, born April 28, 1829; Martha C., born November 28, 1831; Sarah Jane, born February 18, 1834; Susan Clements, born July 21, 1831; John, Jr., born November 17, 1839; 28 James, born November 2, 1842; Henry Robinson, born November 28, 1845; and Robert Nelson, born June 8, 1847. Of the foregoing Hannah Catherine and Martha Clements died before reaching their majority.

In the summer of 1847, Thomas became a graduate (A. B.) of Columbian College, of Washington, D. C., and, in the fall of the same year took a position as instructor at the Valley Union Seminary, an institution located at Botetourt Springs, Virginia, for the education of both boys and girls. This institution was subsequently set apart solely for the education of young women and was formally incorporated under the name of Hollins Institute. In speaking of the work of this young professor, it would be hard to exceed in commendation and praise the service that he rendered to the cause of education. Yet death, with unerring precision, had chosen its brightest mark, and, after a continuous struggle against that dread disease, tuberculosis, he passed away, November, 1852, at Aiken, South Carolina, while en route to Florida, to seek relief in its balmy breezes.

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Mary Elizabeth, familiarly known as "Betty," married Philemon T. Woodward, a prominent young lawyer of Middlesex county, Virginia. There were born of this marriage six children, of whom all but one (Juliet) attained their majority and left families of great usefulness and some of far more than ordinary distinction, spending their lives and rearing families in the counties of Accomac and Middlesex, and the town of Hampton. John Brockenbrough, the eldest son, married, first, Miss Jeter, an adopted daughter of Dr. J. B. Jeter, the distinguished Baptist preacher and theologian; and subsequently married 29 Miss Norma Overton Lee, of Petersburg, Virginia. They reside at present, with a large family, in that portion of Richmond known as Ginter Park. William Wallace, the second son, became a prominent lawyer and a distinguished Baptist leader, first in his native county, Middlesex, and subsequently in Hampton, Virginia. A daughter, Alice, married that distinguished physician, Dr. William S. Christian, a brother of Judge Joseph Christian, of the supreme court of Virginia. Dr. Christian served as Lieutenant-Colonel in the Confederate Army, and was seriously wounded at the battle of Gaines' Mill. Elizabeth, another daughter, married John S. Waples, of Accomac county. Henley, who married Miss Fannie Perkins, died in his native county, survived by two sons and two daughters.

Sarah Jane married Dr. Alfred Bagby, May 5, 1853, and died January 9th, 1888. By this marriage there were eight children, two daughters, who died in infancy, and six sons, all but one of whom are still alive and reside in Richmond or Baltimore, where they occupy important positions. They are Charles Todd Bagby, a leading lawyer and manufacturer of Baltimore; Alfred Bagby, Jr., a prominent author of several legal text-books and a professor of law in Johns Hopkins University; John Bagby, a leading real estate man of Richmond and a member of the firm of Pollard and Bagby; Richard Hugh Bagby, a banker of Washington, D. C.; and George Poindexter Bagby, who is general counsel for the Maryland and Western Railroad, of Baltimore. The eldest son, Thomas Pollard Bagby, a young lawyer rapidly rising to prominence, a graduate of Richmond College (A. B. and 30 B. L.), died at West Point, Virginia, while still a young man.

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Susan Clements Pollard married Dr. Richard H. Woodward, brother of the Philemon T. Woodward above mentioned. She died the 20th day of November, 1910, leaving one daughter, Juliet, who is still alive; and three sons—M. Cabell Woodward, who is now prominently engaged in the mercantile business in Baltimore; John Taylor Woodward, who was a leading manufacturer of Baltimore and who recently died in that city, leaving a widow and two sons surviving; and Richard H. Woodward, Jr., also of Baltimore. Dr. Woodward died from pneumonia, as the result of exposure while acting as hospital surgeon during one of the Valley campaigns of the Civil War. Susan subsequently married L. D. Davies, of King and Queen county. There were no children of the second marriage.

John Pollard, Jr., married Miss Virginia Bagby, a half sister of the Rev. Alfred Bagby before mentioned. Of this marriage there were seven daughters and two sons. These sisters married as follows: Mary Ellen, married G. Harvey Clarke, for many years a prominent hardware merchant of Richmond; Juliet, married William Wills, a prominent Baptist layman of Atlanta, Georgia, where they now reside; Maude, married Robert Lee Turman, a merchant also located in Atlanta; Grace, married the Rev. Robert H. McCaslin, a Presbyterian minister of Jacksonville, Florida; Elizabeth, married Millard F. Cox, of Louisville, Kentucky; and Lalla Rookh, married Mr. Smoot, of Bowling Green, Virginia. Susie Virginia died unmarried. The sons are Rev. Edward Bagby Pollard, 31 D. D., a professor in Crozer Theological Seminary, located at Chester, Pennsylvania; and Hon. John Garland Pollard, before mentioned.

James was graduated from Columbian College, Washington D. C., with the degrees of B. A. and B. L., and subsequently married Miss Susan Tyler, a daughter of Dr. George K. Tyler, of Baltimore. He first practised law in King and Queen county, but subsequently moved to Baltimore and continued to practice until the date of his death. He attained a wide reputation in that city as a lawyer and was candidate for the Prohibition Party for the attorney-generalship of Maryland. His widow still survives. Of this marriage there were four children, the oldest of whom, Lulie, married Rev. H. M. Wharton, D. D., the distinguished

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minister and revivalist of Maryland, where they still reside. May, another daughter, died young. A son, Gurdon, resides at Colorado Springs. Juliet married Mr. Tarleton and lives in Apopka, Florida.

Robert Nelson, my youngest brother, married Miss Mattie Gresham, a sister of my wife. He still resides in his native county, King and Queen, and is widely known throughout Virginia as a lawyer and prominent layman of the Baptist denomination.

CHAPTER II. CHILDHOOD AT BEL AIR.

“o land of the Nation that harbors us all We love thee, our country, and answer thy call; But down here in Dixie, 'neath sunny blue sky, Is the corner of earth where our heart strings tie!”

— Davis

I was born at Bel Air, November 28, 1845, and was next to the youngest of ten children, five sisters and five brothers. I was three years younger than my brother James and only a year and a half older than my brother, Robert Nelson, so that we three were logically more closely associated and, with our cousin., James Jeffries, were constant companions and playmates.

Robert Nelson was the “Joseph” of the family, noted for his beauty as a child, but probably wanting in the marked independence and self-reliance that attended the character of the older members of the family. Especially was this characteristic so marked in the case of my brother James that he was known, particularly by my father, as “The Boss”—an appellation which he accepted readily, in no unbecoming manner but in a self-reliant attitude, well illustrated by an incident in his early life which our father used to relate. When a small boy, James was riding over the plantation with father, seated in front of him on
BEL AIR

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33 the horse, when the horse became frightened and attempted to run away. Instead of being frightened like most small boys, James seized the reins and exclaimed, "Father, let *me* hold him!"

Bel Air was originally the seat of the Lumpkin family, descendants of Jacob Lumpkin (1634–1708). According to tradition, it was built by him, about the middle of the seventeenth century, and was acquired by my grandfather Jeffries by purchase. At his death, the estate of about seven hundred acres was equally divided, that portion containing the dwelling house going to my mother, and the remainder to Judge Jeffries, her brother. The house itself, as I knew it in my boyhood, was a commodious farm-house. It had originally been built, like most of the genuine early Colonial houses, with a hall down the centre and rooms on each side. Unlike what is now regarded as the typical "Colonial" houses, belonging to a later period, it did not have a portico with massive columns, and I am inclined to believe that the original structure had only the ground floor and basement, more after the style of the log-cabins of the first settlers, and that this was added to from time to time as needed. It was a frame house with brick foundation and basement (probably of English brick), and an enormous brick chimney at each end. The second floor had a Dutch roof, shingled and sloping steeply, with dormer windows. When I was a child, a room had been added, lean-to effect, on the lower floor at both ends of the house, and a few years later my father decided that the basement dining-room was unhealthy on account of dampness and therefore built a very long dining-hall at the back of the house, on the righthand side, and the basement 34 rooms were from that time on only used for storage purposes. In slavery times, the kitchen was a separate building at the rear, between the house and the "quarters," but after the war, my father had a new kitchen built just across from his new dining-room, with a little back porch between.

The large down-stairs front room to the right (facing the house) was my mother's room, and the room across the hall was the parlour. I think the room above my mother's must have been the guest-room when I was very small. My only clear recollection of it is that we seldom went into that room and when we did enter the sanctum it was always (to us)

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a very solemn occasion, for we were summoned to appear and receive our just deserts—in the shape of a “licking”—for some naughtiness. My brother, Robert, has just laughingly reminded me of one occasion on which he, Jim and I had all three gotten into mischief and been caught at it. Mother had taken Jim first, saying, “James, come upstairs with me.” A few minutes later, he had re-appeared, looking very solemn, and told me, “Speaker, Ma wants you upstairs.” Poor Bob! Being the youngest he was the last and not only had to get his switching but had to endure the pangs of unpleasant anticipation also, as he knew what was coming. When I came down, I found him sitting very disconsolately at the foot of the stairs, waiting for the dreaded message, “Alright, Bob, it's your turn now.” The upstairs front room on the left was given to me when I brought my bride home many years later.

Surrounding the house was an unusually beautiful lawn, perfectly graded and sloping gently on all sides, so that the house itself was left on a little hill commanding a view of the country on all sides. Magnificent shade trees, some of them more than a century old, were scattered here and there on the lawn, and, closer to the house, were flowering shrubs in profusion. A circular driveway lead up to within about ten or twelve feet of the house, and from there a gravelled path went to the front door.

At my father's death, Bel Air went to my brother, Robert Nelson, and he lived there until about ten years ago, when the place was sold to a family from North Carolina.

As the domestic duties increased in our home, my sister Sarah Jane, with becoming cheerfulness, assumed a part of those duties which otherwise would have fallen to our mother, and particularly adopted me as her especial pet, and she in a large degree fastened upon me the peculiar sobriquet of “Speaker,” which, if tradition is to be relied upon was first applied by one of the maternal aunts of my father's—the three Misses Robinson, who resided at *Locust Level*. These aunts happened to be on a visit to my father's home when I was born, and, as these ladies were great admirers of their distinguished ancestor, Speaker John Robinson, one of them said that, in honor of their favorite, the new-born baby should, after the example of old Eli, be called “the Speaker,”

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and, *non obstante vero dicti*, the appellation was accepted by family, friends and relatives, and has adhered to the present time—with what fatalistic effect upon my future the reader shall see as my history proceeds!

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My noble and self-sacrificing sister, pleased with the idea, contributed in no little degree in verifying the prophetic thought of our maiden aunts, and so my first lesson in oratory was “You'd scarce expect one of my age To speak in public on the stage; But if I chance to fall below Demosthenes or Cicero, Don't view me with a critic's eye, But pass my imperfections by.”

And so to amuse and entertain her company, she put me, her three-year-old baby brother, on exhibition at social gatherings at home and in the neighborhood, thus amusing her suitors at my expense.

To such an extent was the nick-name fastened on me that, years afterwards, when we had moved to Richmond to live, the nurse was wheeling my little son out in his carriage one day and a neighbor stopped her to ask whose baby it was. “Mist' Speaker Pollard's chile,” she answered. “Whose did you say?” the lady asked again. “I ses he's Mist' Speaker Pollard's Chile,” the nurse repeated, and then, as the lady still looked mystified, “Mistiss, whar is you rum anyway, dat you ain't knowed who Mist' Speaker Pollard am?”

It is a well known fact of family history that my father visited the western country, as the state of Kentucky was considered at the time of the family occurrences which I propose to relate. These exceedingly personal matters can, perhaps, be better detailed and understood by copying the personal correspondence during these trips to the western country, as Kentucky 37 was then called. I, therefore, quote in full a letter from my father addressed to my mother, detailing his visits to their relatives who had removed to Kentucky and established their citizenship there, in the year 1848, and her reply to him.

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Covington Kentucky Octo. 24th 1848

My Dear Juliet

Believing that you all feel anxious to hear from me frequently I have concluded to write again as I have a few leisure moments. I am now in the counting rooms of Doctors Fleet and Semple and much relieved from the anxiety about you all from the fact of being with old acquaintances. I arrived here yesterday about 9 o'clock and visited all our friends. I called first on Dr. Fleet and Maria Susan who inquired particularly about you and the children. I then went to see Mr. Watkins. I took dinner with his family and your cousin Mr. Wood, he being from home (at Court). I then visited Mrs. Broaddus and during the evening went to see Oliva and Mr. Carlton. She showed me her adopted infant. It is a fine child. She calls it Maria Louisa Crittenden. Yesterday was a rainy day and not being able to see much about this place I have concluded to remain over today. Tomorrow I shall leave for Louisville, remain there one day, and then proceed on my journey to Russellville. I fear you think I am moving on slowly and so I am, but as I wish to see something of the Country I hope you will pardon me. Perhaps I shall never have it in my power to see this Country again. I have been walking over this town during the morning; the improvements have been 38 great since I was here 3 years ago. The surrounding Country is most beautiful and I think there are many inducements for a young person to emigrate here. I wish Mr. Woodward was along with me that he might see the advantages of this Country over the one in which he is located. Herman Carlton I understand is getting a good practice and has made several thousand dollars in the purchase of lots since he came here, and if he is doing well I see no reason why Mr. Woodward might not succeed. Your cousin William Wood has made a fortune and John Christopher is doing well. Your uncle James Campbell is still living I understand. If I had it in my power I would call to see him but cannot take the time. I am frequently meeting with Virginians who are anxious for me to spend a part of my time with them. Tell Mr. Southgate several of his relations are here. I met with one in the street yesterday who inquired particularly about him and all the family. His relations here

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are all well and doing well. Let your uncle Courtney know that your uncle James Campbell is still living. I know he would be pleased to hear from him. Maria Susan promised to write home today which will enable them all at Stevensville to hear from her. However you can let them all know at bro. Bagby's that they got here safely and are all well. Write to me at Russelville and let me know how you are all doing. Give me some acct. of the farming operations, how things are getting on, &c. Tell Bet and Mr. W. and Sal to write as I shall be anxious to hear from you all. Tell Mr. W. to give me some acct. of the suits I have in Court &c. I shall do my best to return soon. Kiss all the children once and again for 39 me. I do want to see dear Henry lying in his cradle; ask him if he would let father sleep with him when he comes home; kiss dear little Robert. I do want to see him ride the hobby horse the most. Has the Speaker's chair come? When it does place it by your side and let him sit there for my sake and tell him pa is coming and wants to see him sit by mother. Tell the Queen (Susan), John and James pa thinks much about them; that they must be good children. Tell Sue and John they must try how much they can learn while I am away. Try and learn James his book; he is a smart fellow. How is Polly? Remember me affectionately to all the neighbors. Tell bro. Berryman I shall look for a letter at Russelville. My love to Mary Catharine. My respects to Geo. and Dick; tell them to acquit themselves like men during my absence. I hope you will remember your husband in your prayers. May the Lord sustain you in the arduous duties that devolve on you.

Your affectionate husband

John Pollard.

P.S. My respects to bro. Cooke and family and tell them if Cousin Billy Todd will give them a foothold out here they should come by all means. His land is situated about 40 miles from this place.

J. P.

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I wrote to you from Wheeling on board the boat, on the 19th.

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Bel Air Oct 30th 1848

My Dear husband

I received your letter by the last tuesday mail, and should have answered it the following one, had not Mr. Berryman written to you by the same mail in which your letter came. I am now sitting in your office trying to write to an absent and dear husband who knows not how lonely and sad I feel without him, and how anxiously I am looking forward to his return. We have been greatly blessed since you left. There has been no case of sickness in the family, the servants seem to be industrious, and getting on very well; brother Brooks attends regularly to the feeding night and morning. John says I must give his love to Master and tell him he is doing his best and thinks he will finish seeding wheat this week. I have received the groceries you purchased in Baltimore but have not heard from the breastpin—do not doubt its safe delivery. We have received one letter from Tom since you left. He speaks of getting home about the 20 of next month. It is likely Mr. Woodward will go over to Richmond for him he has been up once since you left home. I heard from them yesterday; they were all well; Betty will be up in a few days. The neighbours are all well. The gentlemen in the neighbourhood have been very kind in calling to see me and inquiring about you. The children are very anxious for you to return and send their love. Robert is as sprightly as ever. Dear little Henry has been standing by me ever since I commenced writting talking to me, and every now and then giving me a knock with his elbow. I think he is fonder of me than ever since you left home. 41 I hope to get a letter from you tomorrow evening and hear when you expect to get home. The sun is down and I must conclude as I wish to take a little walk. May the Lord preserve you, my dear husband, and bring you back safely to your family, is the prayer of your devoted wife,

Juliet Pollard.

These letters breathe an affectionate regard, nay, devotion, which well becomes the tender relation between husband and wife, nor, may I say, do they fail in the tenderest manner to portray a deep and abiding confidence of the husband towards the wife or her response to his noble sentiments, without portraying the least dissatisfaction or complaint at the grave responsibilities and multitudinous cares of so large a family that were imposed upon her by the absence of her husband. Of the sacrifice she was making in the loss of his direction from the head of the establishment, he was not unmindful, and, while he expresses his solicitation for the larger things, he remembers with the keenest interest the little things that concern the smallest of the children. And, mindful even of the faithful servants in the family, he sends messages to Mammy Polly and to George and Dick, two young negroes on the plantation. The kindly mistress does honor to herself in sending the message from John, the head-man on the plantation, thus giving him assurance of their entire trust and regard for him as a faithful servant. I forbear to comment further upon the vivid picture of family concord which is portrayed by these letters.

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In the treasure-house of family letters, others of equal tenderness, and of equal faith and trust, from various members of the family, are found, and I can do no better than to use some of these letters to tell the story of our early life on the old plantation, when I was a tiny child, too small to remember clearly the details of happenings around me—happenings which memory presents now only as pictures rather than as connected narratives, and these pictures are vividly reproduced in the family correspondence during these years.

College Hill, January 17th 1846.

My dear Father,

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I received your letter dated the 24th ultimo some time ago but have been prevented from discharging this delightful duty by a cause which you will deem sufficient—that is my constant employment. . . .

I have attended Congress only twice. The first time, I was very much interested by speeches on the Resolutions offered by Mr. Cass, the object of which you well know. I heard Mr. Crittenden of Kentucky, Mr. Webster, Mr. Niles of Connec., & others whom I do not remember. I also attended yesterday, but the Senate was not in session. Our object in going was to hear Mr. Pendleton of Va. on the Oregon Question, but on account of the death of one of the members, Mr. Tayloe of Va., the discussion was postponed.

I attended a Levee at the President's house on New Year's day. I arrived at the magnificent mansion of 43 the ruler of our independence before the hour for admitting visitors but soon the doors were opened to an anxious crowd and thousands crowded in to salute him who has the direction of our affairs in his hands. After saluting the President by shaking his hand we all passed from the centre room into the East, which was soon crowded to overflowing by the increasing multitude. I had the pleasure of seeing the foreign ministers dressed in their respective costumes. The splendour of the dress of the Russian Minister (Mr. Bodisco) surpassed anything I ever imagined. He led his little son through the crowd, which paid great deference to the little knight dressed in the Russian style. This gentleman, as perhaps you are aware, married a very poor and uncultivated girl in Georgetown, but how she has risen! I doubt whether her most aspiring imaginations ever conceived that any honor so great would be in her reach, but now she is respected by the proudest monarch that rules.

From the President's house, I went, accompanied by some of the students to Mrs. Madison's where a Levee was also held. The old lady's general appearance evinces that many years have rolled over her head. The traces of three score years are on her cheeks, which she tried to conceal by paint, but that made them still more manifest. Having met with a cordial reception, we then turned our journey to old Mrs. Quincy's, where I saw the

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aged sire and his consort greeting their friends with no little interest. When I see those who have guided the mighty ship of state over the boisterous ocean which has now in a measure been calmed, I can but experience emotions of the most profound reverence. . . .

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Give my love to . . . all my friends and relations. Give my love to Uncle James and family; . . . to Mr. Woodward and sister Betty. Kiss Mama and all my dear little sisters and brothers and tell them the love which I would send the letter could not hold.

Believe me ever to be your affectionate son,

Thomas Pollard.

College Hill, April 11th, 1846.

My Dear Mother

. . . Although I do not know that it will be very interesting to you, yet it may be to Papa to hear something concerning Congress. I do not mean to speak universally, but wish only to mention a speech which I had the pleasure of hearing a few days since. It was by the Honl. Daniel Webster; the name perhaps is enough. It was in defence of himself while Secretary of State under the lamented Harrison and a few months of Tyler's administration. He not only cleared himself of every act of dishonour but proved that every word alleged against him was utterly false. He spoke of Harrison with much pathos and said he never called to mind his lamented death without reflecting upon the difference which exists now in the policy of our government and that which would have existed if Harrison could have lived. He spoke of the Cabinet with feelings of a brother and his heart seemed to swell with love for whatever was connected with the administration of the second best. It has been given up by all that the speech above referred to was one of Mr. W.'s best. It contained the finest specimens of 45 sarcastic invective against the alleged of

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the charges so base and slanderous. It seems to me that if great Jupiter himself had been that man, he would have trembled. . . .

As the College will be closed sooner than I expected when I last wrote, intimating a desire to go through Baltimore, I have changed my mind and determined (if it suits Papa as well) to go to Taylorsville. I shall start from here on the 6th day of May and get to Aunt Nancy's to dinner, and if the conveyance is ready I will come down home on Thursday, 7th.

Believe me to be your affectionate son,

thomas Pollard.

P. S. Perhaps Papa had better borrow Uncle James' stanope or some other that will certainly carry my trunk. A buggy would be the surest plan.

T. P.

College Hill, Jan'y 21st, 1847.

My dear Father,

As a favorable opportunity offers, I have determined to address you a short letter. Although it has not been very long since I wrote, and although my studies demand much of my time, yet I will devote a few leisure moments to this delightful employment. . . . Tho. Haynes will leave Washington for Virginia at 3 o'clock tomorrow morning, and intends studying law with Mr. James Smith. He is a young man of fine talents and character which must insure his success. I mentioned in my last letter that the fare was worse 46 than I had ever seen it. This was and had been the fact when I wrote and for some time previous, but there has been a great improvement since and the boarding department is now kept as well as it has been since my arrival here. . . . How long this will continue, I cannot say.

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There has been a great excitement in College for a few days, arising from an occurrence which you would little expect. As you are aware, there is a considerable number of students here from the North, and one of these gentlemen—Arnold by name (nearly related to old Benedict in the vileness of his purpose)—conceived a grand scheme for the relief of humanity. One of Capt. Haynes' servants having applied to him for his assistance to obtain his freedom, he seized with great delight upon the opportunity, and used his best exertions to acquire the end. He solicited several of his brother Yankees in the behalf of his wronged fellowman, and obtained \$5 from one, which was afterwards withdrawn for fear of detection. But Arnold, still anxious to be the benefactor of the oppressed, persisted in his course and, either individually or by subscription raised for the servant \$14. But in a few days after he had given the money to the servant the whole affair was divulged. It, of course, soon reached the ears of the faculty and they immediately expelled him. The Southern students were very much excited and sent in to the faculty a protestation against further recitations until the matter was settled. The affair was found out on Monday morning, about 8 o'clock, and before 11 Arnold was ordered to leave. He went off amidst shouts of contempt. The individual who gave the \$5 also left, and very judiciously 47 too. President Bacon informed me that they intended to examine the case thoroughly and would not allow a man of that description to remain in College one day. It seems that the law of the District is such that, after having been here a certain time, a servant may sue for his freedom, and it was for this purpose, that the money was needed. One of the negroes which the Capt. had charge of as guardian of Geo. Hoomes, having heard, of the law, by some means, I know not what, raised the sum of \$25, which he paid to the lawyer, and his suit was, in fact, instituted. He, of course, related his success to one of the Capt.'s and he tried the same project, but alas! both were discovered and are now on their way to the cotton fields of the South, and their abettors are fast travelling to the frozen North. I would not be at all surprised if others were implicated. They, however will be dealt with promptly and rigidly. I am sorry that I have not time to give you a more intelligible description but you will doubtless learn from other sources with more accuracy. . . .

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Your affectionate son, Tho. Pollard.

Columbian College, March 1st, 1847.

My dear Father,

I embrace the opportunity of sending you a letter by A. Campbell, who leaves Washington on tomorrow. . . .

The closing of the session of Congress has been full of interest. The discussion of the three million Bill 48 has consumed much time and the proviso inserted by Wilmot has called forth much excitement. The College exercises were suspended today for the purpose of allowing the students to hear Mr. John M. Clayton, of Delaware, on that question. I had the pleasure of listening to him for two and three-quarters hours and never in my whole life was I more delighted. The Senate galleries were crowded during the time and the most profound attention was given by the audience. I shall endeavor to send you a copy of the speech. The Question on the Bill will be taken tonight, not, however, before a very late hour. The business of the Senate is very urgent and requires them to prolong the session until 10 o'clock at night. I admire Mr. Clayton very much. His sentiments are so noble and patriotic and correspond to my idea of what should be the feelings of an American Senator. Mr. Calhoun's resolutions, which you have doubtless seen, will not be brought before the Senate during its present term. The other business is so important and the time so limited that he will not force them upon the attention of the members. I love Calhoun also for his bold defense of Southern rights, while the other champions stood abashed, trembling before their enemies. We have one man at least who will amidst the fiercest storm protect our rights. And what pleases me most is that he has left the democratic ranks,* deserted their standard and cherished for the present corrupt administration not one feeling of sympathy. It is generally supposed that Mr. Crittenden has added new laurels to his wreath of honours,

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* It must be remembered that what is now the Democratic party was then the Whig.

49 by introducing the Bill for the relief of the famishing Irish. This will doubtless render him popular throughout the Union, and more especially to that portion of the population who emigrated from Ireland. . . .

Give my love to each member of the family for I have not now time to mention each individually.

Your affectionate son, Thomas.

College Hill, March 31st, 1847.

My Dear Father,

Two of your kind letters are now before me, unanswered. The one dated on the 17th inst. was received with much pleasure, inasmuch as I was indebted to some member of the family for a letter written me. The other was recd. this morning and I am sorry that a delay of my letter to Mama, which should have reached home on the day yours left occasioned any uneasiness. As was stated in my communication to Mama, I received the \$20 which was very acceptable, and also your permission to visit Baltimore in the recess. Alfred Bagby took a trip to the above city, a few days ago, and he told me that Cousin Wm. Courtney said he had recd. your letter with the amount sent. I shall be as economical as possible, fully convinced of the heavy expenses which you are compelled to meet, but if my feeble efforts can return the smallest favour which has been extended to me, they shall be willingly devoted to your service. I cannot repay the paternal regard, but let me enjoy the 50 pleasure of aiding you in your arduous duties. I appreciate the moral advice given in your letter and, whatever else I may neglect, I will not forget that I have a duty to perform to my God. I will answer your letter more particularly at an early period. Give my love to all.

In haste, your affectionate son,

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Thomas Pollard.

College Hill, May 30th, 1847.

My dear Sue,

I was prevented from attending church this morning by the severe heat and I have determined to spend a portion of the time in answering your nice letter which reached me several weeks ago.

I should not have neglected you so long, but my College duties have been more pressing for the last 7 weeks than they have ever been during my course. But rejoice with me! for they will soon have ended. On Wednesday week my examination will take place, after which I shall be comparatively free. The old College Bell which summons us to the Chapel and lecture-room will have no terrors for me, and there is a reflection still more delightful, that I shall soon enjoy the pleasures which can only be found in the family circle. Of such I have been long deprived, and can now speak with tender emotions of the dear scenes which I have acted and witnessed, in the gay moments of childhood. To the period when discipline is not exercised and when the imagined cares and troubles of youth shall cease, we often look with delight, 51 but experience has taught me that the morning of life is the happiest part of my existence. It is surely the most important in forming the character. I have been much pleased at hearing of your success in school and hope that your diligence will not be diminished. Intelligence is an ornament to a lady much superior to the fading flush of beauty. By obtaining this you will fulfill the desire of your dearest friends and be able to gather others around you whose regard will be worthy of your efforts.

You complain that I have not written you before this a long letter. It was not for a want of inclination, for I love to interchange the word of affection with those who are dear to me, but there were so many who expected me to write that to discharge all would have been a duty too burdensome.

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I have been very anxious to ascertain whether you have commenced studying music, but have not heard from any one of the family. I remember when you could just talk distinctly that, at the sound of the first note, you would quickly recognize any tune which Sister Betty was accustomed to play, and would trip gayly into the chamber to lisp its name to Mama. The interest which you manifested in Sal's success and the constant attention paid her, also convinced me that you would have that fondness for music which will always insure skill in performance. Capt. Haynes' daughters are studying music, but I have never heard them play. Whenever I visit them, I am sufficiently entertained by conversing with the young ladies and listening to the strains of Miss M. Walker's sweet voice mingled with the soft notes of the piano. Her society is one of the few charms which College Hill 52 possesses but alas! she will leave for Richmond tomorrow morning, intending to complete her education there. Cousin Dorothy Ann (Haynes) is still on the Hill, but expects to return to King and Queen with her father in July.

Give my love to Mary Thomas (Courtney) and Sarah Jane and tell them that I expect to hear them play excellently when I return. Doubtless they have entertained their beaux so frequently, to wit Zach Claybrook, Ro. McGill, &c, that they now perform with no embarrassment, and sing the love-songs of the day with all possible pathos and feeling. Give my love to John and Jim and say to them that I suppose they will be off to Mexico before many days as they are so fond of going to musters. If they conclude to go, I hope they will defer it until I arrive, as I should be much delighted to see John mounted upon Tip, wearing Papa's uniform with his sword glittering in the sun, and Jim sitting in his most dignified posture on Ty, wearing papa's chapeau with the plume waving in the breeze, while upon each shoulder hung gracefully the silvery rolls of the epaulets. Give my love to Lottie and all my dear little cousins. I would continue to fill this page, but as I wish to write a letter to Papa, whom I expect to be in Richmond at the June meeting, I must close.

I am your very dear brother, Thom.

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College Hill, June 24th, 1847.

My Dear Father,

As I fear my last letter may have created some uneasiness with regard to my health, I now embrace these few moments to inform you that my indisposition has ceased. . . .

Your letter dated the 21st inst. was recd. with much pleasure. I have written to Cousin Wm. Courtney for the amt. therein stated, which I think will be sufficient to meet my present expenses and those connected with commencement. As you have determined to come to Washington on that occasion, I would advise you to get here, if possible, on Tuesday the 13th, as Prof. Huntington will deliver an address before the Literary Society attached to the institution on the night of that day. He is a favourite of yours & I am sure he has made one of his best efforts. This you will be able to do by coming up to Fredericksburg by the boat, or meeting the cars in Hanover. Any hackman will take you from the boat to the Hill for \$1.00 or from the cars for 50 or 75c. . . .

You must attend to the watch and make Uncle Wm., if possible, comply with his promise. I would not make a request of you for such a present as I know it is beyond your means, but I hope to get a valuable Gold watch through your instrumentality.

I now congratulate you, Sir, on having your fifth son!!!! I could not have been more surprised! You request that I bring it a name. I admit that there is some difficulty in finding one and shall be obliged to go to the scriptures. I thing that Nebuchadnezzar 54 Benjamin would be a suitable name; at least let Benja. be connected with it. . . .

Give my love to Mama and all the family and believe me your affectionate son,

Thomas.

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P. S. When you arrive on College Hill you can either drive immediately to Capt. Haynes or stop at the College and ask for my room. It is No. 39 on the third floor, where you will find your humble servant.

T.

It was this summer, 1847, that Thomas became a graduate, receiving his B. A. degree. His reports which are still extant show an excellent standing in scholarship, averaging in all subjects about ninety per cent and in many as high as nine-eight or ninety-nine, with a perfect record in deportment and good rating in attendance. He was almost immediately offered a professorship at Botetourt Springs, (now Hollins), in the girls' department. He accepted this and began his career as a teacher in the fall after his graduation. We have been much amused in going over these old letters to find that, although the extracts which I have chosen to use do not show this, our young professor was literally a most inveterate cake-eater, as scarcely a letter written home by him but what thanked his mother for having sent him cakes or requested that she would send some. Yet how vastly different from the "cake-eaters" of today! We cannot help being impressed with this when we read the words of sage, serious advice to his little sisters and consider his 55 fine dignity and high purpose, as well as the important position of trust and responsibility held by him, and we can hardly realize how very young he was. A dignified professor at the age of eighteen!

Botetourt Springs, Saturday morning, August 26th, '48.

My Dear Sue,

Since I received your affectionate little letter I have not had, until the present moment, time to reply. . . . Your letter was peculiarly acceptable because it conveyed to me the interesting news about the association. When you mention that some of my classmates and others with whom I spent many happy moments were with you at Bel Air, it created a greater anxiety to have met them there. . . . I was even more delighted to hear that

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you and Sal succeeded so well at the close of your school, and received such positive testimonials of your studious habits and correct conduct. A continuance in this course will not only make you accomplished and interesting young ladies, but will afford you hereafter the greatest pleasure. In regard to your music, it gives me much pleasure to know that you are anxious to excel. It adds charms to the female character, and not only confers grace and elegance on the external person, but it fosters the most refined feelings in the heart. I hope that, when I shall again visit home, Sal and yourself will perform with a taste and spirit. . . . I suppose that Sal will soon complete her music under Mr. Schey. . . .

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The girls here all seem to be very happy and I am sure if you and Sal were here that you too would be gay and cheerful. They have appointed two of the most advanced scholars, who prepare a paper which is read once in two weeks before all the female department, which is devoted to cultivation of the mind and improvement of the manners, to health, exercise, &c, &c. The editors often criticise the conduct of the girls very severely, but the agreement among them was that they would take no offense at the remarks which were made about them. It will be no doubt a source of improvement as well as amusement, which latter is very important here, as the confinement is so constant. The last trip they took in the omnibus was to a Dunkard meeting about five miles from this place. There were about thirty who wished to go, and consequently we were obliged to hire another wagon and four and when we reached the church we startled the reverend sages with the brilliancy of the equipage. This sect hold their meetings until very late at night, and we did not leave until after 9 o'clock, but the moon rose in time to light us home, and cast a beautiful radiance upon the mountains and valleys through which we passed. As usual, when the girls came in sight of the Springs, which appeared peculiarly beautiful in the silence of night, lighted by the dim moonbeams which had pierced through the tall aspens that grow around us, an expression of joy was uttered by every lip.

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Mama stated that she had been trying to persuade Papa to bring Sal up with him and I would add my request if I thought it would be of any avail.

PROF. THOMAS POLLARD

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Remember me affectionately to all my friends. . . . Give my love to Mama and Papa, if he has not left. You all must write often.

Your affectionate brother, Thomas.

Stevensville, October 12th, 1848.

Dear Tom,

I expect you begin to think ere this that one of your correspondents from King and Queen has fallen a victim to that scourge of our climate, the bilious fever; but I still hail from the land of the living & in comparative health and strength I steal a few moments from my business engagements to reply to your highly prized letter.

Since I have been engaged in the mercantile business, I have never known a season calling for half the labour & toil of the present one. First came a great excitement in the grain market* and the riding and labour of buying & shipping off must be undertaken; then comes a trip to the North and, on my return home, I must undergo the noise, bustle & confusion of receiving & opening a new stock of goods. All this business has been attended to in the last month & I have had, during that space, little or no time to give to the pleasant duty of keeping up our correspondence.

* On account of the Crimean War.

Allow me dear Tom, to congratulate you on your late appointment as tutor in the Columbian College, & to express the hope that you have entered upon a 58 career of

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usefulness and distinction. Few have commenced life with a more propitious beginning and I truly believe that, with perserverance and industry, you will be an honour to our common Alma Mater.

I have taken a most delightful trip to New York this fall, & it truly deserves the title of the "great emporium of the Western World." Its crowded streets, magnificent churches, theatres, & private edifices; its immense quantity of shipping whitening its harbours with sails from every clime & country, presented to me a scene of thrilling interest. On my return through Baltimore, I met with Mr. Huntington & Lady, on their way to Washington, endeavoring to escape the ague and fevers of Middlesex. They were accompanied by Richard Woodward, who was on his way to the Columbian College, to prepare himself for his situation at Botetourt.

Miss Fannie Bet Claybrooke was married last week to Dr. Fauntleroy. I had the honour of an invitation and of course attended, and had the pleasure of meeting with the fair ones of Middlesex. Nothing of particular interest occurred. Indeed, it was a very dull affair. Miss Gus had just returned from the mountains and was in fine plight. It is currently reported that she has engaged herself again to Joe Christian & I am disposed to believe the rumour. A. Campbell is to be married in December, & it is said that Mr. James & Miss Maria Louisa Pendleton will unite their destinies about the same time. Dr. Fleet has moved out to Covington and, of course, carried Cousin Sue with him. Your Papa has started this morning on a trip to the west. William Berryman died at Papa's 59 last Wednesday. His father and mother are deeply distressed. Your Papa's family is well & the neighbourhood is unusually healthy. Answer soon.

Your Friend, John R. Bagby. *

* A brother of Rev. Alfred Bagby and uncle of the present John Bagby.

During the winter of 1848, Thomas received an offer of a position as tutor in Greek and Latin at Columbian College, which he accepted, after due consideration, because of the

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facilities thus presented for carrying on his own studies and working towards his Master's degree, and also because of the fact that he would be much nearer home. He held this position until the summer of 1850, when he received his M. A. degree. He had been much in doubt as to what profession he should choose for his life-work, and had considered law very favorably at one time, but had finally decided to study for the ministry, and it was a keen disappointment to him when he had to postpone his cherished plans on account of ill health.

College Hill, D. C., Saturday evening, January 20th, 1849.

My Dear Sue,

If I were as sparing with my letters as you at home seem to be, I am sure you would all think I had forgotten you, but I shall try to fill these little pages with something that will interest you.

I was very sorry to hear that Papa & Mama were so much indisposed, but hope this will find you all again well and happy.

When I last wrote you, Sue, I was among the beautiful mountains. Summer had covered them with the sweet wild-flowers, and the green forests waved majestically upon their sides, and their blue tops rose to a clear and peaceful sky. But now old winter has come, shaking the snow-storms from his white wings, and covering hill and valley with glittering robes. The flowers are withered and dead, the mountains are far, far away, but I am nearer to my own dear home, to my beloved sisters and brothers and to my devoted parents. This is satisfaction enough, though I miss those bright-eyed girls very much.

Sal says you all spent a very merry Christmas and only needed my presence to complete the enjoyment. It would also have completed mine. . . . Our home is a delightful, happy place, and, Sue, we should love ours with more than ordinary ardour. But you can never know its pleasures, can never value its joys, until you have left for a time its familiar

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haunts. . . . While you are yet there, learn to love even the smallest flower which decorates the yard, even the tiniest spire of grass which trembles with the dew-drop. . . . I have found no spot so dear as that, and I can say with that little song which Sal plays, "My home, my happy home, Where'er I go, where'er I roam, My heart still fondly clings to thee!"

I suppose you have commenced school again, and that you all go merrily along that path which I have so often walked. I hope you will be as successful this 61 as you were last year. You must study closely and I am sure that you will receive another evidence of approbation from your teachers. Dr. Bacon's daughters are going to Mrs. Cushman, and seem to be highly pleased. Miss Josie says, "Mrs. Cushman is the kindest lady she ever saw except Mother." Miss Lizzy Haynes is here at school, but I have not seen her. I understand though that she is very much pleased.

Robert McGill is, of course, still here, but he is not quite so gallant a beau as he used to be in King and Queen. I think he grows, but is not yet fearful on account of his size. . . . Tell Sal she must be sure to deliver my message to Miss Kate. Don't be at all suspicious. It is so much trouble to visit ladies here that I do not make myself too sociable with those with whom I am acquainted. I go occasionally to rub off the rust.

No one has mentioned Uncle James' family in any letter, & it Will always be pleasant for me to hear from them. Give my best love to all of them, and also to Cousin Wm. Courtney and his family. Has Mr. Berryman returned? If he has, give him my best regards. Give my best love to all. Tell Aunt Polly! am very much obliged to her for remembering me. Goodbye, my dear Sue.

Your brother, Thomas P.

P.S. I neglected to say that there had been rumours afloat that the Cholera was in the city. But they have proven without foundation. If it should visit us, there would be a general dispersion, but I think I should remain.

Columbian College, Feb. 6th, 1849.

My Dear Father,

Your very affectionate letter came at the very time when I expected, and therefore it was more acceptable. It found me, as usual, busily engaged in my studies, but prepared to enjoy and adopt the sentiments it contained.

The intelligence of the death of Uncle Joseph was entirely unexpected, and made me feel that the dread messenger had approached near to our own fireside. It is another warning to us all to be prepared. . . . The announcement of the death of Uncle Berkley was not so unexpected, as he had reached that period in human life. . . . Rarely do we find in the character of men in our times so much that is bright and attractive and so much that is virtuous and unblamable. . . .

I am more than delighted to hear that Mama is improving in health, and will soon be able to resume those domestic duties in which she takes so much delight. Give my best love—and if I know my own heart, my love for you all increases with my age—and say that I am anxiously expecting to hear from her. . . .

I had intended to advise with you previous to the last Church-meeting in regard to procuring a letter of dismissal from Mattaponi Church to join one of the churches in this city, and I desire now to present the subject for your consideration. . . .

I am truly glad to hear that you will be here at the Inauguration.* As regards making a place for you on College Hill, you know I have no dwelling save a

* Zachary Taylor.

63 lonely room, but I know that Doct. Bacon would take pleasure in accommdating you in his house and at his table. It will afford me real delight to have you with me, and I hope

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you will reach Washington by Thursday evening previous. It is commonly rumoured that Mr. Clay will be here. I saw Judge Underwood (Senator from Kentucky) on the evening before I received your letter. He inquired particularly of your health and that of the whole family. . . . I like him very much and wish that I could call oftener, but his engagements are very constant and onerous. When I remarked to him that his seat seemed to be more constantly filled than those of many other senators, he replied that he had always made it of first importance to attend to the business intrusted to his care. . . . I have never been in his company but I have learned some truth in politics or morals. . . . Has Mr. B(erryman) given out the notion of visiting Washington? It will be indeed a great place on the 5th of March. The nation will be here, and at a single glance, we may see citizens of our country from the St. Lawrence to the golden sands of California. . . .

Shall I come home the last of March or not? Take the vote, but let your opinion be equal to three and Mama's to two.

As ever your devoted son, Thomas Pollard.

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Columbian College, June 8th, 1849.

My Dear Sarah Jane,

I am rather surprised at the delay of my last letter, but must thank you for your punctuality in replying and for the little epitome of local news; but especially do I commend the interest you manifest in your studies. There is nothing that gives me more pleasure than to hear that my sisters are improving in those respects which will impart an enduring loveliness to their characters. It is a truth which I always sigh to reflect upon, that so many waste their time and abilities in vain attempts to ornament their persons, while they neglect to clothe their minds in the bright robes of intelligence. A finished education confers upon a young lady graces which eclipse the radiance of beauty, and wax brighter and brighter while the cheek grows dim beneath the clouds of age. Fashion changes with the seasons,

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and beauty steals away with the spring-time of life, and their votaries are left to mourn over a desolate shrine. But the accomplishments of mind are like the perpetual hills which send forth from their latent fountains clear and perennial streams, or like the eternal stars. . . . You should acquire a taste for reading and the capacity for reflection. . . . My estimation of the influence which ladies may exert in refining and elevating society is every day increasing. . . . I am, therefore, anxious that my sisters may possess the means of accomplishing some of those ends for which their natures are adapted. Let your ambition be directed to attaining every accomplishment which your means and opportunities afford. Let it be your great object to become a pattern of excellence, moral, social, and intellectual. . . . But there is another kind of knowledge higher than that of what has been written by human pen, and this you should first acquire. . . . Piety is at last the crowning virtue, without which every other loses half its charms. When this is combined with intelligence, they harmonize, not only to attain the purest pleasures, but the greatest usefulness.

You speak with interest of the study of Botany. But do you not say too much when you remark that it is one of the most useful of all sciences? . . . In regard to your advancement in Algebra, I hope you great success, but am very much disposed to think that you are progressing too rapidly to obtain a thorough knowledge of the subject. I would give you a motto, which you may remember through life, “ *Festina lente.* ” . . . You speak as if Papa had consented to let you go to Mrs. Cushman's. Is it really so? and shall I have a sister in Washington with me? I fondly indulge the hope. I took tea there a few evenings ago and enjoyed my short visit very much, as I ever do in company with interesting ladies. Mrs. C. requested me to loan her my *Macaulay's History* (which I purchased partly for your benefit) and I called to deliver it to her. A very good excuse to see the young ladies. . . .

Ro. McGill received a letter from home last night, in which it was stated that when you heard that I had fallen in love in Washington, you were very anxious to know what fair lady had won my heart. I told Robert that he must inform you, for really I did not know. I do not regard such reports at all. . . . I heard with much pain of the death of Mr. Cooke. But he

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66 has left a richer inheritance to his children than all the gold of Eldorado—the example of a pious life. I have been troubled with a pain in my breast for several days, resulting either from cold or leaning too much over my desk. I have been, however, in very good hands, even those of Mrs. Bacon. She advised me, as a remedy for the complaint, to visit Alexandria, as a certain lady is spending a short time there. But it is a more serious matter than love. I can cure the latter in ten minutes without the aid of any one.

The cholera has not yet visited us, but we are expecting it every hour. . . . A letter from Jno. R. Bagby informed me that the division of the Sons of Temperance is progressing very rapidly. I would not have mentioned it, but to express my gratification that John Motley & Ro. Gresham have joined. . . . Give my love to all. . . . You must write again soon.

Your loving brother, Thomas Pollard.

Stevensville, Febr. 26th, 1849.

Dear Tom,

Soon after the recpt. of your last letter, I had a spell of sickness which lasted me ten or twelve days. This together with my business engagements has prevented my answering your letter as promptly as I could have wished.

When I last wrote you, we were enjoying the society of some of the fair ones from Middlesex. A day or two after I wrote, I had the exquisite pleasure of talking 67 Miss Kate down home in a buggy, so you see you are not the only one who has been thus highly honored. We started from your papa's about one o'clock, in company with Tom Haynes, & got down to Clifton about sundown. After an hour's delay we left, being joined by Miss Eunice Shepherd, in Mr. Mac's carriage, for Mr. T. Fauntleroy's, where we attended a large party given to A. Campbell and his bride. That night we returned to Clifton, & the next day, at noon, T. H. and myself returned home and attended a party given by Dr. Henly to William Turner and his fair spouse. The party at Dr. H.'s wound up the ball for sometime,

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& I was constantly at home, tightly engaged about my business, until last week when Mrs. Robt. Pollard gave a large and very select party in honor of the return of her sisters from Back River, where they had spent several months. The ladies from Tappahannock and Middlesex were invited, but there was a scant delegation from both places, Miss Bettie Brockenborough being the only lady from the former & Misses Gus Healy & Winnie McCarty the only two from the latter place—a delegation small in numbers but hard to surpass in what is most desirable in the fair sex. Miss B. particularly, I consider a gem of no ordinary value. Indeed, I think I have never seen so much sweetness of manner & disposition combined with such beauty of person and queen-like dignity. . . . By the way, how in the world did you so misconstrue some of my last letter as to suppose that I wished to question you about your intentions towards Miss Kate! . . . Permit me to assure you that I can never be a rival of yours in that race. . . . I have ever since our acquaintance highly respected her & I have for her a strong attachment which may be aroused by one who may possess her rare characteristics. If I know my own heart, dear Tom, this is all, and as I know and love you both, I don't think I could make a better wish for either of you than that, before many days shall have passed, you may be united by Hymen's silken cord. . . . Cousin Ellen Bagby was married to Mr. Mathews of Essex, week before last. They were expected in Tappahannock, last Tuesday, where I understand they are to have several large parties given them. . . . It is currently reported now that Mr. Sam Harwood is to be married, in May, to Miss Branham, & I think the report is true. There seems to be no doubt but that Miss E. Shepherd & Mr. Wortham will be married soon. Your father expects to be in Washington on the 4th, and I suppose you will have the pleasure of seeing Miss Kate there unless she has changed her mind since I last saw her.

Well, I guess you have enough of this stuff.

Yours truly, John R. Bagby.

Col. College, Dec. 22d, 1849.

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My Dear Mother,

It has been my rule, since I have been spending my Christmas day from home to send a letter to represent me, and I will not on this occasion vary from the practice. . . . This letter will probably reach you on the evening of Christmas day, when all the family shall be seated around a cheerful fire, conversing about the past and conjecturing about the 69 future. Only one of your number will be absent, and he only in person, for with whomever I may be my affections will wander away, and blend with those of parents and children in their duties of gratitude, and celebrations of joy. Sister Bettie with her sweet little children will be there. Mr. Woodward, whom you love as a son and we as a brother, will be there. The unbroken succession of dear ones, from Sal to Nelson, will be around you to delight you by their smiles, and to receive in turn the tokens of a mother's love. The heart can scarcely wish for, indeed how could it contain more? There is no scene on earth so interesting as that of a peaceful, affectionate family, assembled for the purpose of kindling to a brighter flame their mutual love. . . .

As you all sit comfortably and happily together, let not my absence cause a single sigh or regret. . . . I shall not be lonely or sorrowful here. The day will be overflowing with pleasure, because I know that at home you all will be happy, and I shall receive from my friends here the testimonies of their regard, which is one of the greatest gratifications I ever experience. . . . Mrs. Bacon has invited me to spend the day with her, and wherever she is there is sunshine. I do not know whether she expects a company or not. . . .

You express some uneasiness in regard to my health, and the hope that it may improve. . . . I do not think there is any cause for uneasiness on your part. . . . My appetite is good, yet I have little vigor. . . . I do look forward with unusual delight to relief from my duties again, so that I may recruit, and prepare myself for a period of long and close application. It 70 would be unwise for me to attempt it, with my present health, and unless that improves in the course of four, or five months, my plans must be deferred. . . . I think I

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may safely continue during the remaining months of the session, which will soon be gone, and during my vacation I may be enabled to recover my health entirely.

It gave me much pleasure to hear from Uncle James and his family. Give my best love to them all, especially Lottie. She is truly an amiable and affectionate girl, and should be loved by all of us. . . . I am glad to hear that Uncle James succeeded in the late contest for office of Commonwealth's Attorney. I congratulate him on account of his accumulating honours, especially when he triumphed over two opponents—the one so able and experienced; the other so (a blank will be most expressive, for you may readily supply it, if you will let it remain *blank*, it will still describe his state at present.)

You must not think that the pleasant circumstances in which I may be placed here, lessens my desire to be at home and join in all your sources of happiness. Nothing can compensate for the charms of home. . . .

Good news has just reached me. Cobb of Georgia has been elected Speaker at last.

A happy Christmas to you all. My love, of course, to the whole family.

Your devoted son, Thomas.

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It was shortly after this that his health, which for the past few years had not been strong, failed and he was compelled to give up his beloved studies and seek to fight off the ravages of tuberculosis. For this purpose, he spent the next two winters in the South—in South Carolina and Florida—where he waged a gallant but losing fight.

St. Augustine, Feby. 28th, 1852.

My dear John,

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I am very sleepy this afternoon, having made my dinner on Ham and *Lettuce*, but to fulfill my promise, I must strive to hold my eyes open. I am very glad you were so mindful as to write to me and then too, so nice a letter. I do not, nor can you expect to write letters at your age, that will not be liable to correction, but the way to learn is to practice with the advice of those of more experience. Never feel mortified when an error is pointed out, for those who are fit to teach will always think more highly of you for acknowledging your errors and endeavoring to improve. No human being ever reached perfection or even eminent attainments at the first step. Daniel Webster, who is probably first among living statesmen, was once a boy who was taught to spell, to read and to write, and the first letter he wrote to some absent friend, was probably no better than yours. But he was taught, he heeded, he studied and he mastered, until now he stands at the highest point of fame.

You told me that you had been to Richmond, and mentioned particularly among the sights you saw, the statue of Gen. Washington. I remember, when I was 72 just seven years old—Pa's only boy *then*—that I went to Richmond and when I was pointed by my ever indulgent father to that marble figure, a thrill shot through my bosom. I felt that I was in the very presence of the great man whom I had been taught to venerate and with awe I gazed upon the monument. I have never forgotten the ploughshare and the sword—the watch-chain and the epaulette. At the same time in City Hall, I saw the painting of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden and many other sights equally impressive, but the most striking perhaps of all was—a tea-kettle. And now Jim has been. When I get back home, you and he and I must tell of our travels—compare our notes. I expect that you and he saw more and can tell more than I have seen on all my trip to Florida.

I am still here at the Ancient City, but am going away next Thursday, the 4th of March. This is decidedly better than Jacksonville. Everybody here seems to be idle and pining away for some amusement. The residents will gather shells on the sea-coast or fish the live-long day, and we invalids, as they call us, will lounge about on the benches or steps of the

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Hotel—or walk a hundred yards to see a little fish taken from the hook. We have nothing to do. This morning at half past seven, it was announced that a large steam-ship was just off the coast and it stirred up all St. Augustine. We are nearly out of provisions and were in hopes that she came laden with oranges, pine-apples, and other tropical fruit, but she has not yet come in and seems determined to lie there and tantalize us with disappointed hopes.

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I have not had much sport in hunting. Now the weather is too warm. Today the thermometer is 86° in the shade. This is very hot and makes me feel like making tracks towards the North. There are deer, wild turkeys, ducks and other wild fowl out in the country, but not near enough for us to hunt who are in town. I hope you have not let all the partridges freeze up but that you have kept a few to supply us next fall.

The boys here seem almost to run wild. He is the greatest *man* who can utter the loudest—the foulest oath. They have but few advantages in the way of education and do not improve even these. I reckon that you would not find among them many Latin and Greek scholars. You ought to be glad that you have the means of mental acquisition. It is the mind that gives power to the man—the mind cultivated and trained and strengthened. Riches may control the few, but knowledge moves the world. It was knowledge that invented the steam-boat, the telegraph and the great machinery that makes our clothing. If the soil itself were gold, and if men were giants in strength, there never would have been a steam-engine without knowledge. Grasp then in your boyhood this instrument of power. Lay it not aside, day nor night. Use it and use it, until you have tested the truth of what I said by your own experience.

My love to Ma, Pa, Sal, Sue, Jim, Speaker, and Ro. Nelson. You must write again soon and give a message from all the Boys. Remember me to Tom and Jim Jeff.

Truly your brother, Thos. Pollard.

My dear Sal,

I thought I would give you some account of our dignified judge and vigilant marshal. There is more in them to laugh at than to condemn. But I expect you have had enough of Jacksonville as I have had, long ago. So I will desist and pass to other themes.

I hardly know what to think of my favorite Cousin Lottie's delay in answering my letter. She has not forgotten me I know, for when the day of my return shall come, she will be among my own sisters to welcome me with her smiles and kisses. Though she has not been quick to reply, I am always ready to take up weapons in her defense. And now Sue must come to the scratch. I asked in a jesting way, in one of my letters, whether Lot. had played off a hoax on any of the girls, this Chirstmas. Sue says "she didn't try any of her tricks again—I reckon she has enough of *that*." Now if complete success can *satisfy* any one or if complete success can *encourage* any one to a second attempt, then Sue, may you truly say, that Lot " *has enough of that*." But I hope that she will learn prudence from her past experiences.

Mary Tom (Courtney), I suppose, is now in the neighborhood and she adds I think no little to the brilliancy of your hosts of young ladies. As was the case when you and she were at school together, so you should now emulate each other in your mental acquisitions. Be not rivals in display of dress or attractiveness *of person only*, but be rivals in acquiring knowledge and in maturing your virtues, so that you both may be successful in positions when your intelligence ⁷⁵ will be measured and your characters tested. Both of you are approaching the threshold of responsible life. Think not that you can escape responsibility. Woman's influence controls the destinies of the world, and it is not necessary for her to write a book or to traverse a continent, before she can exert that influence. It is felt first in the privacy of the domestic circle, and like the ripple occasioned by the falling of a pebble in the centre of some vast lake, her influence moves on and on, pervading the entire surface and depths of human society. Prepare yourselves then for your future spheres.

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You will not be queens, like Mary and Elizabeth, goaded with jealousy and hate or laden with a nation's cares, but you may be, sovereigns over kingdoms, whence may spring lines greater than James I., who wore the crown conferred by two mighty principalities.

Your Sis—Ah! I beg pardon—Martha Hill and Mary Ellen, may also become your rivals in attaining those graces and accomplishments which adorn and strengthen the female character. In the cultivation of your intellects and hearts and in the observation of the practical duties of life, you should now spend your hours of leisure. New demands may ere long occupy your time. The future hour that you have allotted to your improvement, may be crowded with cares, that leave no space for study and discipline. Seize the present moment, and make it yield to you valuable fruits.

For the past three or four days, the weather has been charming. January has been a cold and changeable month—affording no climate favourable for a consumptive. It has however, towards the last, afforded 76 a temperature that would almost *animate* the *inanimate* and bring the dead to life. The air mild though bracing—the sky bright as summer, yet soft as spring. I witnessed at sunset a few evenings ago, a scene as beautiful as it was rare. In company with a friend, I was strolling along the banks of the river towards the west. The sun was nearly touching the tops of the trees. The haze had obscured the halo, which dazzles the eye, and the almost level rays of the sun struck the bosom of the peaceful river. The reflection seemed to form one vast column of gold, whose chapter reached to the sun itself and whose pedestal seemed wavering at our feet. Not the garniture of Solomon's temple or of St. Peter's church could equal splendor like this. And there we wondered, and *felt* the power of that Being who can in the twinkling of an eye cause the sun-beam to reflect a glory which man with all his skill could not for ages impart to his structures.

Today it is very warm. Thermometer 70°. Gentlemen with white vests and ladies wearing white crepe shawls. But there is prospect of a shower, when I think it will be more

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pleasant. Ice cream would go well and oh! what would I give for a drink of cool water. Here the water is little more than drinkable.

The letters from which I have not heard, are one to Pa of the 17th inst.; one to Mama of the 18th, and one to yourself of the 25th. It takes just nine days for a letter to come from Stevensville here and to go the contrary way. I think of going to St. Augustine this week, but you may continue to write to this place for the present.

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My regards to Mr. Southgate and Miss M. Anna—to Miss Allen too, and to all my other friends. My love to Pa, Ma, Sue, John, Jim, Henry, & Robert. Here they all are except Bet. Kiss them for me. My love to uncle James & family and to all my friends, to the servants, and all who inquire after me. I wrote to Alfred by the last mail. I will write to Sue very soon.

Good-bye, Sal.

Your devoted brother, T. P.

*My first visit to Richmond happened in this wise. So delicate was my health, in my early youth, that my parents sought in every way possible and by every reasonable means to build up and establish my strength and vitality as a child. On the farm of my aunts, the Misses Robinson, at *Locust Level*, near Taylorsville, Hanover county, was a spring celebrated and known for miles round about as “the mineral spring.” Especially had the waters of this spring a reputation for being a specific for “ague and fever,” which in that day was very prevalent in Tidewater Virginia, where my home was located. So for several years, on the approach of the season, I was sent to spend a month or more with my aunts, there to drink the water from the mineral spring.*

I do not suppose that anyone in that day had ever heard of “auto-suggestion,” but, if there really is anything in the principle, even a *look* at that spring must have had curative properties, so very beautiful was it. I can see it now, just as though it were yesterday— 78

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down across the lawn, in the meadow not far from the roadside, with the lush, green grass around its stone casing and the field flowers nodding close by. But the spring itself was the most beautiful I have ever seen, with its clear, limpid water bubbling up through the whitest sand in the world—bubbling and sparkling and gurgling, as though alive and radiant with health and vitality and joy which it was anxious to share with all the world who passed.

During the late summer or early fall of the year 1852, my mother's health became extremely delicate and it was determined that she should visit the mountains during August and September, and that I, during that time, should be placed under the kind and motherly care of my aunts, and while there enjoy the healing properties of the good spring water. We made the trip up to Richmond in the family carriage, and from there I was taken to Taylorsville, while Mother went on by rail to Staunton and thence by stage coach to the Warm Springs and later to the Healing Springs.

While I was on the farm at *Locust Level*, I was given several small mulatto boys, only a little larger than I myself, to be in personal attendance upon me and constantly look out for my amusement, and you may be sure that the small boy of seven years of age thoroughly enjoyed the importance of being the "little Marster," as well as the good times which the negroes' sunny temper and willingness to please made so delightful for Southern children. These boys were given over to exclusive and constant attendance upon me and my wishes and pleasure.

May I say, at this point, that there were many amusing anecdotes which were told in the community 79 of *Locust Level* of the sayings and doings of these dear old ladies, some of these stories which are still current in that community. I recall just one about my Aunt Polly (Miss Mary Robinson). Even at the age of ninety, she was in the habit of taking a walk every morning and evening, though her memory was much impaired while her general health was good. It is said that on one occasion when she returned from one of these strolls, she met the youngest of the three sisters at the door, and asked her what was their father's name. Aunt Anna, who was always ready with some humorous reply, responded,

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“Polly, my dear, if you have lived so long as to forget your earthly father's name, I'm afraid it's time that you were gone to your Heavenly Father.”

When the time arrived for my return home, it was arranged that I should join my mother in Richmond, where she stopped for a day or so on her return from the Springs and visited at the home of Mrs. Coleman Wortham, on Grace street. She was a very intimate friend of our family and had, as a girl (Miss Eunice Shepherd, of the foregoing letters), for a number of years before her then recent marriage, been a companion of my sisters, staying for months at a time at our home and attending school with them at *Locust College* nearby—Mrs. Southgate's School for Girls, in King and Queen county. My father came up to Taylorsville to bring me back, to meet mother at Mrs. Wortham's, whence we all three would proceed home in the family carriage. This was my first trip in a railroad train. I remember distinctly my arrival in the city, in the afternoon, and meeting my mother. At her suggestion, we strolled together down Grace street 80 to the Capitol Square and visited the Capitol building. The Washington monument was then under construction. It was dusk, I remember, when we entered the Capitol building and went into the rotunda, where, just as it now stands, I saw for the first time the Houdon statue of General Washington. This was the first time that I had ever seen any statue, and I have never forgotten my timidity on the occasion as the shades of evening progressed, and for that reason I urged our return to Mrs. Wortham's residence. The impression made upon me was profound, not only by what seemed to me to be a wonderfully large and impressive building but by the majestic pose of the figure itself. Not wishing, however, to admit that I was frightened, my only comment upon thus coming face to face with “the father of his country” was, “Come on, Mother, let's go home now,” and a tightened grip on her hand. But her motherly instinct sympathetically responded and we returned with rather quickened step to our temporary home at Mrs. Wortham's.

On the next day, we started in the family carriage with, much to my childish delight, old Alec, the driver, and “Tip” and “Ty” (“there's Tippecanoe and Tyler too”), the reliable carriage horses in which Mother had the most implicit confidence as to safety, and for

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which my father, who was an ardent Whig, had the greatest admiration, having raised this team and gallantly named them for the political leaders of the day in the campaign of 1840. Tip was a dark bay horse, which father often used to ride on parade as Lieutenant-Colonel in the State Militia, and Ty was a sorrel of equal beauty.

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Events in my home, during the latter part of this year (1852), were of a distressing kind. During that summer, before my mother left home for the benefit of her health, as hereinbefore described, arrangements had to be perfected for my brother, Thomas, again spending the winter in Florida, then the resort to which tuberculosis sufferers were sent. It was not easy to find a suitable companion for such a responsible position into whose care tender parents may commit their loved one, but fortunately among the large circle of friends of intelligence and faithfulness there was found one who was intimate and devoted to our family and especially to the afflicted patient, my brother Thomas. This was David Couling, a graduate in medicine, well-educated along other lines, and a dentist by profession. He practiced his profession in King and Queen and adjoining counties. He had the most implicit confidence in my mother and a deep regard for her. He was most entertaining in the family circle, was fond of out-door sports of all sorts, and he and Thomas often went partridge hunting together. Besides, he had no family whose ties compelled or necessarily demanded his attention. Having been for many years an intimate acquaintance in our family and recognizing the difficult problem that presented itself in finding a suitable companion for my brother on the contemplated visit to Florida, he most graciously volunteered to go with him during the coming winter to the "land of flowers." His kindness and generosity greatly impressed my youthful mind and, to the present time, I have never forgotten under what great obligation he placed us. It seems unnecessary to say that his proposition was accepted and the young 82 men started on the journey. At Aiken, S. C., however, my brother fell ill and his ailment so rapidly increased that he could go no further, and accordingly, in November, 1852, he departed this life and his body

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was brought by his devoted companion back to his native county and interred in the family graveyard at Mattoponi Baptist Church. The inscription on his grave reads as follows:

Thomas Pollard SON OF JOHN, AND JULIETT POLLARD 1829–1852 “ *He Walked with God.* ”

From this, the greatest distress of her life, I do not think my mother ever recovered. Years afterwards, when I spent my vacation at Hollins Institute, the president of that institution expressed gratification at having me intimately associated with him at the school, and I remember with much pleasure how day after day in his private office he descanted upon the high esteem in which he held my brother Thomas, and told me of the many qualities in which he thought him unsurpassed, and how keenly he had felt and still felt the loss which the institution met with in the death of the young professor.

In our household, family prayer was never omitted except for some dire necessity. In addition to this the private devotions of my mother were strictly observed and it was generally noticed that when she returned to her household duties from these private devotions her appearance indicated that she had been weeping, and this became so marked that it attracted attention among the children and servants, and they often talked together as to why she wept on such occasions. In fact, it had a restraining influence, I have no doubt, on the conduct and behaviour of the children towards each other and towards their parents. When Mammy Polly was sometimes taken into our confidence she—a pious, godly old colored woman—frequently assigned as a reason that our conduct had been such as it ought not to have been and for that reason distressed our mother and caused her to weep.

Such tender reminiscences seem almost too sacred to record, but there is one other that I venture to relate, in honor of the faithful housekeeper, Miss Eliza Walton—one of the finest characters and most pious women I have ever known—this incident being an honor to her and to my esteemed and long departed brother James. My brother, on a protracted

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meeting occasion at church, offered himself as a candidate for baptism according to the order of that day in the Baptist faith. He was then about ten or twelve years old. He came forward, attended by Miss Eliza. The minister proceeded to ask James some of the questions about what it meant to become a Christian, and one of the questions was, "James, do you feel that you have been a sinner in the sight of God, and do you want your sins forgiven and God's acceptance of you as a child of His?" James, with great deliberation, said "Yes, I have been a great sinner." The old lady interposed promptly in behalf of her favorite in the family, and spoke up, "No, Mr. Bagby, he has never been a sinner in his life, and I never saw anything wrong in James. He was just born *good*." Thereupon, one of the members of the church said, "I move that James be received on Miss Eliza's report," and so he was received into the church unanimously and was thereupon at the next baptismal occasion formally inducted into its membership.

I remember another way in which Miss Eliza would always look out for her favorite—this time in a worldly and material sense. When we were small boys, we had no finely ground sugar or small cut lumps as we have now, but all of the white sugar came in a very hard granulated form in enormous "sugar loaves," usually in ten-pound size. Every Saturday Miss Eliza, would have the task of breaking one of these sugar loaves into smaller lumps such as could be used in the sugar bowl, and this was to us quite a ceremony. A large, clean cloth was spread over the pantry table, and Miss Eliza would set to work with her little hammer. Of course, some of the smaller particles would be sure to scatter, and it was for the gathering of these spoils that we children would hang around outside the pantry door waiting until she had finished, and Miss Eliza would almost invariably use some little stratagem by which Jim would be able to get the "lion's share." Talking about the days of *real sport*, I am sure that there has never been a French bonbon or a choice confection of any candymaker's art made since then that could taste one half so good as that old-fashioned sugar loaf!

It is worthy of remark, I think, that my native county, King and Queen, was noted for its educational facilities, especially in schools of a class intended to prepare students for

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college. Among the men called to the charge of such schools was William I. Berryman, a native of Danville, Virginia. I do not recall, 85 if I ever knew, at what institution he studied before he responded to the invitation to take charge of the Stevensville Academy, but I do remember that he was a man of excellent character and thoroughly prepared educationally to be the head of such an institution. Other similar schools that I remember existed at the time of the Stevensville Academy, located in the county were the following:

A school near Newtown, in the upper end of the county, was founded in 1753, by Donald Robertson, a Scotchman. This was a preparatory school for young men and Robertson taught literature, mathematics, Latin and Greek. It was this school which James Madison attended, as ascertained by a letter of recommendation that he at a later date gave to a young man who had studied at that Academy and who was then as applicant for a federal postion. He made most complimentary reference to the school and to the master, saying, "All that I have been in my life, I owe to that man." Robertson is said to have also taught George Rogers Clarke.

Another Scotchman, Oliver White, established a popular Academy at Fleetwood, about six miles above Bruington.

About the year 1839, John Bagby and my father, Col. John Pollard, started an Academy at Stevensville, near the center of the county. With them was associated the Rev. R. H. Bagby, D. D.

Another school was established near Bruington, by Captain Thomas Haynes and Judge J. H. C. Jones, a Marylander by birth and a graduate of Columbian College. Of Judge Jones, it may be said most truly that he will long live in the memory of his people and 86 of his fellow-citizens, over whose courts he presided with grace and distinction for many years.

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In the year 1850, a very successful school was conducted at Newtown by Lewis Kidd, and, in 1857, a similar school was organized by Spencer Coleman and this was in a flourishing condition at the opening of the Civil War.

In 1856, an academy was established at Centreville by Prof. Gogerty, who was afterwards slain by the brother of a pupil he had disciplined. Rev. R. H. Scott succeeded Mr. Gogerty at this place.*

* See Bagby's History of King and Queen County, pages 86–87 for further account of these schools.

Two things are clearly indicated by the foregoing—one that the people of the county were thoroughly enlisted in the cause of education; and, in the second place, that it is largely persuasive of the truth of the assertion often made that, at the time of the commencement of the Civil War, there were more college graduates in the county of King and Queen, in proportion to its population, than in any other county in the state.

About the year 1856, the Stevensville Academy was reorganized for enlarged work, by the employment of Josiah Ryland, son of Samuel P. Ryland and a graduate of Richmond College. With him were associated Rev. Alfred Bagby, a graduate of Columbian College and Princeton University; and Josiah Ryland, Jr., cousin of the one mentioned above, a son of Joseph Ryland and a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute. When the two Rylands volunteered as soldiers and the Dr. Bagby gave his whole time to the pastorate of Mattaponi and Exol Churches—as they did at the outbreak of the war—they were succeeded by Prof. E. W. Halback, of Tennessee. He was exempt from military service on account of his extremely delicate health, but he took part in some of the local defense raids, notably in the defeat and capture of Dahlgren's forces. He was a teacher of rare qualifications and successfully taught the Academy until the close of the war.

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It was this school in which I became a student when I was about ten years old and there continued until I joined the army. And there also I made my first acquaintance with classic lore and the history of my country from Peter Parley's *Natural History*, a series of historical stories written in rhyme and familiar to the youths of that day and generation. As I remember, it went this way:

“Columbus was a sailor brave— The first to cross the Atlantic wave; In fourteen hundred and ninety-two, He sailed across the ocean blue,

And found a wild and savage shore, Where naked men in forests prowled, And bears and panthers roamed and howled.”

The earliest authentic reports of the “scholarship and deportment of Henry R. Pollard” are contained in two official reports issued while he was a student in Stevensville Academy, an educational institution intended to prepare students for collegiate training. One of these reports is dated March 1, 1859, and the other July 20, 1859, and they are signed by Mr. A. Bagby, the venerable and distinguished Baptist 88 minister, an A. B. of Columbian College, Washington, D. C., and D. D. of Princeton Theological Seminary, who is still living in Richmond and an account of whose family is hereinbefore recorded. They are also signed by Josiah Ryland. These reports indicate clearly that the student's scholarship and standing were creditable. The marks given range from one to five (the highest), and in the first of the reports the average attained by the student is 4.5, and for the second term 4.8. Concerning my general standing, in the first it is said, “While Henry is generally a very good boy and a pleasant pupil, he is a most inveterate whisperer. I am satisfied he can do better if he will try.” And in the second page, it is said, “Whispering 5. With this exception a first-rate boy”—wherein a kindly rebuke is again administered to one of the students who was thought at least to be a favorite with that unexceptionally fine teacher, Josiah Ryland, who, upon the outbreak of the Civil War, entered upon a career for which he was far less fitted than for that of teaching. He joined, as second lieutenant, the King and Queen Heavy Artillery, (afterwards Company K, 34th Virginia Infantry) and continued to

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serve as such to the end of the war. Much might be said, if it were not inappropriate, of his wonderful ability as a disciplinarian and as a teacher. Rarely, indeed, was he excelled as an instructor of youth, and few, if any, have ever had bestowed upon them a higher regard or more genuine affection than Josiah Ryland commanded from his pupils—all honor to his name! An only child, Miss Cally Ryland, a woman of rare intelligence, business acumen and brilliant

HENRY R. POLLARD, AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN

89 literary achievement, survives him and resides in the city of Richmond.

Yet how could I help the weakness that called forth this one rebuke, having been started out in life with such a cognomen as “Speaker!” Still mindful of what a burden I had to sustain in living up to my nickname, the stupendous duty developed upon me to deliver the valedictory oration at Stevensville Academy, which I have no doubt I declaimed with all the dignity and prestige of masculine “sweet sixteen.” I even had the boldness, in my youthful wisdom, to speak as one having authority on that most difficult subject, “The Ladies.” I here append this, my first effort in the art of Demosthenes and Cicero.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

We are here assembled at the close of another session—on some accounts a solemn occasion, and on others a joyous one. Solemn, when we reflect that we will not soon again see the faces of our kind teachers and school-mates, and when we call to mind the many wasted opportunities and neglected moments that we might have improved. But joyous in the prospects of a long holiday, free from study and permitting us to enjoy to the full extent all our amusements.

But I do not intend to give a serious cast to the evening but to call your attention to a subject most delightful to each and every one of you, whether you have the candor to acknowledge it or not. I am going to make a few—very few—remarks on “The Girls”; and though my youth and inexperience might lead you to think that I am quite a novice, yet you

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are vastly mistaken, for it is a subject on which I have thought a great deal for many days past.

I have been honored with this subject, and it is always my delightful duty in some way to show my respect for and devotion to the fair sex. I only regret that I have not the ability to do them justice—some for their amiable qualities, or others for their kicking propensities. Of the latter quality, I have as yet been so fortunate as to know little, but there are some of you who, I suspect, could relate a sad experience in regard to it. Poor fellows! I pity you but have no words with which I can comfort you. I can only say that, frequently, when they say “No” they *mean* “Yes,” so you must try again for they like (as I am told) to be pressed.

There are as many different sorts of girls in the world as there are stars in the sky and, like the stars, they differ one from another in glory; but there is one thing that they all have and that is their winning ways. By them man was almost ruined in the Garden of Eden, and I expect woman will finish him yet. They have adopted boots and heeltaps, which betray their desire to usurp authority over the men, but, as the Japanese said, they are all in steel cages and are ashamed to show them, so they have covered them with their dresses. I do not agree with the Japanese, because I think the ladies hooped themselves so that they can better defend themselves and keep man at a distance. I think that the age of sylphs and fairies has passed, since woman begins to stamp like a soldier.

We are all more or less governed by woman—either by love or the broom-stick. If the first does not bring us to terms, the latter certainly will. “Adam, the very first man, the first woman obeyed,” and they will manage it so that the very last man shall the very last woman obey. The influence they exert on man is as great as the attraction of gravitation on a ball when it is thrown into the air. What would man do if there were no women to comfort him in trouble and, in her gentle and loving way, to reprove his misconduct and encourage him in the path of duty? If it were not for the influence of woman, I believe that man the world over would be no better than the lowest savage class in Africa. How many sons, now the pride and dependence of their aged father, would be, but for the influence

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of a loving mother, drunkards and vagabonds, bringing the gray hairs of their parents with 91 sorrow to the grave! How many a brother has been reclaimed by a devoted sister! Well may the poet say, "The world was sad, the garden was a wild; And man, the hermit, sighed, till woman smiled."

It is vain to attempt to do them justice. I can only say that we admire them for their beauty, respect them for their virtues, and love them, Mr. Chairman,—because we can't help it.

"In joyous youth, what soul hath never known Thought, feeling, taste harmonious to its own? Who hath not paused while Beauty's pensive eye Asked from his heart the homage of a sigh? Who hath not owned, with rapture-smitten frame, The power of grace, the magic of a name?"

Let me here give to some a little good advice: I mean those who are old but have not yet been so fortunate as to be ruled by the tiny hand of a wife, that they will be sure to get the broom-stick if they ever come under this dominion.

My father had a habit of discussing with his sons, when they were of sufficient age, the political questions of the day, because he thought that such discussion were educational. For that reason, he frequently, when opportunities were offered, took us to hear debates on the stump between political opponents. One of these occasions I remember very distinctly. It was on the occasion of Thomas H. Bayley, a member of congress from the First district, giving "an account," as was the saying of that day, "of his stewardship." It was some time in the 50's, at King and Queen Court House, in the large dining-room of the tavern. Judge Bayley was a distinguished member of congress, and at that time chairman of the committee on judiciary, which was a most influential committee of the House of Representatives. "Know nothingism," according to 92 its nomenclature, was coming into prominence as one of the political parties of the country. A large crowd was present to hear Judge Bayley's speech, and among them Hon. Robert L. Montague, a young and aspiring politician of the day and a Democrat. When Judge Bayley was about to conclude

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his address, in a very fascinating though conversational manner, Mr. Montague interrupted the speaker with this question: "Judge, will you please tell us how you stand upon the platform of the 'American' (Know-nothing) Party?" The main feature as I understood it, was the immigration or the exclusion of foreigners from this country. Judge Bayley replied, "Fellow citizens during my long experience in political life, I have found my wife a wise monitor, and I usually follow her wise and gracious advice as to what course I shall take. And only this very morning I received a letter from her, cautioning me against answering impertinent questions. But on this occasion, I am not going to follow her advice, but will state in reply to the young man that my speech today ends my usual visitation to the counties in my district, and I will, therefore, answer my young friend's request by stating that he is the only know-nothing I have seen in making my circuit around the district." The laughter and applause was tremendous, and the distinguished young man asked no further questions. I was deeply impressed by this my first introduction to the world of political campaigns and, little lad though I was, relished most keenly the Judge's witticism.

Still another youthful experience along these lines was in connection with a very celebrated state election, that antedated the breaking-out of the Civil War. The 93 respective candidates for the governorship were John Letcher, the nominee for the Democrats, with Hon. Robert L. Montague as candidate for lieutenant-governor; and for the Whigs, the only competing party, W. L. Goggin, with Mr. Wiley for lieutenant-governor. Mr. Goggin had the reputation of being an inimitable narrator of amusing and effective anecdotes, drawing great crowds to hear him at every debate with his opponent. It so happened on the occasion to which I refer that Mr. Montague had met Mr. Goggin in debate before, and was thus familiar with some of his stories. In order to anticipate his opponent's speech, he adopted in detail one of Mr. Goggin's best anecdotes. His attempt to relate the story fell perfectly flat and failed to create any enthusiasm or amusement, which had always followed its use by his distinguished competitor. When Mr. Goggin came to reply and reached the point in his address where he usually told the story, he said, "Fellow-citizens, at this point I had what I thought was a good story to illustrate what I was

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talking about, but my young friend, Montague, has stolen my story, and since I've heard him tell it, I don't believe it was worth a d—." This brought down the house, and when the laughter and applause had stopped sufficiently for him to proceed, he continued, "But I believe I'll just go ahead and tell it anyhow." This he did, in his inimitable fashion, making it most amusing and again producing much merriment at Montague's expense.

According to the traditions of my native county, the last of the aristocrats of that county who adhered tenaciously to the strict observance of the rules of the London *beau monde* in mode of dress, manners and 94 social habits was Mr. Humphrey Hill, of *Canterbury*, one of the most famous homesteads in the county, located on the Mattaponi river near Walkerton. This was one of the first post offices in the county, and Mr. Hill was accustomed to drive in, with his coach and four, twice every week for the mail. He was quite a grandee, with his powered wig, lace ruffles, knee breeches with silver buckles, and silken hose—all quite in keeping with his grand air. On one of these occasions he observed a very dapper and stylish young man, perfectly groomed and dressed in the height of fashion, strolling along the village street. No doubt thinking that he must, of necessity, be presented to any distinguished strangers in town, he inquired of a friend who the handsomely dressed young man was. That friend had very much the same conception as to the mode of dress that people should observe—that is, that it should accord with their standing and social position in the community—and he promptly answered rather scornfully that he was a journeyman tailor who had that morning come by stage from Richmond to be employed by the village tailor who had the patronage of Mr. Hill and the other aristocrats of the neighborhood. "Well, I'll be d—!" exclaimed Mr. Hill.

This incident reminds me of Dickens' description of one of his characters, Mr. Bowles, in *Bleak House*.

CHAPTER III. THE CONFEDERACY AND WAR.

"No nation rose so white and fair, None fell so pure of crime."

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— Worsley.

At the commencement of hostilities between the States, despite my youth and immaturity, I was a most ardent advocate of secession as a principle and never questioned its soundness and correctness as a constitutional right which belonged to every State of the Union, and that the principle on which it rested should be maintained at all odds.

I, however, was not of military age and could not, under the law, except by special permission, become an enlisted soldier. Yet, in view of our location in the immediate contiguity to the lines of the Union armies, it was thought best to organize, in King and Queen and the adjacent counties, "Home Guards," which were mustered into service in the interests of the State which had seceded from the Union. Several such companies were organized in my county, and to the captaincy of one of these, designated as the Stevensville Home Guard Company, I was duly elected and so continued until I was of sufficient age (18) to be received into the Confederate Army.

Most of the summer of the year 1861 was spent 96 by the volunteers of King and Queen county in a training-camp near Gloucester Point, located just opposite on the northern side of the York River, and there were a number of occurrences of an amusing character that might be recorded. One of the men was Baxter Chapman, a raw recruit from the Thirty-fourth Virginia Regiment, who became notorious on account of his utter inability to master the manual of arms. Soon after General Henry A. Wise assumed command at this post, he reviewed the troops, and, as the columns filed by in front of him and his aides, the General himself noticed that this man had utterly failed to keep step. He sent for the commanding officer of that Company, Captain John R. Bagby (who subsequently became major of the regiment) and asked for an explanation of this deficiency in the soldier's training. He was informed that after the most laborious efforts of the top sergeant had utterly failed to teach this man the art of keeping step, the lieutenant (Lt. Josiah Ryland) of the company, who was a graduate of Virginia Military Institute, was detailed for that purpose and his instructions were equally futile. This explanation did not satisfy the general, and

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he ordered poor Baxter to be brought before him. He proceeded, in a vigorous way, to question him personally, using very uncomplimentary words to express his indignation and surprise, said to have been accompanied by denunciations, in the use of which the general was not deficient. In other words, he swore at him. To this Baxter replied, "Now General, 'tain't no use for your gettin' all her up and cussin' me, 'cause both them that Rylands been tryin' their best to teach me to keep step, and I don't know no too' about it than 97 I did before." Whereupon the general directed that he be detailed to do "k. p." and so he became a most efficient and faithful cook for one of the messes of his regiment and so continued until the end of the war.

I later received from the Secretary of War, C. S. A., a commission as an assistant engineer of the Topographical Engineers of the Confederate Government. A company of such engineers had been duly organized, under Captain Harry M. Graves, of Maryland, and I was assigned to his command, which was then (September, October, and November, 1863) engaged in making a topographical map of Nansemond and adjacent counties in the State of Virginia.

During the intervening period, there were frequent raids by the enemy from their main armies, as they were maintained or moved against the South—sometimes from one base and sometimes from another. The main object of these raids was the Capital of the Confederacy, Richmond. These were so numerous that, on one emergency or another, our organizations of Home Guards were continually called into service in such exigencies. The object of the enemy in these raids was to weaken if not entirely break down and destroy the morale of the people in the vicinity in which they occurred.

One of these—probably the most noted—was the one known as the "Dahlgren Raid," organized with the secret if not declared purpose of moving rapidly through that territory of Virginia lying between Richmond and Lynchburg, crossing the James River at some point west of Richmond, and moving rapidly along the south bank of that river to capture the island just west of Richmond known as Belle Isle, where 98 were said to be located

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something like ten thousand Federal prisoners; to free these prisoners and place in their hands the arms which were being manufactured and stored on Belle Isle; and thus to capture and sack and city; hang or otherwise kill the leading Confederate officials; and in this way destroy or so weaken the Confederate government as to cause the collapse of the entire Confederacy. This raid was under the command of Ulric Dahlgren, of Pennsylvania.

In an engagement early in this movement, Colonel Dahlgren, with picked troops for this difficult task assigned him, was defeated and his forces so weakened and scattered as to cause the abandonment of the scheme; and he and his troops were forced to seek safety at either Yorktown or Gloucester Point.

The Home Guards of King and Queen County, reinforced by furloughed Confederate soldiers who rallied to their aid, confronted this remnant of the Federals, which was still led by the gallant Dahlgren, near Stevensville, and from ambush resisted their further advance. I had shortly before this enlisted in the engineering department of the regular army and so did not participate in this raid. An excellent account of the details of the whole procedure, however, is given in *The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government*, by ex-President Jefferson Davis.* Dahlgren's forces were cut to pieces and captured, and Dahlgren himself was killed. Many of the prisoners captured were disguised in our uniform, and hence, under the usages of war, were liable to be hanged as spies, but they were saved from the death

* Vol. II., p. 505 sq.

99 penalty by protesting that their service was not voluntary and that they, as enlisted men, were subject to orders.

It is a well-known fact that the body of Colonel Dahlgren, which had been by authority of the Confederate Government removed from its first burial place (where he fell)

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to Oakwood Cemetery, at Richmond, was subsequently removed to a cemetery in Philadelphia, Pa., where, as I am reliably informed, it now rests.

Another cavalry raid of special interest occurred in King and Queen County, in the fall of 1863, under the command of General Kilpatrick. This raid was an aftermath of the battles of the Wilderness and Chancellorsville, and one in which I participated in a rather spectacular manner. It so happened that the Federals were badly defeated at Chancellorsville and the Wilderness, where they were led by General Hooker, one of the most skillful strategists that developed on the Union side during the entire Civil War. The strategic defeat of the Federals resulted directly from the outflanking movement arranged by General Lee and executed by that matchless soldier, Stonewall Jackson—whose imperishable skill is most vividly portrayed in a little volume written by Dr. Hunter McGuire, M. D., LL. D., Medical Director of Jackson's Corps, A. N. V.; and Hon. George L. Christian, of the Richmond Bar.

The report shows that the retirement of General Hooker with his mighty army to the north side of the Rappahannock left the entire cavalry force of the enemy unsupported on the south side, and General Kilpatrick's command was forced to make its escape 100 at some point on the Chesapeake Bay, or its tributaries, south of the Rappahannock. This led to the retreat of General Kilpatrick and his strong cavalry force to Gloucester Point, the route leading through King and Queen County. The cavalry force passed through the county from west to east, and, early in May, 1863, they encamped upon the farm of Mr. John N. Gresham, the father of Jessie Gresham who later became my wife. General Kilpatrick, who was noted for his courteous behaviour even towards his enemies, requested of Mr. Gresham that he and his staff might have their meals provided by Mr. Gresham's cook and served at his private table. This privilege was accorded as requested. As the story goes, on the occasion of one of the meals thus served, Mrs. Gresham, who presided at the table rather unwillingly, made the following remark: "Did I ever expect to come to *this* —

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pouring tea and coffee for my enemies! But I am reminded by the Good Book that if mine enemy hunger, I should feed him, and if he thirst I should give him drink.”

To this General Kilpatrick, with a profound bow, replied, “I assure you, madam, we are not your enemies. We only come to seek and to save that which was lost.”

On the same morning, I discovered on my way to school at Stevensville that a considerable force of cavalry had passed along the public road. From this I concluded that some portion at least of the enemy's forces had passed, going in the direction of Gloucester Point or Yorktown; and that, no doubt, along their route might be found and picked up some members of the Federal force that I surmised had passed. With 101 the end in view of capturing stragglers, three of my companies and school-mates* and I abandoned all idea of school for a military plot of our own. We soon came in sight of two stragglers, who were quickly overtaken and captured. Then the plot thickened, as all indications were clearly that these prisoners—one of whom was a lieutenant named Mitchell—had been captured between the advance guard and the main force of the enemy, fleeing from the Confederates who had gloriously won the battles of Chancellorsville and the Wilderness. But it also indicated a situation as dangerous as it could well be. Nothing daunted, however, we youngsters pursued our way westward, seeking if possible to avoid recapture by taking to the woods, and even spending one night during a severe rainstorm in the woods, for we had no doubt that the main portion of General Hooker's command was still moving on to some point of safety, and we wished to avoid meeting them. With full knowledge of the topography of the country, and fired with boyish ardour and our eager wish to aid our beloved Confederacy, if only in some small way, yet with no little trepidation at our adventure, we pressed on towards the scene of the great conflict which only two days before had taken place. Our enthusiasm was duly rewarded and, at or near Milford, in Caroline County, we delivered our prisoners to the officials representing the Confederacy and they were from there sent on

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* These were Christopher B. Fleet, who is still alive and in the employ of the State government where he has served for many years as a guard at the State Library; Benjamin Fleet, a brother of Colonel Alexander Fleet, subsequently Superintendent of Culver Military Institute; William B. Taliaferro, who afterwards became a distinguished physician of Tappahannock, in Essex County; and Thomas Dunotan, a wheelwright who for many years conducted a prosperous and successful business at Stevensville, Virginia, and father of Mr. Samuel Dunstan, a successful dealer in real estate who is now living on Monument Avenue, this city.

102 safely to Libby Prison, at Richmond. On the way, Lieutenant Mitchell and I began to chat with each other and got rather well acquainted, becoming "friendly enemies." When we left our prisoners at Milford, he handed me his card and told me that if ever I found myself in his predicament, a prisoner, to let him know and, if he had been exchanged by that time, he would see that I received courteous treatment and should have all the comforts which prison regulations might permit. Thirty-five years afterwards, the lieutenant who was thus captured paid me a complimentary visit at my office in Richmond. His wife was with him and he said that he called to present his compliments and to make acknowledgment of the gracious manner in which he had been treated when in the custody of "a Confederate stripling." And so the old adage was verified that "Truth is always stranger than fiction."

Speaking of Chancellorsville and the victory so dearly brought, our minds must turn to thoughts of our peerless Jackson, and I am reminded of the only attempt at humor that I have ever heard ascribed to him. This is said to have occurred on his famous march to join Lee's Army in his Richmond campaign. It was told me by a friend who was present that, when riding with his command through the town of Ashland, Jackson was recognized by an old friend, a Presbyterian minister who had for a long time been his pastor in Lexington. Learning of Jackson's presence in town, he rushed up to see the division march by and, upon seeing the General, went up to meet him, saying, "General, where in the world are you going with your command?" General Jackson leaned forward 103 in his saddle and,

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in a confidential tone, asked, "Doctor, can you keep a secret?" The speedy reply came, "Why, of course I can." Jackson answered, "Well, so can I. Good-bye, Doctor."

My old friend Colonel William E. Cutshaw, several times repeated to me an interview that he had with General Jackson. He said that on one occasion he received a written order to report at the headquarters of his corps, at nine o'clock on a given day, for an important interview. On the day appointed, he appeared at the General's tent at ten minutes to nine, whereupon the General, who was busily engaged about some papers on his desk, looked up from his writing and asked what he wanted. He repeated the orders received. The General replied, "Very well, sir, kindly carry out the order. It is not nine o'clock, so you will please retire and appear at the appointed time."

There was in King William County, as in King and Queen, an organization of the "Home Guard," intended to guard the people of the community against the sporadic raids of the Yankees into the territory of the counties and in that way as far as possible prevent disloyalty of the slaves and desertion from their homes and masters. For some months there had been stationed at West Point a force of the enemy, sometimes a regiment or even more, but at other times a smaller number. They no doubt hearing of a small iron foundry located in the village of Aylett's, in the upper part of King William, determined to make a raid upon it from West Point as a basis. Hearing of this raid, the King William people convened the Home Guard to meet at the Court House to oppose this small force. Upon the nearer approach of the enemy, however, 104 they found that there were too many of them and resistance was hopeless, so they disbanded and scattered to their homes. That is, with one exception. There is one man among the ex-Confederates who can truthfully boast of having single-handed held up a whole company of Yanks. One old member of the Home Guard, Mortimer Cobb by name, had turned out with the others who assembled at the Court House. But, tired out with the heat and the long wait, and perhaps having had a little too much "Rock and Rye," he had fallen asleep in a fence corner by the roadside, and was overlooked by his companions when they disbanded. Some hours later, he was awakened by the noise of trampling hoofs and the clatter of sabres as the

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enemy's cavalry came galloping up. Nothing daunted, he jumped up and rushed into the very middle of the road, raised the old single-barreled squirrel gun with which he was armed, and shouted shrilly, "Halt! Halt thar, every d— one of you!" To keep from riding him down, the Yankee captain was forced to draw rein and, out of sheer surprise, I suppose, at the sight of this one lone Johnny Reb flinging such defiance at them, the whole company followed suite, and there was a momentary halt. He was captured and the enemy proceeded on the march to Aylett's, where they captured the foundry that had served a good purpose during several years of the contest, and was greatly missed by the neighboring farmers, as agricultural implements of all sorts were scarce if not impossible to obtain.

An incident probably worth describing is my one brief experience as a blockade runner. The extreme acuteness of the want of domestic supplies during the

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105 Civil War led to the development, in a small way, of blockade running from the Northern Neck of Virginia across the Potomac to the small towns lying immediately on the Maryland shore. This originated and developed quite a trade between the Virginia shore and the Maryland counties. I remember, with considerable vividness, that several of my near neighbours participated in running the blockade, and in that way relieved to some extent the acute want of family supplies on the Virginia side of the Potomac.

In the year 1863 or '64—I do not remember which—I participated in one of these expeditions. Having crossed with my companions the Northern Neck (that is, the counties of Richmond and Westmoreland), we embarked in a sail-boat on a creek that flowed into the Potomac. On the banks of another creek flowing into the river on the opposite side was Leonardtown, a prosperous country town, the county-seat of St. Mary's and one of the oldest settlements in Maryland. There we found a market in which we could freely purchase supplies, as the citizens of this town seemed to be in thorough sympathy with us Virginians. In exchange for these goods, we had to pay with the United States money

then current in the North, though to a limited extent the townsmen were willing to receive, at a discount, the Virginia Treasury notes, though they would not accept the Confederate currency. Unfortunately, I was only supplied with these Virginia notes. My companions in the enterprise supplied themselves with the bulkier materials of our limited cargo — merchandise and provisions — while I, at my father's suggestion, invested in merchandise less bulky, such as tea, 106 coffee, pins and needles, and medicines so much needed, such as quinine, etc. Spending the day at Leonardtown, we embarked early during that night, but found ourselves confronted by a head-wind that made it necessary for the boat to be propelled by two oarsmen. After toiling all night against an adverse wind, we found ourselves, at daybreak, several miles above the entry to the mouth of the creek which we wished to enter on the Virginia side. Unfortunately, we were discovered by a patrol boat of the Yankees, who were on the lookout for blockade runners. Nothing remained for us but to either submit to capture of ourselves and the loss of our cargo, or the loss of the cargo and our own escape from a Northern prison by abandoning the boat and taking to the marshes. The latter course we pursued, but I determined to make an effort at least to take along with me into the marshes of the Potomac my suit-case, in which my purchases were packed. And so I, alone of our party, saved my goods when the Yankee patrol secured our boat and supposedly all of the cargo. Thus I returned safely with my purchases to my home. My friends and neighbours rejoiced very much at my success, and word was passed around among them that "Speaker, with his usual good luck, got home safely, goods and all." My "good luck" was so much a matter of comment with friends and relatives that, when we were children, if any dispute arose as to who should have a certain thing and it was suggested that we draw straws to decide the contention, the others would say, "Aw, what's the use! If that's what you going to do, just's well let *Speaker* have it in the first place and save that time and trouble."

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Perhaps I can give no better description of my army life and service than to insert a few of the letters written home during that time.

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Camp at Christiansville,* Mecklenburg Co., June 29th, 1864.

* Now Chase City.

My dear Mother,

Your affectionate letter, written the 19th of May, did not come to hand until a few days ago. It was the first letter I had received from home since I left. I was very much gratified to hear that our neighborhood suffered so little while Grant was around Richmond. But I am exceedingly anxious to hear from home now, since I saw that Sheridan's raid passed through King & Queen. I hope that a kind Providence has again protected my home. I have heard from Brother Jim up to the 16th of this month. He was then on his way to the Valley and was very well.

Since I last wrote, I have been in the midst of one of the hated Yankee raids, which have, for the last few months, been sweeping over our country, destroying all in their reach. About eight or ten thousand Yankees arrived at this place last Sunday morning, and took possession of our camp, which we had evacuated about twenty minutes before. Nearly all of our men lost some clothes, but I managed to save all of mine, as they were very few. The day before the Yankees got here, we heard of their coming, so Lt. Graves sent out a scouting party to find out the truth. I was one of the scouts. We could hear nothing reliable so 108 we determined to go on until we saw them ourselves. We soon, much to our surprise, came upon the rascals, about fifty in number, not more than thirty yards from us. Strange to say, none of us were hurt. I reckon they were about as much scared as we were. We hastened on to camp, but only got here about fifteen minutes before them. We would have had time to save nothing, but Lt. Graves had thought proper to have most of our things removed. The Yankees hunted the woods for us, but did not catch any. They came across me once, but I managed to give them the dodge. The citizens in this neighborhood suffered very heavily, as they always do near where these raids pass. I think we came off remarkably well, not even having our tents destroyed. They camped at

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this place Sunday night and then went off and left our tents without touching them. The Yankees shot at Mr. Hill six times but, as usual, did not take good sight. But enough about the Yanks!

I was very uneasy about home while I was unable to hear and indeed I feel a great deal of anxiety still to hear what Sheridan and his host of thieves did in King & Queen. I hope raids are now over and communication will not be interrupted again. Love to all. Tell Pa to answer my letter as soon as possible. Write soon to

Your devoted son, Henry.

P. S. — Lt. Graves will start for Richmond tomorrow. I hope he will get my clothes. I won't send my winter clothes home as I have room to keep them in my carpet-bag.

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It was late in November, 1864, when I was granted by the Secretary of War, C. S. A., permission to join the 24th Virginia Cavalry, then in camp on the Mechanicsville Turnpike, about two miles outside the limits of the city of Richmond. The topographical work for which I had been detailed in south-side Virginia had by this time been completed. This regiment was commanded by Colonel W. T. Robins, a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute and well recognized as a trained and brave soldier. The regiment was annexed to General Gary's brigade, which was made up of the Seventh South Carolina Cavalry, commanded by Colonel Hasker; the Hampton Legion, of South Carolina, commanded by Colonel Arnold; the 24th Virginia Cavalry; and a small part—a single company—of the Seventh Georgia Cavalry. Very soon thereafter, the brigade was removed into winter-quarters located on the Nine-mile Road, about four miles east of the city of Richmond, and there we built log cabins for the accommodation of the brigade during the coming winter. From that time until the evacuation, we did heavy picket duty at a point on White Oak Swamp about four miles to our east. After the rapid construction of our log cabins,

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reinforced by canvas fly-tents, the men, under the leadership of that gallant veteran soldier, Captain Littlebury Allen, constructed a chapel for public worship.

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Camp 24th Regt. Va. Cav. Decr. 8th, 1864.

My dear Father:

I have some leisure time this morning and will write a short letter. Everything seems quiet this morning, but an attack is daily expected. Rumor says that Sheridan's whole force with the exception of his cavalry is re-enforcing Grant; and that his cavalry is at Fredericksburg, and will march from thence to Richmond. Gen. Early's forces are arriving in Richmond. So stirring times may be looked for very soon. The works in our front are very strong and I have very little doubt of the result if they should see fit to butt up against them. This is all the news that I am in possession of. Soldiers know but very little beyond what is right around them. I am so far pleased with my Regt. and company. We get enough to eat, but our horses fare very badly. It is really distressing to me to see my horse suffer. Please try to get Bob's horse fat so that I may exchange when I come in Jany., or whenever brother Jim comes. I hope he is now on his way to Richmond with his command. I am quite comfortably fixed, having a good tent with a chimney to it. I hope we will not be ousted from our good quarters during the winter. I have not been to Richmond but once, and then I did not have an opportunity of seeing Mr. Montague.* It is very hard to get a pass to Richmond now. I would like to know as soon as possible, whether he can do anything in reference to the Cadetship. Jim expects to get his commission as Capt. very

* Robert L. Montague, then Lieutenant-Governor.

111 soon now. Our picket duty is not very heavy now. We have to go on about once a week. There is to be a *review* of the whole army *this morning*. Gen. Lee and other of the big men are to be present. We have been ordered to saddle our horses so I will have to close as the mail will leave before I return.

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Love to all. Write very soon to

Your affect. son, Henry.

Excuse brevity.

Camp 24th Regt. Va. Cav., Decr. 20th, 1864.

My dear sister:

As I have a favorable opportunity to comply with my promise to write I will do so. I have not received a line from home except from Sister Jane. . . . I do not mean to complain as I know of the many circumstances that prevent you all from writing. I heard through Jim, who saw Watt Gresham in Richmond yesterday, that Moore (Wright) was coming up to join this company soon. I hope he will bring me something to eat; however, I reckon this will be impossible as he will come horse back. We are getting nothing now but flour and sugar—coffee every other day. I hope my molasses will be in Richmond this week as Sister Jane said in her letter that Pa's wagon would come up before Christmas. I had a letter from Bro. Jim a few days ago. He said that it was very doubtful then that he would be able to reach home at Christmas, as Mr. Lee was absent and he could not leave until he returned, which was daily expected.

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The picket duty is not very heavy now. We have to go on about once a week and remain 24 hours at a time. I am generally on Fridays. My other duties are nothing except attending to my horse and assisting in cooking in the way of getting wood and water. There are some very nice men in the company, also in Capt. Allen's which is camped nearest to us. I thus have some very pleasant associates. . . . Gen. Rodes' Division has not come to Richmond but is still in the Valley. . . . I have had my washing done at Mr. Robt. Braxton's.

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He lives about a mile from our camp and seems to be anxious to assist me in any way he can. I have been there twice to take meals.

Love to Ma, Pa, Bob and the children. Write soon to

Your devoted brother, Henry.

During this last winter of the war—though we did not suspect that the end was so near—the grim hand of War was clutching greedily at the heart of every Southern family. My elder brother, John, was a minister and so not subject to military service. My next brother, Jim, was exempt from service on account of poor health, but he had nevertheless volunteered and been assigned to a clerkship in the Ordnance Department with the Army of the Valley campaign. Dr. Woodward, Sister Sue's husband, whom my parents loved as their own son, had served as a surgeon in the army from the beginning of the War, and had made the supreme sacrifice. I had been for over three years in active service, although, as I have 113 stated, too young at first for the regular army. That left only Robert Nelson, the baby of the family, who was barely sixteen but a member of the Home Guard, and I think that Mother may be excused for feeling some trepidation and dismay at the thought of his being so soon impressed into regular service, as seemed probable. This ordeal she was spared, though in a way little expected by any of us, as our letters of that date plainly show. However, I shall let Brother Jim speak for himself as to his Division.

Ord. Dep. Rhodes' Divis., Near Staunton, Nov. 20th, 1864.

Dear Cousin Alfred,

Your letter of Nov. 19th afforded me much pleasure. I had been intending to write to you for several months. . . . It has not been for running after Sheridan, or before him, or on account of any sweet Dutch Dulcinea, but these things together with my Ordnance duties and regular correspondents have kept me very busy during this campaign.

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You will be somewhat surprised to see that I am camped near Staunton. All reserve Ordnance trains have been ordered back to this point. We got here last Wednesday (Nov. 22nd.) I suppose that it was done to be more convenient to forage; and it is also thought that the whole army will, in a few days, move back to this region where we may spend the winter. I have been down to the troops near New Market once already with arms & accoutrements, and expect 114 to have to go again tomorrow, as another lot have arrived from Richmond.

This army has lost a great many small arms as well as cannon this summer. There are now some 1,500 unarmed men in this army, & twice as many without accoutrements. I reckon the disasters to our arms here have surprised you as well as every one else who knew of the accustomed bravery of the troops composing this army. I have no doubt that many a private in thinking of it has been surprised at himself; and nearly every one seems to be at a loss for the reason of these disasters. Hardly any two agree in regard to it. I think that it has been owing more to a want of discipline than anything else. Discipline is always necessary, but especially so in an invasion campaign. I believe that the two trips to Maryland with everybody, as it were, on his own hook completely spoiled this army. While I don't admire Gen. Early as a man, or consider him a very great general, yet I think his great deficiency is in his looseness, Military discipline is being very rigidly enforced here now. I think a large majority of the army greatly prefer Genl. Gordon to command them. He is a skillful officer, &, what is no small matter, a good man. It is said that even Genl. Early, who is rather noted for his irreverence, was heard to wish, after one of his late defeats, that he were like Genl. Lee or Jackson that he might pray.

I have very comfortable quarters now. We are camped two miles east of Staunton on the south side of a small mountain, convenient to both wood and water. We finished yesterday a chimney to our tent. Capt. Garnett, Mr. Lee & I tent together. We are now very 115 comfortable. I wish you could visit me here. I was much disappointed at brother John's not coming up as anticipated. I took up this camp the very day he expected to be in Staunton.

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As I have been in the habit of seeing Dr. Woodward here, I have missed him much, & it has made me feel very sad. I would like so much to have been at the Association. . . . I often think of the much coveted privileges I once enjoyed at Mattaponi. Pray for me, together with all its absent members. . . . I hope to be at home about Christmas if the army is quiet. It may be that Grant will not give us any rest.

I am glad to hear that Speaker and Moore are doing so well in love affairs. If I had a pair of new pants I should be looking around my new camp, as I understand there are some pretty young ladies almost in a stone's throw of me, but the seat of my pants are completely gone, and one knee out, but what matters it? It was all done in the service of my country, and I am far from being in low spirit about it.

Brother John informs me that Dr. Woodward's affairs here would be attended to by letter. Please inform Pa that if he can make any use of me in regard to them, to write to me. My best love to Sister Jane, Tommie, Nannie, Charlie, & Juliet. Tell Tommie I was glad to receive his letter & will answer when I get home, if not before. My best love to all at home.

Affectionately your cousin, James Pollard.

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Ord. Dep. Grimes' Division, Near Southerland's Depot, March 13th, 1865.

My dear Sister:

. . . This division has remained quiet very little since I got back. We are now in the third camp (this one we have occupied twice) since that time, and are still under marching orders. We left our camp yesterday morning at 5 o'clock, but after several hours' march in direction of Richmond returned to our old locality. Rumor says we were to look after Sheridan, who was reported some distance above Richmond on the James, now reported as having crossed to the south side. If this be true, I suppose he is trying to effect a juncture with Grant. Perhaps he may accomplish this, as our cavalry force is small, but

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I think only the country through which he passes will suffer materially by it. *I am very confident of the ultimate success of our cause.* Then these dirty fellows who have been shirking duty will feel very badly.

I have become accustomed to most of the duties incumbent upon me as a soldier. To move to & fro through the country; to sleep on a hard bed; to live on soldier rations; to wear soldier clothes; to get small pay, & that a long way in arrears, troubles me but little, but to leave home cheerfully, without a regret, I have never been able to do. . . .

I suppose Speaker has returned to his command. . . . Orders have just been received to move, so I must close at once. My love to all & write soon to your

Affectionate brother, James Pollard.

P. S. We are ordered to Petersburg. I don't know any more about it.

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And then comes my last letter from Camp, though I little thought so at that time.

Camp. 24th Regt. Va. Cav., February 8th, 1865.

My dear Sister Sue:

Your affectionate and interesting letter was received with much pleasure.

From your description and what Moore told me, I think Brother Jim must have had a pleasant time. I was quite low-spirited when I first got back to Camp, but feel contented now and am looking forward with a good deal of pleasure to my twenty days at home. I consider myself very fortunate at being able to get home so often since I entered the service. It is true others get home as often, but not *a/ways* with leave. Tell Brother Jim not to break himself down "flying around" before I come.

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I expect to go to Richmond tomorrow to a grant mass-meeting at which all of our principal men are to speak on the state of our country. I confess I was a good deal surprised at the reception our Commissioners met at the North. *I see nothing but another year of war before us, and perhaps war to the end of the Lincoln Administration. I think our people and soldiers will be aroused to renewed effort.* We held a meeting in our Regiment this morning expressing our willingness and determination to prosecute the war. I was appointed Secretary. It is enough to make one shudder to think of the suffering which our people have yet to endure, but my trust is in God, 118 Who does all things well. May He deliver us from what to us seems inevitable!

I hope to hear from Pa in a few days in regard in my getting home. If no better plan can be made, suppose Bob start from home on the morning of the 20th, leading a bore for me to ride. I will start from Camp very early and meet him—say at Piping Tree. In that way, I can reach home that night. I won't mind walking to the Piping Tree. A move on the part of the Yankees has been expected for the last week, but the rain and snow of yesterday will prevent any move for some days to come. Yesterday was an exceedingly disagreeable day, but I managed to keep myself comfortable as we had a supply of wood on hand. I am in hopes that I won't have to go on picket again before I leave. The pickets stay now three days without being relieved. I was on picket two nights during that cold weather, but made out tolerably well. Tell Ma not to be uneasy about me if it is a little cold. Jim (Jeffries) is before the board today. It will be ten days now before he can know the result of the examination. I must now close. Love to all the dear children and to Ma, Pa, and all; also to Brother Alfred's family. Hoping soon to see those who are dearest, I am still

Your devoted brother, Henry.

My recollection of two events transpiring within a comparatively short period before the surrender of Richmond is worthy, I think, to be recorded. The first of these is a dress parade of Pickett's Division, on 119 or near the Williamsburg Road, and the other a mass-meeting occurring in the city of Richmond, shortly after the return of the peace

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commissioners from Fortress Monroe, having in view the object of reviving the hopes and enthusiasm of the South.

It will be remembered that at Gettysburg, Pickett's Division was almost completely decimated if not destroyed—so much so, at least, that it was thought by the authorities that it should be re-organized and supplied with new materials in large degree. With that end in view, recruits were sought from every quarter to rehabilitate and re-establish the units, and when this was done the plan was for them to be brought to some central point of the conflict and there exhibited on dress parade before the Army of Northern Virginia or as large a part of it as was practicable. This was accomplished with wonderful success and it was widely announced that, on a given date and on some suitable field, this division, as then rehabilitated to the extent of having at least eight thousand men with muskets, should march in review before President Davis and General Lee himself, and thus exhibit this fighting unit for the encouragement of the disheartened among the Southern forces, and to give proof to the enemy by actual demonstration that the conflict was not yet ended but had at some time in the future to be met. I myself was present and, though I admit that some doubt had previously arisen in my own mind concerning the future, the grand success of this occasion made me feel that it was not all over but that there still remained courage and determination on the part of the Confederates.

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This demonstration served undoubtedly its use as preparatory to the mass-meeting which was held in the old African Church, in the city of Richmond, February 9, 1865, to which Confederate soldiers were especially invited to hear some of the most distinguished speakers of the South discuss resolutions declarative of the purpose of the South to prosecute in every available way the pending conflict. An account of the proceedings of that meeting is given in the following copy of a clipping from the *Richmond Dispatch* of the next day, February 10, 1865:

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The largest and most enthusiastic meeting ever held in this city was convened at the African Church at noon on yesterday and continued far into the night. Two hours before the time of the meeting, the whole body of the church, aisles and windows, were crowded, and quite as large a concourse was obliged to stand in the streets, being unable to obtain access to the building. The objects of the meeting were to adopt resolutions expressive of the feelings of the people of Virginia, excited by the gross insult put upon them by Lincoln in his meeting with the Confederate commissioners at Fortress Monroe, and to take counsel as to our future. Hon. R. M. T. Hunter presided and on the stand with him sat Hon. Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of State; Joseph Mayo, Mayor of Richmond; Captain Semmes, of the navy; Governor Smith, of Virginia and President Davis and other notable persons. At noon the meeting was called to order and Mr. Hunter made a stirring introductory speech. Among the leading speakers were Hon. Hugh W. Sheffey, Judah P. Benjamin, John A. Gilmer, of North Carolina, and others. At 3:30 the meeting took a recess until 7 o'clock, and at that hour the building was again packed to its utmost capacity, there being fewer women, and therefore more room for men than at the day session. The speakers at night were Captain Semmes; Senator Henry, of Tennessee; 121 J. Randolph Tucker, John B. Baldwin, Colonel Funsten, John Goode and others. Ringing resolutions defying Lincoln and the whole Northern horde were passed. Never before, since the beginning of the war has there been anything approaching the fiery and universal enthusiasm as the two vast and august assemblies displayed. The fervid patriotism shown at the beginning of the war, compared with the profound and powerful passion that blazoned the sea of upturned human faces, and thundered in their responsive shouts to the speeches of the orators, was only the harmless play of the summer lightning to the glare and clash of the tropic storm.

At this meeting also I was present and sat for hours under the spell of the eloquent and earnest addresses which were made, and was filled with renewed hope and determination, as I believe was generally the case at headquarters of my brigade located near Richmond. I opine that an abler and certainly a more patriotic galaxy of orators never appeared before

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any audience in the city of Richmond. I name especially the speeches delivered by Judah P. Benjamin, Hugh W. Sheffey, J. Randolph Tucker, John B. Baldwin and John Goode. To my youthful mind, certainly no greater had at that time ever been heard, and, may I say, none have since been heard by me of more intense and abiding interest.

The foregoing account evidently takes into consideration the two meetings, one held on Monday evening, the 6th of February, 1865, called by Governor Smith, immediately upon the return of the Peace Commissioners, Messrs. Hunter, Stephens, and Campbell; and the second and larger meeting, held Thursday, February 9th. For this latter, all business in the city was suspended and both Houses of the Confederate 122 Congress, then in special session, adjourned. "The eager spirit that animated all carried us back to the first days of secession," said contemporary newspapers; and "Never before has the war spirit burned so fiercely and so steadily," as was demonstrated in these "the grandest assemblages that ever convened on Virginia soil."

The "insult" referred to above and so bitterly resented can best be explained by using President Davis' own words, in his message to Congress, March 14th, 1865.*

* See Richmond Daily Dispatch, March 15, 1865.

Congress will remember that in the conference referred to, our commissioners of war were informed that the United States would not enter into any agreement or treaty with the Confederate States nor any single State, and that the only possible mode of obtaining peace was by laying down our arms, disbanding our forces, and yielding unconditional obedience to the laws of the United States, including those passed for the confiscation of our property and the constitutional amendment for the abolition of slavery.

It will be further remembered that Mr. Lincoln declared that the only terms on which hostilities could cease were those stated in his message of December last, in which we were informed that, in the event of our *penitent submission*, he would temper justice with mercy, and that the question whether we would be governed as dependent territories, or

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permitted to have a representation in their Congress, was one thing on which he could promise nothing, but which would be decided by their Congress after our submission had been accepted.

It has not, however, been hitherto stated to you that, in the course of the conference at Fort Monroe, a suggestion was made by one of our commissioners that the objections entertained by Mr. Lincoln to treating with 123 the Government of the Confederacy, or with any separate State, might be avoided by substituting for the usual mode of negotiation through commissioners or other diplomatic agents the method sometimes employed of a military convention to be entered into by the commanding generals of the armies of the two belligerents. This, he admitted, was a power possessed by him, though it was not thought commensurate with all the questions involved. As he did not accept the suggestion when made, he was afterwards requested to reconsider his conclusion upon the subject of a suspension of hostilities which he agreed to do, but said that he had maturely considered of the plan, and had determined that it could not be done.

Subsequently, however, an interview with General Longstreet was asked for by General Ord, commanding the enemy's Army of the James, during which General Longstreet was informed by him that there was a possibility of arriving at a satisfactory adjustment of the present unhappy difficulties by means of a military convention, and that if General Lee desired an interview on the subject it would not be declined, provided General Lee had authority to act. This communication was supposed to be the consequence of the suggestion above referred to, and General Lee, according to instruction, wrote to General Grant, on the 2nd of this month, proposing to meet him for conference on the subject, and stating that he was vested with the requisite authority. General Grant's reply stated that he had no authority to accede to the proposed conference; that his powers extended only to making the convention on subjects purely of a military character, and that General Ord could only have meant that an interview would not be refused on any subject on which he (General Grant) had the right to act.

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It thus appears, that neither with the Confederate authorities, nor the authorities of any State, nor through the commanding generals, will the Government of the United States treat or make any terms of agreement whatever for the cessation of hostilities. There remains for us no choice but to continue this contest to a final issue; for the people of the Confederacy can be but little known to him 124 who supposes it possible they would ever consent to purchase, at the cost of degradation and slavery, permission to live in a country garrisoned by their own negroes and governed by officers sent by the conqueror to rule over them.

Thus united in a common and holy cause, rising above selfish considerations, rendering all our means and facilities tributary to the country's welfare, let us bow submissively to the Divine Will, and reverently invoke the blessing of our Heavenly Father, that as He protected and guided our sires when struggling in a similar cause, so He will enable us to guard safely our altars and our firesides, and maintain inviolate the political rights which we have inherited.

Jefferson Davis.

March 13th, 1865.

It is interesting to note that the next day, Friday, February 10th, had already been set aside by the President's proclamation for a day of fasting and prayer in the Confederate States.

Probably no man prominently connected with the so-called "War of the Rebellion," as our enemies designated it, in my opinion at least, bore himself more honorably and courageously than Alexander J. Stephens, Vice-President of the Confederacy. Hence I am glad to claim him as a native of my county of King and Queen. It has been said, and I think truly stated, that his determination to become a candidate for Congress from his adopted State, Georgia, after the War, was severely criticized by many "unreconstructed" Southerners, and that in a public address, announcing his candidacy, one of these "fire-

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eaters" interrupted the progress of his remarks by asking him, "Mr. Stephens, aren't you the Stephens who 125 made a speech before the War advocating secession, in which you said that the South could whip the North with cornstalks?" To this he promptly replied, "Yes, my friend, I did say that; but I found that they would not fight us that way, and consequently we lost the War." He was triumphantly elected by his constituents, was unanimously seated in Congress, and, in spite of his impaired health, bore himself throughout the remainder of his life as a loyal and able representative of the South.

A kindred spirit to Stephens was General John B. Gordon, who spent several days at Appomattox after the surrender, and there sounded the first note of hope for the prostrate South as he went from regiment to regiment, encouraging and strengthening the weary and depressed Confederates by telling them that all was not lost.

On Sunday, the second day of April, 1865, orders were received at headquarters of the brigade to prepare three days' rations and be ready to abandon the camp at sundown and, during the night of that date, to rendezvous under arms on the River Road about one mile to the east of our encampment, and there remain ready to move along the River Road in the direction of Richmond at daybreak on the succeeding day. At the time of the receipt of this order, our regiment was assembled for public worship in the chapel. The order was given to Captain Allen, who was presiding as leader of the services, and he dismissed the men with directions to repair to their tents and there prepare for the movement to be made at sunset. The brigade was then stationed immediately behind the outer lines 126 of the works on the edge of the battle field of Seven Pines.

The signal for the movement in the morning was to be the explosion, at daybreak, of magazines constructed along the works of defense. The explosions that came at the appointed hour are ever to be remembered by those who heard them, reinforced as they were in their awe-producing effect by the explosions from the gun-boats in the James River and the magazines at Chapin's and Drewry's Bluff. Under this awe-inspiring influence, yet with the courage becoming Confederate soldiers, the brigade moved

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deliberately along the River Road to the devoted city, and, at or near Tree Hill, they met the official representatives of the city of Richmond who were waiting in the public road to formally surrender the city to the enemy following hard upon our movement. A graphic account I find in a little volume entitled *The Falling Flag*, written by a comrade of my Brigade, a member of the Seventh South Carolina Cavalry—a little volume dedicated to the officers and men of that regiment, giving a graphic account of the events occurring in connection with the surrender of the city on that memorable day—and I can do no better than to give his story with merely the comment that “I too have known.”

We passed into the “Rockets,” the southern suburb of Richmond, at an easy marching gait, and there learned that the bridge had taken fire from some of the buildings, which by this time we could see were on fire in the city. Fearing our retreat would be cut off at that point, which would throw us from our position as rear-guard, we pushed 127 on rapidly, the column moving at a trot through the “Rockets.”

The peculiar population of that suburb were gathered on the sidewalk; bold, dirty looking women, who had evidently not been improved by four years' military association, dirtier (if possible) looking children, and here and there skulking, scoundrelly looking men, who in the general ruin were sneaking from the holes they had been hiding in—not, though, in the numbers that might have been expected, for the great crowd, as we soon saw, were hard at it, pillaging the burning city. One strapping virago stood on the edge of the pavement with her arms akimbo, looking at us with intense scorn as we swept along; I could have touched her with the toe of my boot as I rode by her, closing the rear of the column; she caught my eye—“Yes,” said she, with all of Tipperary in her brogue, “afther fighting them for four years ye're running like dawgs!” The woman was either drunk or very much in earnest, for I give her credit for feeling all she said, and her son or husband had to do his own fighting, I will answer for it, wherever he was, or get no kiss or comfort from her. But I could not stop to explain that General Longstreet's particular orders were not to make

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a fight in the city, if it could be avoided, so I left her to the enjoyment of her own notions, unfavorable as they evidently were to us.

On we went across the creek, leaving a picket at that point to keep a lookout for the enemy, that we knew must now be near upon our heels. It was after seven o'clock, the sun having been up for some time. After getting into Main street and passing the two tobacco warehouses opposite one another, occupied as prisons in the early years of the war, we met the motley crowd thronging the pavement, loaded with every species of plunder.

Bare-headed women, their arms filled with every description of goods, plundered from warehouses and shops, their hair hanging about their ears, were rushing one way to deposit their plunder and return for more, while a current of the empty-handed surged in a contrary direction towards the scene.

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The roaring and crackling of the burning houses, the trampling and snorting of our horses over the paved streets as we swept along, wild sounds of every description, while the rising sun came dimly through the cloud of smoke that hung like a pall around him, made up a scene that beggars description, and which I hope never to see again—the saddest of many of the sad sights of war—a city undergoing pillage at the hands of its own mob, while the standards of an empire were being taken from its capitol, and the tramp of a victorious enemy could be heard at its gates.

Richmond had collected within its walls the refuse of the war—thieves and deserters, male and female, the vilest of the vile were there, but strict military discipline had kept it down. Now, in one moment, it was all removed—all restraint was taken off—and you may imagine the consequences. There were said to be 5,000 deserters in the city, and you could see the grey jackets here and there sprinkled in the mob that was roaring down the street. When we reached somewhere between Twentieth and Twenty-fifth streets—I will not be certain—the flames swept across Main Street so we could not pass. The column

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turned to the right, and so got into the street above it. On this (Franklin street) are many private residences; at the windows we could see the sad and tearful faces of the kind Virginia women, who had never failed the soldier in four long years of war and trouble, ready to the last to give him devoted attendance in his wounds and sickness, and to share with his necessities the last morsel.

These are strong but not exaggerated expressions. Thousands, yes, tens of thousands, from the Rio Grande to the Potomac, can bear witness to the truth of everything I say. And it was a sad thought to every man that was there that day, that we seemed, as a compensation for all that they had done for us, to be leaving them to the mercy of the enemy; but their own General Lee was gone before, and we were but as the last wave of the receding tide.

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After getting round the burning square we turned back towards the river. The portion of Mayo's, or rather the lesser bridge that crossed the canal, had taken fire from the large flouring mill near it, and was burning, but not the main bridge; so we followed the cross street below the main approach to the bridge, at the foot of which was a bridge across the canal, forcing our horses through the crowd of pillagers gathered at this point, greater than at any other—they had broken into some government stores. A low white man—he seemed a foreigner—was about to strike a woman over a barrel of flour under my horse's nose, when a stout negro took her part and threatened to throw him into the canal. We were the rear regiment at this time. All this occurred at one of those momentary halts to which the rear of a marching column is subjected; in another moment we moved on, the crowd closed in, and we saw no more. After crossing the canal we were obliged to go over a stone conduit single file.

At last we were on the main bridge, along which were scattered faggots to facilitate the burning. Lieut. Cantey, Sergt. Lee and twenty men from the Seventh were left, under the supervision of Colonel Haskell, to burn the bridge, while the rest went slowly up the hill

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on which Manchester is built, and waited for them. Just as the canal bridge on which we had crossed took fire, about forty of Kautz' cavalry galloped easily up Main street, fired a long shot with their carbines on the party at the bridge, but went on up the street instead of coming down to the river. They were too late to secure the bridge, if that had been their object, which they seemed to be aware of, as they made no attempt to do so. General Ord, as we afterwards understood, acted with promptness and kindness, put down the mob, and put out the fire, and protected the people of Richmond from the mob and his own soldiers, in their persons and property.

As we sat upon our horses on the high hill on which Manchester is built, we looked down upon the City of Richmond. By this time the fire appeared to be general. Some magazine or depot for the manufacture of ordnance stores was on fire about the centre of the city; it was 130 marked by the peculiar blackness of smoke; from the middle of it would come the roar of bursting shells and boxes of fixed ammunition, with flashes that gave it the appearance of a thunder cloud of huge proportions with lightning playing through it. On our right was the navy yard, at which were several steamers and gunboats on fire, and burning in the river, from which the cannon were thundering as the fire reached them. The old war-scarred city seemed to prefer annihilation to conquest—a useless sacrifice, as it afterwards proved, however much it may have added to the grandeur of the closing scene; but such is war.

Moving slowly out of Manchester, we soon got among the host of stragglers, who, from a natural fear of the occupation of the towns both Petersburg and Richmond, were going with the rear of our army. Civilians, in some cases ladies of gentle nurture, without means of conveyance, were sitting on their trunks by the roadside—refugees from Petersburg to Richmond a few days before, now refugees from Richmond into the highway; indeed the most were from Petersburg, driven out literally by the atillery fire. The residents of Richmond, as a general thing, remained.

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Two ladies here got into our regimental ambulance, rode for a few miles, and then took refuge in some farm house, I suppose, as they disappeared before the day was over.

By the roadside, or rather the sidewalk, were sitting on their bags some hardy, weather-beaten looking men. They were what was left of the crew of the "famous Alabama," that had just landed from the gunboats that had been blown up on the river, which had first started us on our march. Admiral Semmes was with them; I remember some of our young men jesting with the bronzed veterans, but we did not then know the renowned Captain of the great Confederate ship was there in person, or he certainly should not have had to complain of being left standing in the road and dusted by the "young rascals of the cavalry rear-guard," as he does in his book. Some one of the "young cavalry rascals" would have been dismounted, 131 and his horse given to the man who had carried our flag so far and fought it so well.

Acting as rear-guard, we moved very slowly, giving time for all stragglers, wagons and worn out artillery horses to close up. Already we began to come upon a piece of artillery mired down, the horses dead beat, the gun left, and the horses double-teamed into the remaining pieces. So we went into camp that night, after marching all day, only eleven miles from Richmond, on the "Burkville road." Burkville is the point at which the railroad branches west to Lynchburg and south to Danville, and was our objective point.

The brigade went into camp, or bivouac rather, by squadrons, in a piece of woods, the men picketing their horses immediately behind their camp fires. The fires burned brightly, the horses ate the corn the men had brought in their bags and what forage they could get hold of during the day. Our surgeon, Dr. McLaurin, had gotten up his ambulance, and helped out our bread and bacon with a cup of coffee and some not very salt James River herring, that he had among his stores—and so ended the first day's march.

While such scenes and such occurrences as are so graphically described by the gallant South Carolinian seem to justify the conclusion that the morale of our brigade at least was

in a large degree destroyed, yet I am glad to be able to record that I did not reach the point where I was ready to desert the cause of the Confederacy. Yet a final test remained of my abiding loyalty, when a lieutenant in the company to which I belonged approached me personally during the night, as we were encamped near Burkville after the first day's retreat, and informed me that he and twelve other members of our company had agreed, under his guidance, to leave the defeated army and return to their homes in the eastern part of the State, by our 132 retreat now left to the mercy of the enemy. In justification to these comrades let me say that, as they saw it, this was by no means deserting, for they had stood by the Confederacy and had fought bravely and loyally to this point, but now they thought that the end had come, that all hope was dead, and that further sacrifice was worse than useless, so that they now felt free to protect their own as best they could. Thus, without intending any criticism to the lieutenant or his comrades, I feel glad to be able to record that, in that critical moment, I was able to decide without hesitation for the better part of loyalty, and declined his suggestion to accompany them back to our homes.

He explained his position, as stated above, telling me that everything was over and we could no longer be of service to our "Lost Cause." "You had better come with us," he said. "We have done all that is humanly possible, and any further effort will be in vain. It is useless to make any more sacrifices, and you are just taking needless risk of throwing your life away to no purpose."

"No," I told him; "I don't see it that way. I am going to see it through. I don't know that everything is lost yet, and I hope it isn't. When *General Lee* tells me it is all over, then I'll believe it, but until *he* says so, I am going to stick it out and stand by him to the end."

And so the interview was closed and he and his comrades, who no doubt felt that they had fully discharged their duties and obligations to their country and their God, no longer continued to accompany our retreating forces and never answered another roll-call.

To detail all the happenings in the remaining eventful days of the retreat seems to me hardly necessary, except to say that on the next morning, we had just temporarily halted in a magnificent grove contiguous to the town of Farmville and, without even unsaddling our horses, had started to prepare a hasty meal, having partaken of practically no food during the previous day. While thus engaged, the pressure was so great on the east of the town, that we were ordered to resume our march, expecting to be able to cross the Appomattox River, which skirts the northern side of the town of Farmville, and is crossed by a bridge. To our dismay we found our situation dangerous in the extreme. The presence of the enemy on the east and south, and the river on the north, made it necessary for our command to make its escape over the bridge just north of Farmville, but, to our confusion, we found the bridge already in flames. This made it necessary to make our escape, if at all, to the west of the town on the south side of the river, thus diverting us from the general line of retreat. Crossing the Appomattox River at a point several miles west of Farmville, by a forced march we hoped to reestablish beyond Appomattox the general line of retreat to the west. We found, however, that the enemy had already extinguished the fire on the bridge over the river, and had interposed themselves in such a position as to frustrate our plan and thus bring on an engagement just north of Farmville. In this encounter we succeeded in driving off the enemy and capturing many prisoners. We then resumed our march in the general direction from that point to Lynchburg.

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Parenthetically, I wish to say that, several years afterwards, I met an intimate friend and valorous country-man, Captain W. C. Nunn, of the Fifth Virginia Cavalry. In referring incidentally to this same occurrence, he told me that he had been ordered by some officer in authority, whose name he could not then recall, to set fire to the bridge. Not knowing that our brigade had been halted west of the town to prepare a meal for themselves and to feed their horses, and so had not crossed along with the rest of the troops, he had obeyed and was the officer responsible for the firing of the bridge. Upon receipt of this information, I facetiously replied that I had promised myself that, if the man who had set fire to that

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bridge were ever found, he would be summarily dealt with. Learning from him the situation, I beg here to withdraw my threat, as I did then, and the gallant captain and I have lived peaceably together for many years. He now resides in this city, in Highland Park, and is held in high repute with his fellow-citizens and especially with his old comrade, the writer.

It was in one of the engagements that followed on that day that my life was seriously endangered. A minie-ball cut through my coat and struck the buckle of a cavalry-belt which I happened to be wearing at the time. It is rather a peculiar coincidence that I had this belt by accident, as it had belonged to a comrade of mine, a Mr. Jones. He, finding it in his way on a forced march, the night before had started to throw it away, remarking that he had no further need for it. "Don't do that," I said—for no particular reason, but prompted only by a kind of boyish acquisitiveness, I suppose. "If you don't want it, give it to me. I can use it." And use it I did, unwittingly to a very good purpose, for it probably saved my life. The bullet hit the buckle with such force that the concave curve of the buckle was reversed, and the ball was thus deflected without harming me. So far as I know, this was the nearest I ever came to being seriously wounded or killed in any engagement.

During the remaining days of the retreat, I do not recall any other occurrence of special interest until that fateful day on which we engaged with Sheridan's cavalry, which succeeded in confronting the advance column of General Lee's depleted forces. I do remember, however, that, on the evening before the surrender, our brigade reached Appomattox shortly before sunset. I remember here that, just before we reached the courthouse, I recognized my brother James, as we passed along the road. He was in command of the ammunition train, which had encamped by the roadside. Upon recognizing me and Captain Jeffries, our cousin, who was in line near me, he called to us to stop and have some supper, of which he and his comrades were about to partake. In our almost starved condition (we had had little or nothing that day or the preceding one), Captain Jeffries and I broke ranks and snatched a hasty meal with him, our regiment and brigade proceeding on its way to Appomattox.

After having tarried a very short time for this hasty refreshment, we galloped forward and joined our regiment as it stood in line immediately in front of the Court House. Colonel Robins observed that we had violated our marching orders, approached us and said in a very peremptory manner, "Captain Jeffries, consider yourself under arrest and retire to the rear. 136 You have violated positive orders under which we were marching. Private Pollard, take your position in the column. You have likewise violated orders, but having done so in the presence of your superior officer, you are excused." With that the incident was closed. As a sequel to this, however, Captain Jeffries was under arrest from that time on and could not actively participate in the subsequent events of the day.

I remember further an interview occurring between General Gary and Colonel W. T. Robins. It happened this way. Our column had been halted in the public road, immediately in front of Appomattox Court House, and General Gary, approaching Colonel Robins, remarked in my hearing that he had orders to camp in the woods which he pointed out there in full view in the approaching night. Immediately upon his making this remark, to my utter astonishment, there was turned loose upon us an artillery attack coming from the direction to which General Gary had pointed for our encampment. Without the least hesitation, the general ordered forward his brigade at a gallop and, as soon as he was brought under fire from the enemy, he ordered the dismounting of the men and a charge on foot. For an hour or more an engagement ensued, until our force was compelled to retreat in disorder and the enemy finally ceased to attack and retreated.

We went into camp for the night, and on the morning of the next day we learned from the appearance of a white flag that General Lee had entered into terms for the surrender of his army, and the curtain fell upon the long-drawn-out tragedy.

CONFEDERATE PAROLE

CHAPTER IV. COLLEGE DAYS.

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“Knowledge in truth is the great sun in the firmament. Life and power are scattered in its beams.”

— Daniel Webster.

One of the most impressive problems that has ever confronted me presented itself upon my return home under my father's roof, following the surrender of General Lee's Army, at Appomattox, on the 8th day of April, 1865. My standing as an American citizen was embodied in a writing which was delivered to me by the proper United States authorities on the “surrender grounds,” on that fateful day.

I accepted it in the good faith in which I believed it was delivered and I am not ashamed to say that I have sought faithfully to observe every obligation in the past and, God being my helper, it shall be faithfully adhered to. And, without the least chagrin as the result of the great conflict through which the South passed, I love and cherish my country's welfare with a fervent loyalty and devotion; and without the least resentment I accepted, as I believe, with becoming resignation, all of the privations and losses which followed the end of the Civil War—as did, I believe, my parents.

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As an officer of one of the seceded States, my father was also required to be paroled. The form of the civil parole differed materially from that of the military, and was apparently worded with utmost care and skill, on casual reading ceding everything to the Union, yet, on careful analysis, yielding not one iota of the rights of the South to appeal the case before the Supreme Court. Perhaps few more interesting pieces of documentary evidence are, at this late date, extant. It affords testimony of the careful and far-seeing purpose of completely establishing the abandonment by the South of the principles maintained by it and, as far as possible, clearly expressed in words in the Constitution of the Confederate Government. This paper is reproduced here and intended to be in that manner preserved

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as a part of the history of the times, recording in the merest detail the occurrences of those days that tried men's souls.

OATH AND PAROLE.

No. 162. Office of Provost Marshal.

I, *John Pollard, Citizen of King and Queen Co., Va.*, do solemnly swear, in the presence of Almighty God, that I will henceforth faithfully support, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States, and the Union of the States thereunder; and that I will in like manner abide by and faithfully support all Acts of Congress passed during the existing rebellion with reference to slaves, so long and so far as not repealed, modified or held void by Congress, or by decision of the Supreme Court; and that I will in like manner abide by and faithfully support all Proclamations of the President made during the existing rebellion, having 139 reference to slaves, so long and so far as not modified or declared void by decision of the Supreme Court—So Help me God: and I give my solemn parole of honor (to be enforced according to military law), that I will hold no correspondence with, or afford any aid or comfort to any enemies or opposers of the United States, save as an act of humanity, to administer to the necessities of individuals, who are in sickness or distress; and I solemnly declare that this Oath and Parole are taken and given freely and willingly, without any mental reservation or evasion whatever, and with full intention to keep the same.

John Pollard.

Sworn and subscribed to, before me, this 24 day of *May* 1865.

S. E. Reynolds, Cap. & Provost Marshal.

I remember with clearness as though it were an occurrence of yesterday, the sad lament of the courtly Littlebury W. Allen, a minister of the gospel, a true, brave and venerable

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captain of a company in the regiment to which my company belonged, uttered in my presence, when he realized that the order to cease firing along our scant line of battle meant a surrender. He said, "This means all is lost, and, for the future, we of the South are to be hewers of wood and drawers of water."

But, thanks to God! the next day, while we lingered on historic ground to procure from the enemy rations for the first time since we left camp below Richmond, just one week before, and to receive our paroles, to 140 evidence to our children our honorable discharge, that true, brave Georgian, Lieutenant-General John B. Gordon, mounted his horse and rode from regiment to regiment, speaking words of courage and hope to officers and men alike. And thus, as the sword, which Victor Hugo eloquently called "but a hideous flash in the dark," was sheathed, a feeble ray of light broke upon the hearts of many, and, later, when the "blackness of the darkness of reconstruction" had passed, it lighted up the pathway until visions of the angel of peace were seen bringing prosperity and happiness to a re-united and prosperous people. And so it came to pass that those, who had once clutched at each other's throats, fought side by side, in every military rank, to rescue Cuba from Spanish oppression and thus give independence to the Queen of the Antilles; and again fought side by side, in more glorious array, to establish on the battle-grounds of Europe the principle for which the South contended, that of State and national autonomy, and to guarantee to the peoples of Europe, great and small, what the South had held to be indispensable to a race of free men, the right to self-government.

I have already stated that, on the evening before the surrender, our regiment was engaged in battle, the men having been dismounted and fighting on foot, with each fourth man detailed to hold the horses. The comrade who held my horse became, in the confusion of battle, in some way separated from the rest of the command and left behind when we resumed our march. Not knowing what had happened, or where we were, he thought all was over and so turned back to his 141 home, riding his own horse and leading mine, until he came to King and Queen County to my home and delivered the horse safely into my father's possession. He then went on to his home in the adjoining county of Mathews.

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Since he had last seen me just as our regiment was about to charge the enemy, he felt in his heart that it was a case of *nos morituri te salute*, and, although he would not express to my family his grave fears, he could give them no information as to my whereabouts or my safety. Along with my horse was my full accoutrement—sabre, overcoat, blanket, and handsome army saddle (captured by me from a Yankee lieutenant). Naturally, under these circumstances, my family felt most anxious about me and, as the days passed without any news, they practically gave me up as killed in battle. Though neither my mother nor my father would give voice to their fears before the other for fear, no doubt, of frightening the other members of the family or adding to each other's grief, they both went about white-lipped and anxious, bravely trying to keep up their courage. With the stage thus set, you can picture to yourself my home-coming as quite as dramatic as any that are related in the novels of the war-times, or shown in the “movies” nowadays.

After the surrender, as I have stated, we remained for three days at Appomattox, where our officers attempted as best they could to straighten out the confusion into which our Army necessarily had fallen. According to the terms of the surrender, as my readers will recall, each cavalryman was to be allowed to keep his horse—provided he had one or could get 142 one. Finding myself without a horse or equipment of any kind, I assumed that my horse had either been killed or had fallen into the enemy's hands, so I went to an officer in the artillery and explained the situation to him, and asked if I might take one of the artillery horses which were straying about unclaimed. He very kindly agreed to this, so I took one and started home, riding for two days. I reached home early in the morning, before breakfast. My mother's maid, Rachel, who like so many of the family house servants had remained faithful, had just gone into Mother's room to help her get dressed. As she went to the window to draw the curtains, she espied me wearily crossing the lawn. “Lawd Gawd, Ole Miss!” she shouted. “Ef'n dar ain't Mist' Speaker hisser!” My mother of course rushed to the window, and, seeing that her statement was true, ran out to meet me. My father, who was in his office, located on one corner of the lawn, heard the commotion and came out to see the cause of the excitement. By this time the whole

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household was aroused, and we held a most happy reunion, my mother laughing and weeping at the same time now that she had me safe at home once more. Later on, the news of my return spread to the neighbouring plantations and, as I was the first paroled soldier to return to the county, the next day hundreds of friends and neighbours came to see me to get news of the surrender and of their own loved ones.

So it was that I did not have to surrender my sabre, and that I found myself at the close of the war with no assets except two horses, and as liability the 143 difficult problem of making a livelihood. I sold the extra horse for seventy-five dollars, and with this small beginning started out to seek my fortune.

The social, political, financial and religious conditions that existed in practically every community in the South, I feel justified in saying, beggared description. With a few exceptions, the slaves, intoxicated I may say with their new-found freedom, were thriftless and lazy. Designing politicians in many cases held out to them the hope that at some time in the near future they would enjoy a government bounty of “forty acres of land and a mule,” or would, in some other way, become the fortunate possessors of other and greater benefits at the hands of the Federal government. I remember with little satisfaction that on the sons and daughters of the well-to-do in the community rested, in a large degree, the necessity for manual labor for which they were ill prepared. On taking up these newly-imposed duties, however, it did not take me long to conclude that, in my case at least, my education was the essential thing in making a success in life. The seventy-five dollars obtained from the sale of the horse, though a small beginning, taught me the lesson of the necessity for economy and frugality. The easiest and most practicable way that presented itself to me for securing sufficient funds to obtain the desired education was by teaching in the primary school in the neighborhood in which my father lived.

This led to my being employed, during the succeeding term, by Dr. George L. Nicholson, of Middlesex County, to teach his sons and some other children 144 in his neighborhood. He was one of the first citizens of his county—a highly educated man, who had studied

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abroad and was a graduate of the University of Paris, and had become celebrated in his profession. These two boys, his sons, were splendid lads, and later became distinguished physicians, one of whom is located in Atlanta, Georgia, and the other, I think, in Memphis, Tennessee.

This small provision for the necessary financing of my education would have been utterly inadequate, but for the fact of the noble aid given me and my brother, James, by the distinguished President of Columbian College, Dr. George W. Samson, D. D. To him I take off my hat and bow in profound acknowledgment of his genuine liberality towards two Confederate soldiers who, without his help would have been powerless to obtain an education in so short a time. As a word of explanation, let me say that Dr. Samson was an educator and author of great distinction, having been graduated from Brown, and being the author of a text-book of great value on *Art Criticism*. At the commencement of the Civil War, my elder brother, Rev. John Pollard, Jr., was one of the professors in Columbian College (now known as George Washington University, Washington, D. C.), where, four years prior to that time, he had received his M. A. degree. During and after the War, Dr. Samson acted as an intermediary between the South and the North, having had great influence, it is believed, with President Lincoln. He was frequently called upon to intercede between the contending parties and to modify the severity of conditions. Soon after the close of the 145 War, the good doctor voluntarily wrote to my father, telling him that if he had any boys to be educated he would be glad to provide a way for them to attend his college and would accept their obligations to pay the expenses for their tuition whenever they became able to do so in the future. As my college education had not even been commenced, I availed myself of his kind offer, and I am glad, at this late day, to render a merited tribute to his beneficence. Years after the War, I had the pleasure of completely meeting my obligation to the noble institution over which he presided so creditably.

Accordingly Brother James and I started in to college. Our letters home will probably give as graphic a picture as any that I could present of our life at college.

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Columbian College Novr. 3rd, 1866.

Dear Sister Sue:

Your letter to us written from Middlesex was received in due time, and gave us the first news from home after our arrival here. Letters from Pa and Bob have been received since.

I hope our letters have been regularly received. We have written, I think, every week but one. Time has seemingly flown with remarkable rapidity since I got here. I have found considerable difficulty in fixing my mind on my studies, so long has it been untutored to real study. I find less difficulty now and hope to improve much, as there is *very great* room for it. I have my hands full being a member both of the Junior 146 and Senior classes in Law, besides two studies in College.

I am pleased with all of the Professors. I believe I mentioned in my last that Dr. Samson had made me Librarian at the Law school by which means I pay my tuition. I have to be at the Law building every evening at 5 o'clock only a half hour before the class meets, and give some attention to what books are taken out &c. Dr. Samson's kindness to us is beyond all reasonable anticipation. I hope I appreciate it and that it will not be lost on me.

I see from all the letters that we have received, that Mama is as much as ever interested in her *sons* and wants to know all about how they are fixed &c &c. I believe bro. Jim's letter gave quite a full account so I hardly know of what to speak, unless I should be repeating. Well to begin, Brother Jim only goes to the city to Law lectures every other evening. We generally get back to the College about 8 o'clock. Our supper is put up for us, which consists of cold loaf bread, butter, and tea. We have cold loaf bread three times *every* day, Sundays excepted, when we have *hot holls*. I wish Bob was here, I think he could get *cold bread* enough. Tell Ma when I come Christmas I hope she will have biscuit. The tea and coffee is tolerable, the butter and beef is generally very good and abundant. If they just did not have so much loaf bread, I think the fare would be very creditable.

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Are you surprised to hear that I have concluded to come home at Christmas? I think I will need some recreation by that time, and as I have been so fortunate as to save my tuition, I can better afford it. I am beginning to be in want of shoes or boots. I 147 think it far preferable that I should have boots, as I will be so much exposed going to the city every day, so I wish you would ask Pa if he has any leather suitable for boots, please to let Bob carry it to Mr. Allen to make them, and I will try to make out with my *old* shoes until Christmas. Mr. Allen has my measure. If he has no leather (and Pa can't afford to treat me to a pair), please let me know as soon as possible, and I will purchase shoes here, and be satisfied with them.

Bro. Jim says he doesn't think he shall come home at Christmas but I expect he will. Give my love to all at uncle James' and at Bro. Alfred's. Tell Sister Jane or Bro. Alfred to write. I will do so as soon as I find time.

Love to Pa, Ma and Bob. Kiss the dear children and don't let them forget their uncle Speaker. Write soon to

Your affectionate bro. Henry R. Pollard.

Direct hereafter to

Box 421.

List of Law books taken from Pa's Library:

Jacobs' Law Dictionary 2 vol.

Robinson's Practice 2"

Blackstone's Com. 4"

Tucker's do. 2"

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Stephens on Pleading 1“

My photograph is for Ma. What has she done about sending Mr. Abrahams the potatoes? I would like very much for it to be done, as they treated me so very kindly.

H. R. P.

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Columbian College, Sept. 20th, 1867.

My dear Mother:

I arrived here safely Thursday morning about seven. We got to Dr. Gresham's about sunset, the rain having detained us a short time at the Bestland, where I spent a pleasant night. I was detained more than three hours in Tappahannock, the boat having gone aground near Urbanna. It seemed to me quite a long time, you will say because I expected *someone* on the Boat, but chiefly because the Boat was due & expected sooner. I had the pleasure, however, of meeting in Tappahannock Waring Lewis, Joe Fogg, Mr. Wm. D. Gresham, and other acquaintances. Mr. Gresham entertained me and himself by writing a letter of introduction to several of his lady friends of Fredericksburg, whom I intended to visit; but failing to get up in good time, did not do so. I met on the Boat Capt. Bob Spencer, Charlie Sears, Mr. (or Cousin) William Harwood, and *some others* of my acquaintances. The trip was a pleasant one. . . . I also fell in with Mr. Dudley at the Acquia Creek. He was on his way to Baltimore to secure a steamer for our (Mattaponi) River. He says (I suppose you would like to hear) that he thinks the railroad will soon be built across from West Point, but thinks as yet the terminus is doubtful, rather indicating some point below Urbanna. *I give this for what it is worth.* (Though fifty-six years have elapsed, I shall echo Brother Jim, and give it for what it is worth!)

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Only one college student has yet arrived. The Prep School I found rather full, numbering about 90 students, some 15 boarders. . . . I will probably do about 149 the same amount of teaching. . . . Best love to all. All inquired after Speaker. Did Sister Sue send over to Jessie at once for information! . . .

Your affectionate son, Jim.

When I was at College, there were a number of stories current about a native of King William county, Virginia, by the name of Hickman. I do not know that I ever heard his first name, but he was familiarly known among his numerous friends in political life as “Beau Hickman.” At all social functions, of which there were many, he was a most welcome guest, as he was quite all that his nickname implied—witty, vivacious, the mirror of style and fashion in dress and manners, elegant, in short, the best of good company, and with an air that enabled him to carry off the most audacious behaviour. He had no visible assets, though he lived at expensive hotels, dressed well, and moved in the best social circles, and apparently flourished as the lilies of the field. It is said that he was once asked by an intimate friend how he so successfully managed to do this. To this he promptly replied, “My dear sir, I simply float on the surface of the occasion and trust to the supremacy of luck.” It was also said that when he found himself without money he would go to the halls of Congress, send a note to some of his many friends, sometimes in the Senate and sometimes in the House, and request a loan. If the cash was forthcoming, well and good. He graciously accepted it. But if the member sought to make some excuse by pleading lack of funds, he would again send the page in with a promisory note made out for the desired sum, payable in thirty or sixty days, and a courteous message saying that the apology was quite sufficient and that the enclosed note would do just as well; kindly sign and return. The sheer audacity of the proposition carried it through, I suppose. At any rate, he was never refused and so lived on for many years in the national capital, enjoying the utmost cordiality and friendship of men of prominence—of such men as Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Benton, and others of that type.

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In addition to the law course, two of my subjects at college were Logic and Moral Philosophy, taught by old Professor Ruggles, a graduate of Brown University and for many years a professor at Columbian College. The professor was very old, very dignified, and very serious, with a high idea of the importance of his subject and, incidentally, of himself. I remember distinctly one of his lectures, which he had used for more years than student memory could accurately reckon, until it had become one of the campus traditions. This was on the topic of the "Creation of Wealth." He traced his subject back to its first origin, and told of the first acquisition of property by primitive man and the awakening and development of the accumulative instinct. By way of illustration, he said, "Now, let us consider the Indian in one of the primitive tribes. He is passing through the woods, in search of food, and he sees a deer stopping to drink at the brook. Quickly he draws his bow and arrow and shoots the deer. Then he begins to think of what disposal he will make of his newly acquired property—the meat, the carcass, and the skin. Now, what would you call that?" The professor asked the rhetorical question, and paused for effect, not intending 151 to "quiz" the class. One of my clever class-mates, a chap named Duval, immediately answered, "That, sir, I would consider a circulating medium converted into a fixed basis," thus giving back to the professor one of his own pet phrases, much to the amusement of the rest of the class. The august doctor was much taken aback at this interruption which ruined one of his choicest effects, and was highly indignant at what he considered unseemly levity upon a serious topic.

I am glad to say, however, that in spite of what the good Dr. Ruggles might consider frivolity, I must have applied myself seriously, for the only one of my college reports extant today shows an average of 92% on the above subjects, with no demerits and no absences.

As I before indicated, the chief end I had in view was the pursuit of my studies in law, selecting as adjunct subjects philosophy and ethics and other advance studies in the senior law course as provided for in the college catalogue. I had in view special graduation

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in the law course, and I am glad to say that my degree was duly conferred upon me at the end of the session, 1867.* I probably could not have attained this in one

* The following sketch appears in the George Washington University (Columbian College) General Alumni Catalogue, 1817, p. 152:

HENRY ROBINSON POLLARD,

LL.B., 67; LL. D. (Hon.) Howard Coll.; Sigma Chi; received several scholastic and athletic honors; Attorney-at-Law; served four years as Commonwealth's Attorney for King and Queen Co., Va., 74–86; four terms as mem. House of Delegates of the Va. General Assembly, 81–90; two terms as pres. Baptist General Assn. of Va. during sessions of 84 and 85; pres. State Democratic Convention 87; special counsel for Va. in litigation growing out of proposed settlement of State debt 92–96; served as mem. bd. of trustees Richmond Coll. for more than 20 years; was mem. Foreign Mission Bd. of the Southern Baptist Convention for more than 25 years; served nine terms of 2 years each as city attorney for City of Richmond since July 1, 98, and was re-elected in 16 for a new term of 2 years; many occasional address delivered, amongst these being Oakwood Mem. Assn., June 10, 10; a memorial on Edward Bagby at the Congressional Library, Wash., D. C., Aug. 8, 12. City Hall and 918 West Grace St., Richmond, Va. (It is, of course, a mistake to say that he served four years as Commonwealth's Attorney; four terms is probably what is meant.)

152 single session but for the fact that I had read law in my father's office for several years before my entry into college. It was a matter of much regret to me at that time and ever since that my education in law, as well as along general lines, was so defective, and I have gone through my long life feeling that my efficiency and usefulness has been greatly impaired by this fact.

Thus imperfectly equipped, I entered upon my professional life, and, by the courtesy and generosity of my parents made my home at *Bel Air*, and there entered actively upon my legal career. I began the practice of law as junior partner with my father in the firm of

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Pollard and Pollard. One year later, my elder brother, James who had remained during that year as a student and a “prep” school instructor at Columbian College, also became a practitioner. He formed a partnership with my uncle, Hon. James M. Jeffries, who was then Commonwealth's Attorney for King and Queen County and practiced generally in that and adjoining counties. It was an interesting circumstance that two brothers—one the partner of their father and one of their uncle—should have entered, at the same time, upon their professional lives. With curious people—that is, with persons of a speculative nature—it was a subject of much discussion in the community as to which would win the most success, and we each, of course, had very partisan friends and admirers. However, this friendly rivalry did not in the least impair our mutual regard and affection. Very soon after the events that are here recorded, my uncle, Mr. Jeffries, was elected judge of the circuit court, which of course removed him as a 153 formidable competitor. My brother had married a Baltimore lady and he determined to move to that city and there practice his profession, where he at once secured a large practice and became widely known as an able and successful lawyer.

A *sine qua non* to my entry upon my chosen profession was the procuring of a license to practice law. Under the Virginia statute, such a license could only be granted by a judge, or judges, of some court of record, for which application in writing was required to be made and properly certified that the person thus making application was of good repute and a resident of some county or city of Virginia. Desiring to enter the practice of my profession, immediately upon graduation, in the summer of 1867, I made the necessary application to Hon. John Critcher, then judge of the circuit court of King and Queen County and later a member of Congress from the First Congressional District.

It was he who, in replying on the floor of the House to a northern congressman's vindictive and slurring attack upon the South and Southern institutions, made the following famous retort:

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Mr. Speaker, I shall not attempt at this late hour of the day to discuss this bill, which, in my opinion, is the most important which has been brought to the consideration of Congress at the present session.* . . . But I desire, like some of those who have preceded me, to refer to some remarks which fell from the honorable gentleman from Massachusetts (Mr. Hoar) reflecting upon the section of country to which I belong. I regret, sir, that the gentleman has given occasion, by departing from the legitimate line of argument, for criticism from all quarters upon a

* The Educational Bill, 42nd Congress, 1872.

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course which I must say, with all due respect, was neither worthy of his intelligence or his character. He has gone out of the line of his argument to say that the "educated tyrants in the South had been more degraded than their slaves by the former relations that subsisted between the races." Well, now, I ask the honorable gentleman if, in his former experience in Congress, he ever found a true representative man from the South, in this or the other branch of Congress, less educated and less intelligent than himself and his associates from Massachusetts? I ask him whether, from the foundation of the Government to the present moment, the representation from the State of Virginia has been less intellectual and less honorable than the representation from the State of Massachusetts? Sir, I will venture to make a bold assertion: I will venture to offer a challenge to the gentleman from Massachusetts, and I will give way to him in my time to let him answer me. I venture to say that I can produce from my own little county, the parish of my residence, an illustration of intellectual superiority and moral excellence which he cannot parallel in the history of Massachusetts.

(Mr. Hoar rose.)

MR. CRITCHER. I will name them, and you may then rise. Sir, if you will go with me to my estate you will find that the adjoining estate is Wakefield, the birthplace of Washington;

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on the other side you will find Stratford, the residence of "Light Horse Harry," of glorious revolutionary memory. Chantilly, which adjoins it, was the residence of Richard Henry Lee, the mover of the Declaration of Independence and the Cicero of the American Revolution. You will find in that same parish the home of Charles Lee, Washington's Attorney General, and of Francis Lightfoot Lee, the signer of the Declaration of Independence. There, too, you will find the home of Arthur Lee, the accomplished negotiator of the treaty of commerce and alliance between this country and France in 1778. Riding in the opposite direction, you come first, as I said, to the birthplace of Washington. Another hour's ride will bring you to the birthplace of Monroe; another hour's ride to the birthplace of Madison. Now, sir, if you suppose the present generation in Virginia unworthy of their illustrious ancestors, if you will visit that estate, and look through the lofty forests, you will descry the massive chimneys of the baronial mansion that witnessed the birth of Robert E. Lee. Now, sir, I ask you to find in the whole State of Massachusetts such illustrious names as I have given you, of those who lived in my little county.

(Mr. Hoar responds briefly, without, however, accepting the challenge flung him.)

I challenge the gentleman to parallel the names I have mentioned; he cannot do it from the whole history of Massachusetts. . . . Therefore, having made these few remarks, I will yield the floor, thanking my friend from Georgia (Mr. McIntyre) for the time he has allowed me.*

* See Congressional Globe, 42nd Congress, 2nd Session, Feb. 2, 1872.

Along with my application, I presented my diploma as a graduate of Columbian College Law School. With this evidence so presented, the dreaded examination was at once dispensed with by Judge Critcher, and he promptly signed the license, stating that he deemed it unnecessary, in view of the applicant's graduation from so distinguished a law school.

If time and space permitted, I would like to refer to a large number of nativeborn citizens of King and Queen, the mention of whose names merely would do honor to their native

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county. Among these I name Thomas R. Dew, a graduate of William and Mary, who, in 1827, was advanced to a new chair created in the institution, to which was given "History, Metaphysics, National Law, Government, and Political Economy." It was said of him, by Dr. Adams, himself a distinguished educator, that "Dew's course in history was the most thorough and comprehensive" of 156 which he had found any record in the early days of the College. He added, "When most colleges were teaching merely by text-books, and chiefly along classical lines, he was lecturing systematically to his class upon the laws, customs, manners and institutions of ancient and modern nations." In 1836, he became President of the College, and his vigorous administration, supported by Judge N. Beverly Tucker, John Montague, Robert Saunders, and Dabney Brown, who then constituted the faculty, "brought about the golden period of the College." It is recorded further that when Dr. Dew took charge, in 1839, matriculations numbered only thirty, but under his administration the number was soon increased to one hundred and forty.

Dr. Dew died in 1846, and was succeeded, as Professor of History and Political Economy, by George Frederick Holmes. To counteract the growth of abolition sentiment in Virginia and other Southern States, it is said that Thomas R. Dew and Nathaniel Beverley Tucker taught that slavery, "socially, politically, and economically" was not an evil, but should be eliminated as soon as practicable. It was this Mr. Tucker's son, John Randolph, who was a close friend and classmate of my Uncle James, Judge Jeffries. He was, as the Tuckers have always been, prominent in legal circles and was considered quite an authority on constitutional law. He served for a number of years as Attorney-General of Virginia and as one of our representatives in the United States Congress, in which position he was succeeded by his distinguished son, Hon. Harry St. George Tucker, who was recently elected again after an interim of some years, and who is still a member.

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Some years antedating my active participation in public affairs, there had been for many years a well-established line of stages operating semi-weekly between Richmond and Tappahannock, in Essex County on the Rappahannock River—a distance of about

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fifty miles. One of the points on the line was the village of Miller's Tavern, located on the dividing line between King and Queen and Essex Counties. At this point had been established for many years a public-house, originally known as an "Ordinary," where the four-horse teams were changed. One of the refreshments of the day consisted of liquors, which were by statute existing from Colonial days *required* to be furnished "for the comfort of travellers."—Truly the "old order changeth, yielding place to new," and in this year P(ost) V(olstead) 1923, this statute is not only annulled but completely reversed!—This had the logical effect of attracting certain classes of people in the community, especially the happy-go-lucky. Among these there was one familiarly called Tom Redd, who was known for his wit and humor. The proprietor of the establishment was Richard Miller, whose rigid economy was proverbial in the neighborhood, with a marked degree of unpopularity with the crowd that generally hung around the tavern. When Mr. Miller finally died, Tom Redd suggested that he would like to have the privilege of preparing his epitaph and promptly presented the following composition:

"Dick Miller's dead and here he lies. Nobody laughs and nobody cries. Where he has gone and how he fares, Nobody knows and nobody cares."

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It became proverbial in the community and still survives the ravages of time after one hundred years have passed.

I also remember hearing, when a comparatively young man, an oft-repeated story about an old lady who was so amiable and kind-hearted that she never could be induced to attribute anything evil to another. This characteristic was so marked that it came in time to be a jest among her friends and relatives who were sharper tongued. One day a sister of hers, who by the way was a spinster and did not hesitate to speak her mind very plainly, said, "I declare I don't believe Sister could be made to say anything against anyone. I actually believe she would even have something good to say about the devil!" Her daughters thought this remark of their aunt's so funny that they laughingly planned to test

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it out, so they deliberately brought up the discussion in their mother's presence, to see if they could tempt the lovable old lady to speak disparagingly. However, she was quite equal to the occasion and remarked placidly, "Well, my dears, we must admit that he is very industrious and persevering."

It was customary in King and Queen County, as in almost all sections of colonial Virginia, for families of wealth and prominence to own large landed estates dignified by some title, more or less pretenious. These names seem to have been bestowed for various reasons—some descriptive of the characteristics of the place itself; some reminiscent of cherished associations in the "old country," the dwelling house itself being, as nearly as they could make it in a wilderness country, a replica of the old English estate; some by 159 the name of the family owning them; some Indian; and some of a more "flowery" or poetic style, taken from literature of the day or, many of them, from the French, since that influence was beginning to be felt to some extent. As examples of these, I might cite Mt. Airy, Point Pleasant, Locust Grove, The Vineyard, Strawberry Hill; Dundee, Lester Manor, and Newington; Westover, Cameron Lodge; Corbin Hall, Tuckahoe, and Belmont, and our own home place, Bel Air. As might be anticipated, these localities were generally chosen for residences of the sons and daughters of wealthy people, and were the most advantageously situated sections of land. The poorer classes in the community had to take what was left and thus their settlements grew up in localities where the lands were less fertile and productive, and, instead of a name for each residence, nicknames, sometimes of a slurring nature, were given to the whole locality. To illustrate: in King and Queen County, there were several such localities that had their names, such as Buzzard's Roost, The Neck, The Barrens, Poor House Section, Drysdale, Pinetop, etc.

This situation can be well illustrated by a rather amusing story told at the expense of Dr. William C. Nunn, the son of Mr. George C. Nunn, a prosperous and well-to-do farmer of the county, and a dear friend of mine. He was passing along the public road one day, and, as he went by the old mill on Col. Bland's estate he noticed that the old darky who had been miller for a number of years "befo' de wah" and had belonged to Colonel Bland, was

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sitting out in front of the cabin, some distance from the road. "Hello, Uncle Jim!" he called. "How are you?" The old darkey shifted his 160 corn-cob pipe and blinked his feeble, bleared old eyes. "Who dat callin' me Unc' Jim and askin' how I is? Hit's all right ef'n hit's Cuhnel Bland uh Cuhnel Spencer, uh some ob de quality white folks dat's callin' me Unc' Jim, but I don't want none ob dese yere Barreners callin' me dat." So there was a certain aristocracy, we might call it, among the negroes of slavery times, and they took a great pride in being owned by the "quality," while, the "free niggahs and po' white trash" were objects of their most intense scorn.

In this connection I am reminded of another darkey, the body servant belonging to a dear friend of my father's, Colonel Street, a very prominent aristocrat of Urbanna. This negro was named Obie and he was quite well known to my father who had often seen him when at Colonel Street's home. After the colonel died, my father saw Obie one day and spoke to him, telling him how much he regretted his master's death and speaking in a most complimentary way of what a fine man he had been. "Yassuh, Cuhnel Pollard," Obie replied, "he sho was all you say! Dat's de Lawd's truth, sho as you is born. He was one *big* man. He always conducted his gentility with great propriety."

Another story that illustrates my point perhaps more vividly relates to a very ardent friend of my father's uncle, who was a candidate for the General Assembly, while my great-uncle himself was a candidate for county clerk. He was a Federalist, or Whig. Most of the residents of one of these sections, which have been pointed out, were almost unanimously Democratic in their sentiments, but had quite a different way of voting from their party when the day of election came. This was before the Constitution of 161 1849–50, when the franchise right could only be exercised by free-holders, and so, in order to strengthen themselves, the party leaders of the Whigs would frequently have conveyed gratuitously to non-freeholders a few acres of land, of which they had more than an abundance, and thereby enfranchise them. Uncle Robert was in the habit of thus transferring real estate to some of his impecunious neighbors, and often even lent them negroes and teams to work these small plots of ground. In that day, the only polling-place in a county was at the

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Court House. The patron would have to notify his dependents or beneficiaries that there would be an election, and sometimes, in the case of those in remote sections, furnish conveyances to bring them to the polling-place. The candidates sat on the judge's bench, and the voter would come in, give his name and, if found to be a free-holder, was allowed to vote. Mr. Jacob Lumpkin, a distinguished and important citizen of the county, who had represented his county for many years, sat with his opponent, Mr. William B. Davis, a Democrat, as the two candidates for the General Assembly. As a sort of offset to the claim Mr. Lumpkin had upon the voters, Mr. Davis' supporters resorted to the liberal use of spirituous liquors. Uncle Robert was quite equal to the occasion and freely circulated among his friends and advised them not to vote until later in the day, telling them that he would tell them when the proper time came to carry out their designs. As might be expected, the refreshments that were so lavishly dispensed were finally exhausted. Uncle Robert promptly seized this opportunity and corralled his friends—a company of about thirty or forty 162 voters—and marched them to the polls. The leader of the long line, with a rather quizzical expression upon his countenance faced the candidates and, in response to the election officer, said, “Mr. Davis, your treat is gin out, so I votes for Mr. Lumpkin.” The whole line followed suite, and Mr. Lumpkin, as usual, was duly re-elected. And so a “free election and a fair count” was guaranteed under the system of purified politics in the good old days quite as securely as under the regime of the more up-to-date political boss who declared that he was going to have a fair election even if he had “to stuff every d—ballot box in the ward to do it!”

CHAPTER V. MY MARRIAGE.

“Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng, Low to our hearts Love sang an old sweet song. . . . So till the end, when life's dim shadows fall, Love will be found the sweetest song of all.”

There remains to be told some of the incidents concerning my courtship and marriage. I feel that this is a subject almost too sacred to be recorded, so I must tread softly here.

I had for many years been acting Lorenzo to my own “fair Jessica”—Miss Jessie Gresham, daughter of John Newton Gresham* and Hannah Elizabeth (Bagby) Gresham. Mr. Gresham was a merchant and planter, doing business at Stevensville and living on the adjoining plantation to ours. Jessie was born April 27, 1846, and was one year younger than I. Our families were devoted friends; our mothers were most intimate and confiding neighbours, indeed cousins; and our fathers were closely associated in business and politics. Thus we had known each other in our youth, and, in fact, had been childhood playmates, our childish intimacy by gradual degrees developing into true friendship and love—so gradual indeed that I hardly know just when she became “my sweetheart and I her beau.”

* See Appendix, page—.

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I recollect many pleasant occasions when I rode over to Mr. Gresham's, tied my horse and sat through the long summer evenings on the veranda with Jessie, in the soft Southern moonlight, with the night wind perfume-laden with the scent of jasmine and other Southern blossoms, and I considered myself fortunate beyond words if no other of the neighbourhood beaux and gallants rode up to intrude upon my happy hours with her. And then the War came and I enlisted.

But the most supreme of these happy meetings had its climax in the never-to-be-forgotten horseback ride, late in the Indian Summer of 1866, when the world was dressed in holiday attire, decked out in goldenrod and other brilliant flowers so radiant at that season in Eastern Virginia. On account of the loss by fire of her father's residence during the year, we availed ourselves of the privacy of a country horseback ride, she mounted upon one of her father's riding-horses and I upon my nag, May, reared and petted by me as my own. With all nature aglow in the unrivalled beauty of an Indian Summer afternoon, and realizing

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that I would soon leave home for my last term at college I seized upon such an opportunity to declare my lifelong devotion and formally ask her hand in marriage.

We had corresponded during the time that I was in the Confederate Army, and after the War was over and I went away to college at Washington, we kept this up. By this time however there was a definite understanding between us, and our love was a kind of beacon light by which I guided the barque of my aspirations and ambitions, determined
165 “To love one maiden only, And worship her by years of noble deed, Until I won her; for indeed I knew Of no more subtle master under heaven Than is the maiden passion of a maid, Not only to keep down the base in man, But teach high thought, and amiable words And courtliness, and the desire of fame, And love of truth, and all that makes a man.”

And all of this she meant to me. The following letter, which I wrote to her from college, pouring out to her all my dreams and hopes, as is the way of a man with a maid, “ever the wide world over,” is, I think, clearly indicative of this.

Columbian College November 28th, 1866.

My dearest Jessie:

Are you not surprised to receive this? Today you have doubtless remembered as my *birthday*.

Yes, I am twenty-one years old. I have not been contemplating its approach with pleasure. I suppose however that I have, more than most young men, been on my own responsibility.

In looking back over my years of minority I can discover many mistakes. I can see much, *very much*, to be grateful for; and also much to encourage me in the future. I hope my life has not, altogether, been to no purpose. I hope it may be far more profitable in the future. I have before, I think, told you, Jessie, that you had been a blessing to me. That

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your love and your influence had been a check on all evil inclinations 166 and the cause of aspirations to all that is noble. I will ever feel that much is due to you. But we both owe much to a kind and beneficent Providence who has preserved me to see another anniversary of my birth, while many have been taken away in the last twelve months, who had a much better prospect of life than I had. Don't let us forget this, Jessie.

I am looking forward to seeing you with so much pleasure. I dreamed last night that we were together. We, I am sure, will enjoy each other's society more than ever before. The time is fast approaching.

We received a letter from Ma the other day. She said you were just as sweet as you could be and that she loved you more and more every time she saw you. How can she help loving you my Jessie! I am sure her son can't help it. Her letter was as affectionate as it could be. I am so much blessed in having such parents.

We have holiday tomorrow. Did you all keep the thanksgiving? *Politically* we have little to be thankful for. But in every other respect I think it would have been very well to keep the day. I expect to attend church. I hope our Steward will give us an *extra dinner*.

I am going to enclose this in a letter to Nannie* and write her word to send it to you Sunday from Bruington. I hope it will reach you safely. You must excuse me for crossing this as I was afraid that two sheets would be too much for Nannie's letter, as brother Jim wrote a long P. S. to Nannie on another piece of paper to go in my letter. Don't you think they are coming

* Then Miss Nannie Ryland, a cousin of Miss Gresham; now Mrs. Christopher B. Fleet.

167 on well? If you can't read this, keep it until I come and I will help you. It is nearly time for me to be off to the Law-school. So I must tho' it is hard say Goodbye

Your own Speaker.

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There is nothing spectacular to be recorded—no intensely dramatic events. On the contrary, my experiences rather serve to prove the eternal verity that the simplest things are not only the truest but the most beautifully romantic in the finest, sweetest sense of the word. There was no parental opposition to be overcome. My father was notably an advocate of early marriages, and my mother, as indicated in the foregoing letter, enthusiastically approved of the proposed alliance. It is not to be supposed that there was a grain of opposition that made itself felt from any direction. It was a foregone conclusion among family and friends that, at the proper time, the marriage contract should be consummated. So, on December 19, 1869, we were married at Mattaponi Church, in the presence of a large assemblage of friends and relatives. The ceremony was performed by my brother, Rev. John Pollard, D. D., assisted by Rev. Alfred Bagby, D. D., an uncle of the bride and my brother-in-law. In the impoverished and grief-stricken condition of the entire South at that time, there was no place for elaborate ceremonial or display, so there were no attendants at our wedding—no bridesmaids or groomsmen, as there had been at my father's—but I am sure that no contrivances of the decorator's art or of wealth or fashion could have made more beautiful, to my adoring eyes at least, the bonnie bride who met me at the altar, to me the embodiment of "all earth's loveliness."

I do not need any proof that ours was one of those fortunate marriages "made in heaven." Were I a fatalist, however, I could adduce strong proofs for such a theory in the chain of seemingly strange coincidences by which, all through the ages, the Gresham and Pollard families have been connected, and so prove that my wife and I were pre-ordained for one another. As far back as the early sixteenth century, I find that this connection between the two families existed.

In the reign of Henry VIII, we find one Sir Thomas Gresham, said to have undoubtedly been an ancestor of my wife's although, at so remote a period, the data is not sufficient to show conclusively whether lineal or collateral. Sir Thomas was a rich and successful merchant whose romantic life, staged in the most brilliant and dramatically adventurous

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period of English history, rose from point to point in prominence and public service, beginning under “Bluff King Hal” and reaching its climax under the “Virgin Queen.” In 1544, he married Anne Ferneley (Read), whose sister was the wife of Sir Nicholas Bacon. In Elizabeth's reign we are told that “he resided in the handsomest house in London”; was made the “Queen's Royal Merchant,” in which capacity he alternated between London and Antwerp; traveled extensively, even visiting Palestine and Jerusalem; and altogether became quite a personage. He was founder of the Royal Exchange, of Gresham College, and of a London

JESSIE GRESHAM POLLARD

169 asylum for the poor. He was knighted, in 1559, by Elizabeth, and we find him at various times receiving as reward for his services substantial grants of land from the English sovereigns whom he served.

The duties of Royal Merchant seem to have been quite as diverse as they were arduous, and we see him as mercer, importer, shop-keeper, banker; his position seems to have corresponded in at least some degree with our modern Comptroller of the Currency, as on him depended the fixation of value (and very advantageously too) of the English pound, and the payment and renewal of the Queen's bonds; now as adviser to the Ministers of State; now regulating international shipping; now as Ambassador at the Court of the Duchess of Parma; or, if need be, smuggler, procuring military stores for England; and last, but not least for a sovereign so exacting and arbitrary, acting as personal shopping agent for Elizabeth. “The shipes wherein the Quene's Majestie's velvetz and crymsyn sattyns are, be still here,” he writes; and again, “As yet I cannot find no horse nor sword that will like your Highness; but, for your head-pieces of silke, I trust to bringe you those rollers that shall like you”; and he complacently speaks of transactions wherein he “savid her a good pece of monye.” Sir Thomas' favorite gift, when he especially desired to propitiate royalty, seems to have been “a paire of Spanish silke stockings from Spaine,” and his gift of these to Edward VI constitutes the earliest mention of the introduction of that article into England, where it was regarded as “a great present.” Queen Elizabeth

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addressed him in her letters as “Trusty and welbeloved,” and he was on sufficiently intimate terms with Her Majestie to write 170 her, “I most humbly beseech your Highness to be a Comfort unto my pore wife in this my absens in the service of your Majesty,” and, in one of her royal “progresses,” the Queen visited Sir Thomas at Osterley. This position naturally brought him in contact with the most prominent figures of the times; he was on intimately friendly terms with Cecil (Lord Burleigh); and across the pages of his biography pass such men as Phillip of Spain, Conde, Coligni, Alva, the Prince of Orange, the Duke of Guise, the King of Denmark and the Emperor of Muscovy (Russia).

In the midst of all this brilliant assemblage, the historian pauses to note that another of Gresham's friends and neighbors was Sir John Pollard, M. P. (perhaps it is from him as well as from Speaker Robinson that I inherit the talent which has given me my reputation as somewhat of a parliamentarian!) “of Trelawney, in Cornwall; descended from an ancient and celebrated Devonshire family, and himself a gallant soldier and a brave seaman. Mention of his name frequently recurs, and always creditably, among contemporary papers.”* Both of these gentlemen are said to have served in the House of Commons, of which Gresham was once the Speaker.† Among the earliest settlers in the New World, I again find the names of Pollard and Gresham connected. Both my grandfather Pollard and my father were friends of the Greshams, and my brother Robert also married a Miss Gresham, sister of my wife. In this present generation comes what is for me, perhaps, the final link in the chain of coincidences, in the fact that the

* See Life and Times of Sir Thomas Gresham, Knt., by John Win. Burgon.

† See Dictionary of National Biography.

171 first two American soldiers to be killed in France during the past war were one a cousin of my wife's and the other a cousin of mine. Thus may I echo Hamlet in saying, “There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, Than are dreamed of in your philosophy.”

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The beautiful harmony of our long lives remains, may I say, to the present day, giving us a share in each other's joys and sorrows—of which there have been some—and so it may be said that the oracular words of the ancient superstition:

“Married in December's mirth and cheer, Love's star grows brighter from year to year.”
have, in my case at least, proven true.

I am quite certain that Jessie never had a rival in my thoughts and affections, and I flatter myself that I never did in hers, until my eldest son, Harry R., Jr., was old enough to write her such charming “love letters” as the following:

Richmond, Va., Nov. 30–09.

My dearest Mother:

If you had received a letter from me as often as I have thought of you since you have been away, you would have been a very busy woman. For you have been so often in my mind and I have missed you awfully. No. 918 seems like a different place when I go by in the morning. Father and the boys are very dear, but what I miss is the lovely face and 172 beautiful smile of “My Mother” when she sees her first born boy coming for his morning kiss. God has ever been good to me, but almost all of what I am and what I hope to be is due you, my precious Mother.... Father seems well.... Dearest love for yourself,

Your devoted son, Harry.

A little clipping of some verses by a writer completely unknown to me struck my fancy, some years ago, as typifying so aptly my own life that I cut them out and placed them in my scrapbook, valuing them more for the sentiment, as is obvious, than for the poetry. It may be a propos to quote a part of them here, as they tell briefly my own story.

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“How blest has my time been! What joys have I known, Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jessie my own! So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain, That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain. What though on her cheeks the rose loses its hue, Her wit and good humor bloom all the year through; Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth, And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.”

Immediately after the simple ceremony, we went back to my father's, where we resided until I could build my own home. With his usual kindness, my father sold me a portion of his plantation, well-suited for the establishment of a home, one hundred acres of land, and on that tract of land I proceeded, with as little delay as possible to construct a residence, with all the modern improvements that I could afford under the circumstances. There I established my home, and 173 christened it “Edgewood,” by which name it is still known although it is now owned by the Latane family, among the most intelligent and highly respected people in my native county. It so happened that it was on this tract of land that the father of George Rogers Clarke lived before he moved to Albemarle County. It is now a disputed question as to whether George Rogers Clarke, the explorer and fighter of the Indians, was born in that county or in Albemarle. To solve this question, I have not satisfactory data and must leave it to be hereafter solved.

From this new home as a basis, I actively and successfully practised my profession to a degree beyond my expectation, though the impoverished and depleted condition so nearly after the cessation of hostilities suggested the question as to whether I should seek richer fields for the more successful prosecution of my profession. Yet nothing was left undone to add every convenience and comfort within my power to the new home. The main idea of my whole life has been, may I say parenthetically, at this point, to render easy the domestic duties of my devoted wife in the comfort and successful maintenance of our growing family.

Thus hand in hand, adown the Sunset Road, we come— My love and I—nearing our journey's end; Ending as we began, in close, sweet harmony; Not wife alone, this girl I love, but still My comrade, sweetheart, friend.

CHAPTER VI. MY LEGAL CAREER.

“Let the laws of your own land, Good or ill, between us stand, Hand to hand, and foot to foot, Arbiters of the dispute.”

— Selley

Very soon after my qualification to practice and my admission to the Bar, as previously described, our firm, Pollard and Pollard, was employed in a locally famous “land case,” which involved a dispute between neighbours on adjoining farms over the exact location of the boundaries between their tracts of land. We represented a man by the name of Coleman, while the defendant, named Durham, was represented by Judge Jeffries and my brother James, then his partner.

The controversy involved one or two acres of land, estimated to be worth about fifteen dollars, but, as every lawyer well knows, contests over disputed land are always most bitterly fought. I do not remember exactly the fee charged by us, but I think it was fifty dollars, while I have heard that the defendant's counsel charged one hundred, and neither one of the contestants disputed the fee. It was the victory that one neighbour might attain over the other; as usual, both the parties had their special friends who stood firmly by their side of the question, and as a consequence it became famous in the community. Each side had assistant counsel of unusual ability and experience. For our side the Hon. B. B. Douglas, of King William County, appeared as assistant counsel; and for their side Honorable Robert L. Montague, previously Lieutenant-Governor with Governor Letcher and father of Hon. A. J. Montague. The case is hardly worthy of notice except to remark that it developed a spirit of rivalry between the brothers which excited no little curiosity in

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the community, but no personal asperity whatever. I am glad to be able to record that the younger of the two gladiators in this legal bout, the writer of these sketches, was victor. My most intimate friends were kind enough to say that "it was nothing but Speaker's good luck, *as usual*, that he won."

Having won in this case served to no mean purpose in my political career. Without meaning in the least to detract from the good name of my client as wanting in party loyalty, he was, for many years afterwards, my ardent political friend, taking an active part in my political aspirations and invariably appearing, with his four sons, at elections wherein I was a candidate, and working and voting most enthusiastically for me for any position I might seek at the hands of the electorate of the county. I can remember now so clearly that the vision rises before me of how he and his four or five sons would always come marching to the polls Indian fashion. It is often said that politics and business do not mix, but I cite this as a concrete proof that they do mix very well sometimes.

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As indicative of the hard, up-hill struggle that a young professional man was forced to make in those lean years in the South after the War, I give my reader a story that the presiding officer told on introducing me to the audience when I was invited, not many years ago, by the business men of Westhampton to address their club. I neither affirm nor deny that it was well-founded. It represented my early experience as a practitioner of law in my native county, before I had worked up much of a clientele. A would-be client called at my residence, where I also kept office in those days. Mrs. Pollard answered his knock and told him that I was not at home and asked if there was any message. "Naw, I reckon not," he said dubiously. He seemed to hesitate and fumble and looked at her incredulously, then finally blurted out, "Are you *sure* he ain't here? I jest gotta see him on some business and I allowed he was bound to be here 'cause I see his shirt out thar on the line." This anecdote of my friend's was received with a great deal of mirth at my expense.

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About the time of our (that is, my brother's and mine) appearance at the Bar in King and Queen County, Colonel Edgar B. Montague, a distinguished officer of the Confederate Army and an able lawyer, was well established in his profession in our county, and, upon the retirement of Judge Jeffries from the office of Commonwealth's Attorney on his promotion to the circuit judgeship, had been appointed to fill his unexpired term. Very soon thereafter, he was elected to that office in which he served until the re-organization of the State government under the Underwood 177 Constitution, when he became a candidate for re-election. My brother James, who had lost his law partner by the elevation of Judge Jeffries to the bench, as stated above, became a candidate against Col. Montague, but in this contest Colonel Montague was triumphantly elected. It was about this time that my brother moved to Baltimore, as I have already told, and in this way an enlarged field was opened for my practise.

At the expiration of Colonel Montague's service as Commonwealth's Attorney, I determined to become a candidate myself for the office. Judge John J. Dew, an intimate friend of mine, also became a candidate, and there grew out of the situation a very active campaign, with three aspirants, all of whom were conservatives (as the Democrats were then called, because the name "Democrat" was not pleasing to many of the old-line Whigs). This was a battle royal within a limited territory. Hon. John J. Dew was a graduate of the University of Virginia, thoroughly equipped for his chosen profession; his father, Frank B. Dew, belonged to a large and influential family of the county, and his uncle, Thomas R. Dew, was professor of law at William and Mary College and had a national reputation for his ability and success as a teacher. The writer, the youngest of the three, came out triumphant in this contest, by a small majority.

If I were asked to point out the most important thing that brought about my success, I would say, with but little hesitation, that it was the large influence in a business way that my father had in the county. For twenty years successively, he had been 178 elected Commissioner of the Revenue by a majority of twelve justices in the county, as was

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then the law, and continued to be so elected until the new Constitution of 1849–50 was adopted, which made the office of Commissioner of Revenue elective by the people. I give a single instance to illustrate this, though there were many others.

I was about to start out electioneering during my campaign, shaking hands and becoming acquainted with many people personally unknown to me but friends and acquaintances of my father. Our county was known as a “shoe-string” county, extending for sixty-five miles along the Mattaponi River and averaging in width only about six miles. My father made a suggestion to this effect: “In as far as you can, call upon my especial friends, if only to exchange a word. But there is a most ardent friend of mine, the blacksmith at Centreville, some twenty miles below here. Be sure to call upon him at his shop. Tell who you are and your mission in canvassing the county, and that will be sufficient.” So, following his directions, I arrived at the blacksmith's premises, and he came out to meet me. I had never seen him before, but I told him I was Colonel John Pollard's son and what my mission was. As soon as I mentioned my father's name, he called to a negro man, “Come here, Jim, and take Mr. Pollard's horse; put it in the stable and feed it.” Then turning to me, “You are going to take dinner with me.” I protested in a polite way, but he was immovable and declared that he would never let the son of Col. John Pollard leave his home before a meal was to be served without partaking of it with him. And he was ever afterwards a loyal 179 friend and supporter, in politics and otherwise, of “Col. John Pollard's son.” A noble old man he was, and I am glad to be able to record that he is the paternal ancestor of two distinguished Baptist ministers, one of whom serves as pastor in a large city of this State. Peace to his ashes!

The term of office was four years, and from the election on that occasion until my removal from the county, in the year 1889, I was continuously reelected. During the last year of my incumbency in the office of Commonwealth's Attorney, party lines in the county became more tightly drawn, and it is a well-known fact that, along party lines, the Republican vote in the county was larger than that of the Democrats, the division being almost entirely one of color. Hence it became more important, in order for a Democrat to be elected, for

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the Democratic Party to draw to some extent upon the Republican vote. Such was the case in the political situation at that time (1887). At the time now referred to, I was and had been, from the year 1881, the Democratic representative from the county of King and Queen to the House of Delegates of Virginia. During the election in which I was defeated, pending the campaign, an extra session was called and the Legislature was then wrestling with, I think, the greatest and most acrimonious issues of half a century. My position in the Legislature at that time involved the most important question that ever confronted me. The pendency of an effort to settle the State debt was at its most acute stage and I, by virtue of my chairmanship of the House Committee on Finance, had to choose between remaining at my post of duty or leaving my position in the Legislature 180 and returning to my county during the canvass for Commonwealth's Attorney to seek my reelection. The former course was chosen; the election occurred; and I was defeated, honorably be it said, by a majority of seventeen votes, by the Hon. Claggett B. Jones, the present incumbent, who since then has been appointed to the circuit judgeship of his county. Mr. Jones was later elected from King and Queen County to the Constitutional Convention of 1901–02, and served with distinction, in so doing proving a worthy successor of his grandfather, who had served in the similar Convention of 1829–30, which is often spoken of as among the ablest legislative bodies that ever assembled in America and which numbered among its members such men as Madison, Monroe and Marshall.

I had the confidence and regard of the colored people to such an extent that a considerable number of them, though Republican, stood by me in the last contest that put them to the test, though many of them voted for my competitor rather than for me. All honor to the Republicans who supported me to the last!

An amusing story may be told, illustrative of the vigorous mode in which I prosecuted offenders against the law. My practice and my work as Commonwealth's Attorney necessitated my traveling about this and adjoining counties a great deal, so for this purpose I kept a light, two-wheeled gig. One day, as I drove along the public highway, I passed two of the county darkies who were ardent supporters of mine. One of them asked

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the other, "Wan't dat Mr. Speaker Pollard gwine 'long dere den?" The other replied, "Yes." "I thought 'twas," said the 181 first, "but I wan't zactly sure." "Well, I is sure," his comrade answered. "I kin always tell when Mr. Speaker Pollard come 'long de road. Jes' lissen to dem buggy wheels an' hear 'em say, 'Pen- *iten* tiary, pen- *iten* tiary, pen- *iten* tiary!' and you kin 'low 'tis him. Dat how he keeps dese here niggers so straight, 'case dey knows dat dars whar he's gwine to land 'em if'n dey don't behave deyselves." And that saying was passed around among the darkies of the county and became current among them through that whole section.

I may say right here that I was often aided and abetted in my rigid prosecution of offenders by my old friend, Mortimer Cobb, who did frequent jury duty on cases in which I was interested, and he proved himself no less intrepid and determined to carry out his beliefs and convictions in matters of law than in military affairs when he commanded the entire company of 'Yanks' to halt.

Very soon after my qualification as Commonwealth's Attorney, there was in my county quite a famous criminal case that I had to prosecute—namely, the Commonwealth versus Skelton. It involved the trial of the defendant for the alleged burning of a large watermill located in the upper end of the county. The defendant was the son of a somewhat well-to-do citizen, who had been a justice of the peace. The evidence necessary to conviction was mainly, if not wholly circumstantial. This young man was fairly well educated and moved among the moderately well-to-do people of his county. It was the first important criminal case prosecuted by me after my election as Commonwealth's Attorney. Arrayed against me were 182 all the most prominent lawyers practicing at the bar of King and Queen, and the defense was greatly pressed by them. My predecessor in office, Colonel E. B. Montague, of far more than ordinary ability, was the leading counsel, and Colonel William R. Aylett, then Commonwealth's Attorney of King William County, also represented the defense. For these reasons, the result was looked upon with the keenest interest by

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members of the community, as in their minds it was more or less a test of my capacity to “cope with so formidable adversaries.”

I do not remember how long the trial of the case lasted, but certainly no less than a week. The result was a victory for the State, and I was naturally greatly complimented by my perhaps too partial friends upon the result. When it was ended, the prisoner was told to stand up and receive his sentence (as the custom was) at the hands of the judge. The trial took place before that distinguished and dignified judge, Hon. J. H. C. Jones, who in discharging the solemn duty proceeded to sentence the prisoner. The latter was asked if he had ought to say as to why judgment should not be entered in conformity with the verdict of the jury. He, not being familiar with this formality, did not know how to answer, but, determined to be equal to the occasion and to maintain the blase air which he had assumed throughout the trial, blurted out, “I have nothing to say, please your Honor, except I wish to thank you for the fair and impartial manner in which you have presided over this court, and you, too, gentlemen of the jury, and,” catching sight of me, with some hesitation he 183 added, “you, Mr. Pollard, for the fair and impartial manner in which you have conducted the prosecution.”

This reminds me of another incident, on a similar occasion, before Judge Coleman, of the Circuit Court. He was delivering sentence on a convicted murderer in Caroline County. The sheriff stood, as was the custom, by the side of the prisoner, and observing that he was entirely listless and inattentive while the death sentence was being pronounced upon him in the usual solemn manner, nudged him and told him to pay attention to what was being said. The prisoner, without shifting his listless attitude and attending assiduously to his quid of tobacco, answered with intense scorn in his tone, “ *Who* you talking about listening to— *Dick Coleman*? Aw shucks! *He* ain't no orator nohow.”

I am reminded, in this connection, of defending, soon after the War, a slander suit in King William County, instituted by Mr. C— against Dr. Roland Lewis. The alleged slander grew out of a heated argument between these two gentlemen concerning an election,

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wherein Dr. Lewis, a physician of large practice, had spoken in a very uncomplimentary way of Mr. C—, a prominent farmer, living near Sweet Hall. They happened to meet at the country store and the conversation became heated, then violent and denunciatory. Dr. Lewis claimed that Mr. C— had deserted the Democratic Party in an election under not very honorable circumstances. After the plaintiff, through his counsel, had laid before the jury his grievance against Dr. Lewis, I began to cross-examine one of the witnesses. A man of rather poor education had testified for Mr. C—. I took him in hand in rather a confiding manner, making my 184 language as conciliatory as possible. I asked the witness if he was not well acquainted with both of the parties to the suit, and if he did not believe them to be gentlemen of high character and good reputation in the community. He replied in the affirmative to both questions. I then took the declaration filed in the case, which was, as is the custom, extremely defamatory, and read it to the witness with great emphasis, and then asked him if he believed it was true. He promptly responded that he did not, that “the gentlemen was just mad at the time” and he didn't believe a word of it; that both of them were gentlemen and they didn't mean what they had said, and, “as to being damaged in that big sum of money mentioned in that thar paper, 'twartn't true and ev'ybody *knowed* 'twarn't true.” Mr. Haw, counsel for the plaintiff, objected to this method of questioning the witness, but the presiding judge refused, as he said, “to tell the witness what to say, as he evidently knew what he was talking about.” Pressing the situation a little further, I remarked that I feared, when Mr. Haw came to argue the case, that he would seek to excite in the minds of the jury a prejudice in favor of his client by weeping over the monstrous outrage perpetrated on him. Sure enough, when he came to argue the case, Mr. Haw became so wrought up with indignation for his client that he could not restrain the tears coming into his eyes, thus producing perhaps the most ludicrous situation that I have ever seen in a court. The jury promptly rendered a verdict for the defendant.

One among the earliest, if not the earliest, important cases in which I was counsel before the Supreme 185 Court of Appeals of Virginia was the case of Adie against the Auditor of Public Accounts. A certain James Adie, a citizen of Great Britain, came to this State

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from Edinburgh, about 1830, and plied his trade as a stone mason. He died in Henrico County about 1850, leaving an estate worth approximately seven thousand dollars. Effort was made to locate his heirs, but without success, and, in 1860 the estate was declared to revert to the State of Virginia and was accordingly paid into the Treasury. In 1872, word was received from one Archibald Adie, or Eadie, and others, claiming to be the next of kin and the heirs at law of the said James Adie, and suit was instituted to recover his estate. This case was tried first before the Circuit Court of Richmond, with Mr. Raleigh T. Daniel, then Attorney-General, as counsel for the State, and I appeared for the plaintiffs. It came up for hearing, in February, 1874, when the Court held that the petitioners (the alleged heirs at law of James Adie) had failed to make out their case and the petition was dismissed. From this order an appeal was taken to the Supreme Court of Virginia, which was then composed of Judge Richard C. L. Moncure, President; Judges Joseph Christian, Francis T. Anderson, Walter R. Staples and Wood Bouldin. A decree was there entered reversing that of the lower court and holding, in an able opinion delivered by Judge Bouldin, that "the Circuit Court erred in deciding that the appellants have failed in making out their claim, and in dismissing their petition," and proceeded to "render such decree as the said Circuit Court ought to have rendered," recognizing the claim as valid and ordering 186 the specified sum to be paid out and apportioned in a stated manner among the litigants.

It is proper to state in this connection that, in the incipency of this litigation, Hon. George L. Christian was associated with me as counsel, but having been subsequently appointed Clerk of the Supreme Court of Appeals, he could no longer, under the statutes of this State, appear as counsel in that court, and the responsibility from that time forward wholly devolved upon my father, who was then my law partner, and upon me, then duly authorized to practice in this court.

The judges then sitting in that Court were among the ablest since the Civil War. If space permitted, many interesting occurrences might be recorded in connection with their experiences upon the bench. I remember well the extreme courtesy of several members

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of the court at that time, when dealing with young and inexperienced members of the bar, many instances of which are no doubt remembered by the few who remain after the long lapse of years. Among these, I may, with propriety, mention one of the oldest practitioners at the bar during that period, that distinguished lawyer of Halifax County, Mr. Barksdale, father of the present judge of that circuit. Upon his first appearance before that court, he made rather detailed inquiry of his partner, Mr. Carrington, as to how he could tell what impression he was making, if any, upon the court in his argument. Mr. Carrington is reported to have answered in this wise: "Very soon after commencing your argument, it is the habit of the presiding judge to get a concrete statement from the counsel as to what the contention is by the 187 attorney addressing the court. Then if he thinks well of the argument he will give his undivided attention, but if he things otherwise he will turn in his seat and look out of the window and so continue throughout the argument."

Another story that is told concerning the impression that the court made upon the bar was that, in advance of a formal decision, they were thoroughly in sympathy, if possible, with the Commonwealth in all of her litigation and ready to render a decision in her favor if this could reasonably be done. Among the leading members of the bar at the time of which I am now speaking were Colonel Robert Ould, Commissioner of Exchange of Prisoners during the war, and Mr. Daniel, the Attorney-General. For some cause, Mr. Ould, on the occasion referred to, was late in getting to court, although he had several important cases to be decided that day. Mr. Daniel, however, appeared promptly, heard the decisions and was leaving the court-room, whistling as was a noticeable habit of his as he walked along the street, when he met Mr. Ould coming in. Said he, "Good morning, Daniel. What's the news?"

Mr. Daniel replied, "No news at all. Nothing new; the Commonwealth's still ahead."

This reminds me of a somewhat similar occurrence between the court and the barristers practising therein. Mr. William Green, originally of Orange County but later one of the most prominent lawyers of this city, was a notoriously rapid talker when delivering an argument

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in court. There was, on the occasion referred to, associated with him in a case, Mr. Robert Morson, proverbially slow and deliberate. Mr. Daniel, 188 who was considered one of the wits and a close observer of what passed in the Court of Appeals, was present and intensely interested in the argument of the case. Another member of the bar, noting his keen interest, asked him what he thought of the argument. Purposely avoiding a direct answer, his comment was, "I was just thinking that I wouldn't care to live any longer than it would take Robert Morson to deliver Billy Green's speech in this case."

A very famous case that took place in Norfolk was the contested election case between Hon. John E. Massey and Hon. John E. Wise for the position of Congressman-at-large for the State of Virginia. During the taking of evidence in this case, a remark was made by Mr. Massey that has become almost historical. A word of explanation regarding the circumstances is necessary. It was well-known that Mr. Wise had in the past been something of a duellist, but he had since become convinced of the evils of this practice and had announced his determination to give it up in future. When he was elected to the legislature, it was necessary for that body to vote a special dispensation in his case permitting him to serve (on account of the Constitutional clause regarding duelling) before he could qualify. This was done, he pledged himself never again to engage in a duel, had even gone so far as to refuse a challenge, and it was largely due to his influence that the custom was finally abolished. Now, however, he became so infuriated at something stated in the evidence and at Mr. Massey's keen thrusts that he made an assault upon Mr. Massey, striking him with his fist. Without returning his violence, Mr. Massey with his usual self-possession 189 drew back in a calm and dignified manner and said, "I perceive, sir, that with combatants you are a non-combatant, but with non-combatants you are a combatant." This was indeed a keen thrust and has become famous in the annals of personal repartee.

However, lest my reader should get a wrong impression of Mr. Wise, let me say that it would be unfair to judge him by this incident alone, for there was decidedly another side to his character. Like old Cyrano de Bergerac, underneath his bluster and his quick temper,

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his hot-headed impetuosity and his hyper-sensitiveness to anything which he regarded as an affront, he possessed a fine, high courage that valiantly sustained him. It was this that gave him the courage of his convictions—even to the extent of admitting that he had been wrong—and made him one of the few men who were willing to “push the logic of a fact to its ultimate conclusion in unmitigated act;” this that made him a loyal friend; and this that enabled him to go smiling through his last grim contest with death. This is so perfectly shown in a letter written by him to a mutual friend shortly before he died that I shall insert this letter here.

Bryn Mawr Hospital, Bryn Mawr, Pa., November 21, 1912.

My Dear John:

I was real glad to get your letter of the 20th. I am probably dying here in this hospital. I do not mean to say that I will expire today or tomorrow, but I am in the condition of a ‘struck bird.’ 190 I will not ‘fly with the flock’ any more. Poor old flock! How many of the lusty young cocks have gone to living chiefly on the memories of our strutting days! Geo. Gerhard (Dr. Gerhard), whom I dragged out of Onancock Creek when he fell off the wharf, ‘only’ fifty-seven years ago, is now trying to drag me out of the Styx in which I came near falling, body and breeches, about three weeks since. He thumps me and bumps me, and throws nitro-glycerine, digitalis, salts and nux vomica, and God knows what, into me, and says that the case is not so bad, and that he can patch me up, etc. I thank him, and am credulous to a proper degree, without elation, for what’s the difference? I have lived sixty-six years, and have had one hundred years of fun. “Leaves have their time to fall, and flowers their period of decay.” I have tried hard to meet life’s responsibilities cheerfully and bravely because I knew that I had to meet them. In the same spirit of philosophy I shall meet death’s inevitable summons, neither seeking it, nor shunning it. I comfort myself for life’s failures by the thought that I did my very best to succeed better, and I leave the problem of the great beyond in the hand of Him who has shut out its mysteries from me, but whose blessed promises of mercy and forgiveness I accept with the faith of a little

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child. Until now he has been better to me, a thousand times over, than I deserved, and while I know how unworthy I have always been, I shall live and die hoping that I shall not, by any pains of death, be suffered to pass from the sheltering arms of Jesus.

Now, this is a sermon for you, old man, and God bless you! Of course, I was glad to get your letter, 191 and have often thought of you since I have been here. I shall probably be up and around again in a month or so, and hope to return to Kiptopike by way of Richmond. I sit and watch the glorious Indian Summer weather and wish for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of voices that are still.

Yours affectionately, John S. Wise.

To John L. Grubbs, Esq., Richmond, Va.

The most notable of all the criminal cases in which I ever took part as counsel was one originating in the city of Richmond in which I was called upon to act as associate counsel for the defense—namely, the Commonwealth versus Cluverius. This case occurred in the year 1885 and proved to be one of the most noted criminal cases in the annals of this Commonwealth. It is generally mentioned as belonging in the class with the Jeter Phillips case and the McCue case—the most notorious murder cases in the State.

Thomas J. Cluverius resided in King and Queen County, near Little Plymouth. He was a fairly well-educated young man, having finished both the academic and the law course at Richmond College. He was of respectable parentage and a nephew of Mrs. Tunstall, of Little Plymouth, whose husband was a retired merchant of large estate. Many years before the occurrences here related, he had died, leaving his widow the principal if not the whole of his estate. Young Cluverius, it was anticipated, would at Mrs. Tunstall's death fall heir to the property left by her late husband. She had educated the young 192 man and made it possible for him to move in respectable society in her community. Among her numerous nieces and nephews, besides young Cluverius, was a Miss Lilian Madison, of King William County. These two cousins—Lilian Madison and Thomas Cluverius—

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frequently met at their aunt's residence and they became sweethearts. While she moved in a very respectable class in the community, yet her parents were not of sufficient means to educate the young woman for the social position in which she herself wished to move and, with becoming independence and aspiration, she undertook school teaching in Craig county, and it was from there that she came to the city of Richmond, where she committed suicide by drowning herself in the reservoir, or was by some murderously inclined companion thrown into the water and thus drowned.

The counsel employed for the prosecution would necessarily have been Hon. Samuel B. Witt, of the Richmond bar, but for the fact that he was distantly related to Cluverius himself, and it became the duty of the judge of the Hustings court in such a situation to appoint counsel. Those appointed were Hon. Charles V. Meredith, then a young lawyer rapidly gaining distinction; and Hon. William R. Aylett, hereinbefore mentioned as the able prosecuting attorney of King William county. For the defense, there appeared Hon. A. Browne Evans, for a long time Commonwealth's Attorney of Middlesex and among the leading members of the bar in Eastern Virginia; Hon. W. W. Crump and his son, Beverley T. Crump, leading members of the Richmond bar; and the author of these sketches, then Commonwealth's Attorney of 193 King and Queen county. On account of the prominence of some at least of the counsel engaged in this case, a royal battle was anticipated. The trial commenced early in the month of May, 1885, and continued through that month. No honorable effort to save the life of the defendant was omitted, nevertheless he was convicted of murder in the first degree and, after a most persistent effort to secure a new trial had failed (only one of the five judges of the Court of Appeals dissented from the final judgment) he was finally executed, at the duly appointed time.

As to this result, it was said by one of the newspaper reporters assigned to the case: "A prolonged legal struggle resulted in a verdict of guilty. Of course, the case was carried to the State Supreme Court, which sustained the lower tribunal, despite the hundreds of exceptions which had been noted. Judge Drury A. Hinton, of Petersburg, filed a dissenting opinion. It was my fortune to be present when he handed this paper to the clerk of the

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court. 'It is, he said, 'a perfect exposition of the prisoner's innocence.' . . . About this time the discussion in the papers, through the medium of 'Communications,' broke out afresh. It was a dull day when a journal did not carry several columns of these.'**

* Herbert T. Ezekiel.

Since the conviction of the prisoner had depended almost entirely upon circumstantial evidence, there remained serious doubt in the minds of many intelligent and conscientious persons as to the legal guilt of Cluverius. To illustrate: the Rev. William E. Hatcher, a distinguished minister of the gospel and the spiritual adviser of the prisoner, was one of the 194 persons who seriously doubted whether the evidence, under the rules of law, was sufficient to justify the jury in finding a verdict of "guilty beyond a reasonable doubt."

In a letter to his son, under date of December 5th, 1886, Dr. Hatcher writes:

"The interest in Cluverius is very intense. Everybody seems sorry for him and there is much hope that his sentence may be commuted. But I see faint chance for him. I have never believed the Governor would interfere."*

* William E. Hatcher. a Biographer, by his son, page 240

On account of his close connection with the prisoner, it was believed by the public in general that Dr. Hatcher would have intimate knowledge of the crime, and when rumor and speculation as to a possible confession by the prisoner reached its height he was beset with questions from curious friends as well as from reporters who thought that he could furnish good "copy." He persistently declined to make any statement for the press, answer any questions, or permit any discussion of the matter. He did, however, after the execution issue a statement, an account of which I here quote:

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He had promised that after the execution he would unlock his lips and speak to the public. That time had now come and so . . . he wrote out the tragical story, in the shape of an “interview,” with Dr. Pitt acting as the reporter.

Next morning, as the Richmond Dispatch sped into every section of Virginia, it carried on its first page this “interview with Dr. Hatcher.” It was four 195 columns in length. . . . The following are some of the questions and answers:

Reporter. Was the effect of your association with him to increase or diminish your suspicion of his guilt? Dr. Hatcher. I am not very impressible and men have to be quite magnetic to take possession of me. I traveled slowly in forming my judgment of Cl—, but I must say that while I never expressed any opinion one way or the other, I found myself gradually drifting to the conviction that Cl— was not a murderer. . . . What to do and how to do it to be of real Christian service to the helpless object of my charge, were harassing and bewildering problems. At one moment, I faced the possibility of his guilt and feared that he would brave death without a confession. At another, I wondered whether he might not defer his confession until brought to the scaffold and then make it when it would be wrong in its motive and worthless in its effect. At another, and indeed very often, I suffered the agonies of a dreadful apprehension lest after all, being an innocent man, he might die the victim of the law's mistake.

Reporter. Did he make any confession, or give any hint of it?

Dr. Hatcher. Not one word, and nothing occurred that suggested to me that he was struggling to keep back any secret.*

* William E. Hatcher, *a Biography*, pages 251–2.

As might be expected, during the trial there were some occurrences which were more amusing than vital to enliven the seriousness of the tragedy. Among these I beg to record one concerning a distinguished Episcopal rector who was able, through the intervention of

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his intimate friend, Hon. R. Taylor Scott, (then Attorney General, as hereinbefore stated) to attend the trial. Public opinion and interest in the 196 trial had waxed so strong, I may say by way of explanation, that it had become necessary to limit admission to the courtroom and make it by card only. It seems that the visiting minister prided himself upon his ability to read character from faces, so he had requested that Mr. Scott should not point out for him the prisoner, but let his own unerring (?) judgment select him by his appearance. Entering the courtroom, he, without the least delay, pointed to me, one of the counsel for the accused, and said, "That is the man. I'd hang him on his face."

Another anecdote less personal than the foregoing but perhaps more amusing (the narrator himself being the judge), relates a passage at arms by the counsel for defense, Colonel William R. Aylett. It occurred in this way. Dr. William H. Taylor, City Coroner, who had testified for the Commonwealth, was under re-examination by the counsel for the defense. He was asked by Colonel Aylett concerning a certain distance spoken of by him to state his knowledge of same, as a most searching examination was being made to fix exactly this distance. He seemed to hesitate. The counsel, in a very gracious manner towards the witness, suggested that perhaps his eyesight was in some degree defective (he was near-sighted) by reason of his age or otherwise, and that there might be some question as to his ability to correctly estimate distance. "Dr. Taylor," he asked,

"Will you please tell the jury, in a direct answer just how far you can see," Without hesitation he replied, "Ninety-two and a half million miles." He paused a few moments to let his auditors recover from their astonishment, then continued, "I really can see very well, for I 197 can see the sun, and scientists tell us it is that distance from the earth." He was excused from further questioning on that point.

Anent the Cluverius case. I wish to say that I have been kindly furnished with the correspondence between Hon. John D. Lawson, LL. D., Emeritus Professor of Law at the University of Missouri, Columbus, Mo., and Hon. Beverly T. Crump, Judge of the Law and

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Equity Court of this city and one of the associate counsel in that case. In one of his letters to Mr. Crump, Dr. Lawson says:

The package from yourself and Mr. Pollard arrived safely and its contents will be of the greatest value to me in the work of reporting for Am(ericana) St(ate) Tr(ials) the trial of Cluverius. What you tell me in your letter concerning his actions and conduct in his last days is most interesting. I suppose it will never be absolutely certain, in this world at least, whether he was guilty or was innocent of the murder.

Your father's speech to the jury, I have read with the most intense interest. In my perusal in the last ten years of all the great speeches to juries made by great lawyers, I have come across few that are superior in the line of forensic oratory to his. In my opinion it well deserves a place with those of America's legal orators that I am giving in full in my work. I refer to such speeches as those of Daniel Webster in the Trial of Knapps, of Rufus Choate in the Trial of Dalton, of James T. Brady in the Trial of General Sickles, of Thomas Marshall in the Trial of Ward, of Sargeant S. Prentiss in the Trial of Wilkinson.

The work upon which Mr. Lawson was engaged was, as its name would indicate, a compilation of the authentic histories of the most famous criminal cases in 198 this country, and at the time of the above letter (1920) had reached twenty-four completed volumes. I do not know how many more have since been added. As to the purpose of the work, Mr. Lawson wrote, "I would point out to you that *American State Trials* is destined to be for the United States what *Howell's State Trials* is for England, the repository of the history of criminal trials and the oratory of the bar to juries; from which future historians will draw their information. The work is not going to be duplicated for many years if at all."

In those days, as is true to some extent at least today, Court Day was the big event in the county and for miles around. Not only did the people flock to town on the opening day, but the entire term of court was marked by heightened business and social activities which nothing else could call forth in a rural community, unless perhaps it might be a

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“protracted meeting.” It was the occasion for meetings between fardistant neighbors and friends. Farmers came in to bring their produce for exchange, and at the same time hear the arguments, and, in many instances, brought their womenfolk along with them to go shopping. Many visiting lawyers would be present, often attorneys from Richmond or from Norfolk, who could give us the news and gossip of the metropolis. Members of the bar who resided too far from the courthouse to return home at nights necessarily gathered at the county tavern, or, if fortunate enough to be invited to do so by friends in the neighborhood, at some private house at or near the courthouse. The occasion was made an excuse for big “dining-days,” with parties, dances, and social gatherings galore to fill in 199 the evenings, so that many of the more prosperous homes looked as if a huge house-party was under way. In short, the whole county-seat buzzed like an animated bee-hive. In the evenings, we lawyers, if I may paraphrase Riley's immortal “Orphant Annie,” would gather in the tavern, around the huge chimney-corner, with its blazing logs, and with pipe and glass at hand for those who so desired, would “have the mostest fun” “swapping” yarns and listening to stories rare, rich and racy.

I recall one that has been often retold. On this occasion several of the attorneys were invited to spend the night at the charming home of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Winston. Among the guests was a well-known travelling man, Mr. Ben Nelson, of Richmond, a nephew of Mrs. Winston. On these occasions the conversation drifted in many directions and touched upon many and diverse subjects. On this particular evening it happened to drift, on my initiative, to the subject of the size of new-born babies. I had begun the discussion by remarking that I had a distinct recollection of one of my great-aunts having often commented on what a tiny baby my father was, and to give emphasis to her statement that he was unusually small she said she had made a particular test so as to put this fact on record. She took a ring from her finger and passed it over one of the baby's hands and it easily passed up to his shoulder. Several others contributed their opinions, and Mr. Winston told of having heard of a baby so small that it could be comfortably placed in a quart coffee-pot. Finally Ben Nelson said, without cracking a smile, “Why, Uncle Mat, that's

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nothing. You and Cousin Henry haven't 200 seen anything. *I once knew* a little baby so small that his mother put him in a coffee-pot and he crawled out of the spout." This broke up the seance, but my cousin, Mr. Winston, gave expression to his disgust and contempt for the climax of the story and informed his nephew, Ben, that he didn't intend to have his guests ridiculed in this absurd manner and he would like to have him preserve the proper amenities while visiting at his house.

Justice Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court, was fond of telling a joke on himself. He had a very dear friend in the legal profession, so his story ran, against whom he had repeatedly delivered adverse decisions when he appeared as counsel in cases that came before the Justice. However, every dog has his day and his friend had a chance to retaliate. One day when he was in Judge Brewer's office chatting with him, a green country boy came in, with a letter of introduction to the Judge. He said he had come to ask his advice as to the choice of a profession and stated that he would like to be a lawyer best of anything in the world. Judge Brewer asked him *why* he felt that way about it. "Well," he said, "I think it must be just wonderful to be a judge, and they make judges out of lawyers, don't they?" Before Brewer had a chance to reply, his friend cut in with the answer, "Once in a while they do, my boy, but not often."

This rather caustic flash of humor reminds me of an unconscious witticism of Judge Robertson's which was rendered all the funnier by being entirely unintentional on his part. Two years ago, (1920) when the State Bar Association met in Richmond, and Vice-President 201 Marshall allowed himself to be cajoled to leave his "office adjacent to the Cave of the Winds in the Capitol" and come down to make the address of the occasion, the meeting was followed by an automobile tour of the city, winding up with a reception at the Country Club, where a buffet supper was served. Judge Robertson, of Hopewell, was standing on the veranda of the clubhouse with his wife and a party of friends, and as the cars came up he recognized many of his acquaintances from all over the State. "Why, there's Judge B—!" he exclaimed. "And there's Judge A.—" This occurred a number of times in succession, and at last he turned to his party and said most delightedly, "By Jove!

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I do believe there are more judges than lawyers here!" He was most surprised when we all roared with laughter and had to have his clever little bit of satire explained to him before he realized what he had said.

There was a very prominent lawyer, in King and Queen county, a bachelor, who had a great many phrases that were static. He was very secretive in his court-room manner, very desirous to "spring" something not anticipated by the other side. Among his pet phrases was, "Now, gentlemen of the jury, I will let the cat out of the wallet." He, of course, had the professional habit of the cult of carrying the inevitable green bag, tied with a draw-string at the top. This bag was in those days even more patently the mark of a lawyer than the brief-case is today, and in this he carried his papers likely to be used, placing it on the bar in front of the court. Now around any county courthouse, there were always a lot of young men, perhaps preparing for the legal profession themselves, 202 who kept a watchful eye upon the leading lawyers, noting what they said and what they left unsaid, and mentally recording the characteristic expressions of different ones. This time a crowd of these young men had arranged in advance to give it a turn when this lawyer used his favorite expression. It became his turn to speak and he began his peroration in most impressive style, working up to a climax, when he reached down under the bar (which was a plain bench in front of the judge's stand) and picked up the green bag, saying, in his best style, "Now, gentlemen, I will proceed to let the cat out of the wallet." Before he had hardly gotten the words out of his mouth, out jumped a very much scared black cat, clawed its way up his shoulders and over his head onto the judge's desk, thence jumped down into the court room and scampered out through an open window, amid howls of laughter from the amused spectators and court room loungers.

A progenitor of the large and influential Ryland family in my county was Josiah Ryland, a carpenter by trade. Speaking only of the male members of the family, among his descendants was his son, Rev. Robert Ryland, President of Richmond College and, for many years prior to the Civil War and for some time after emancipation, the devoted and faithful pastor of the First African Church of Richmond. The second son was William

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Ryland, of King William county. His next son was Josiah Ryland, Jr., my honored and beloved preceptor before the Civil War, a lieutenant in the Thirty-fourth Virginia Infantry during the War, and subsequently a prominent merchant of this city, the father of Miss Cally Ryland, 203 the authoress. Rev. Charles H. Ryland, D. D., was the financial secretary of Richmond College, now called the University of Richmond, and father of Professor Garnett Ryland.

While the ancestors of this distinguished coterie were all, I think, of a highly cultured family and attained to high and commanding positions, yet at least two of the sons failed to develop any particular interest in education or in the political and business activities of the day. Especially was this true of his son, Samuel P. Ryland. His father frequently urged him, after he attained his majority and became active in farming, that he should take greater interest in the business affairs of the community in which he lived, and with that end in view urged him to attend the county court and in that way get into the civic life of his neighbors. The courthouse in every Virginia county was the assembling ground for the people of the entire community, it having been provided by law that the county officials should "Purchase so much land as, with what it has, shall make two acres, whereof what may be necessary for the purpose shall be occupied with the courthouse, clerk's office, and jail, and the residue planted with trees, and kept as a place for the people of the county to meet and confer together."*

* Code of Virginia, Section 2854.

But this son of his seemed so entirely absorbed in his farming that he had never seen the wisdom of this provision and had omitted, as his father thought, availing himself of it. Therefore, he urged him to be more regular in this duty. He became impressed and finally, on a bright day in July, determined to go with some of his neighbours to court. It so happened that 204 a very serious breach of the peace occurred, before he reached the courthouse, and it was with considerable difficulty that the offender against the law was arrested, as he resisted and was violent in his demonstrations against the officers of the

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law. In such a case, it became the duty of the sheriff to summon bystanders to aid in the arrest. Among these was Samuel P. Ryland. Not only was he called on to aid in making the arrest, but he was later summoned as a witness, when the case came to trial. It was an important case and long contested in the courts, causing him much loss of time and annoyance thereby, so he rather doubted the wisdom of his father in urging him to attend court. Often thereafter, he detailed this occurrence and related it as an incident in which his father's advice happened not to be wise.

More than once during the preparation of these sketches, my mind has reverted to the many interesting reminiscences connected with the life of my distinguished uncle, James Madison Jeffries, who was born in King and Queen county. He was my mother's only brother and was educated at William and Mary College, there meeting the youths coming from the best families in every section of Virginia. One of his best friends was John Randolph Tucker, one of the ablest, if not the ablest, of that name, who had figured in the judicial and political circles of the entire State, and the father of Hon. Harry St. George Tucker, the present representative from the Tenth Congressional District. For courtly manner, I think I may say that Uncle James was not excelled in my observation; for a wide and extended acquaintance, he was everywhere favorably recognized; as judge on the circuit bench of 205 the State, he served with distinction until he reached some eighty odd years of age. His three daughters were well-educated and moved in the best society in Richmond as well as in their native county. Two of his nephews, my Brother James and I myself, as learned from what goes before in these sketches, received his cordial recognition, and if there was any partiality in his attitude towards us, it was for my brother, his namesake. His legal library was extensive and valuable, and varied in its scope. Among the volumes on his shelves was an autographed set of Sheil's *Sketches of the Irish Bar*, in two volumes. He frequently made quotations from these delightful volumes, and I remember one from Tom Moore which is found in that book and which was among his favorites:

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"Who treads alone Some banquet-hall deserted, Whose lights are fled, Whose garlands dead, And all but he departed; Thus in the stilly night ere slumber's chain has bound me, Sad memory brings the light of other days around me."

Late in life he made me a present of this favored work.

I recall that Uncle James delighted to extend the courtesies of his court, while in session, to distinguished visitors, taking pains to have them seated by the side of the judge. Among his ardent friends and admirers were a number of distinguished men whom he had met during his college days and whose regard he highly cherished. Among these was Hon. Thomas Croxton, a member of the bar of Essex county, who 206 was near his own age, and between them there was a most friendly and cordial association throughout all their lives. He sometimes indulged in little plesantries and among them I remember this one. His court was in session in Tappahannock, which town was reached by a regular line of steamers from Baltimore and Fredericksburg. On the occasion referred to, a gentleman of more than ordinary distinction, to judge by appearances, but without any acquaintances in town, arrived. He sought the courthouse, where the learned judge was holding court. The appearance of the stranger attracted the judge's attention. Very soon he was called on as a witness and, as usual, the clerk proffered the Bible on which to take oath. The judge, as only he could do, in his courtly manner, interposed and inquired whether the witness would prefer to be sworn before testifying or would affirm, as it was his right to do. Looking at the judge with some degree of curiosity, as he had never been offered this choice before, he said, "Judge, I don't care a d—." My uncle's friend, Mr. Croxton, ventured after court to twit him not a little about this episode.

While I am speaking of Mr. Croxton, who is also my friend and a distant relative of mine, I will relate this incident, out of which he and his friends got no little amusement at my expense. We were on opposite sides of a hotly contested case. It so happened that it was more or less a family affair between the litigants, and one side had employed Mr. Croxton and the other was represented by me. Mr. Croxton assailed very violently the credibility

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of one of my witnesses while he lauded the veracity of his own. I answered 207 by saying that I did not think it was reasonable to suppose that there could be such a wide difference between the two witnesses as they were brothers. Mr. Croxton parried that thrust by reminding the court that I had a distinguished brother who was a minister of the gospel and was serving the Lord every day of his life, while his brother, as everybody knew, was serving the devil.

As an offset to this, however, it was not long after the foregoing had occurred before I got even with my highly esteemed comrade, in a legal tilt in his own court (Essex county). He again attempted to depreciate the value of testimony given by one of my witnesses, in a rigid cross-examination. Mr. Croxton boldly asked if this witness of mine was not generally known to be one of the biggest liars in "Texas," the territory in which the witness lived, lying close to that immediate part of Tappahannock in which Mr. Croxton himself resided. This territory was a rather wild section occupied by a rather poor, reckless element of more or less lawless character, hence its nickname. I asked, *sotto voce*, if "Texas" did not include Tappahannock, where everyone knew Mr. Croxton lived, thus turning the laugh upon him.

These reminiscences of the court-room bring to mind one of the appointees under military rule—an extremely ignorant but very partisan Re-adjustor. He went to a Confederate judge to be sworn in as justice of the peace, stating that he wanted the judge to *qualify* him. "Come on, sir," said the judge. "I'll swear you but only God Almighty could ever *qualify* you."

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In the year 1889, one of my most ardent political friends, George Hunley, who was for several years the representative from Mathews county in the general assembly, son-in-law of Phillip Golsan, on his own initiative suggested to me the propriety of seeking appointment as assistant general counsel for the Southern Railway system (at that time designated as the Richmond & Danville Railway Company), to succeed Judge W. R.

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Staples, assistant to General W. H. Payne, who was then general counsel. With my consent he secured from the general assembly, then in session, some thirty odd names to a petition, dated December 6, 1889, addressed to General Payne and using the following language: "We, the undersigned members of the house of delegates, take pleasure in commending to your favorable consideration the application of Hon. H. R. Pollard to be appointed to the position of counsel for the R. & D. R. R. Co., from which Judge W. R. Staples has resigned. His reputation for energy, integrity, and ability as an attorney give assurance that every interest committed to him will be faithfully protected." The signers of this paper were undoubtedly among the most influential members of both Houses of the General Assembly, as well as some who were of State and national importance. They were Judge A. E. King; Pembroke Pettit, Commonwealth's Attorney for Fluvanna county; George Hunley, Commonwealth's Attorney for Mathews county; Congressman James Hay, now one of the presiding federal judges of the United States court, in Washington; P. C. Cabell; Congressman E. W. Saunders, who later became one of the five judges of the Supreme Court of Virginia and died while in 209 that office; W. P. Dupuy; S. S. Wilkins; H. D. Flood, then senator from Appomattox and later member of congress and chairman of the house committee on foreign relations during the recent world war; G. M. Cochran; H. H. Downing; P. W. Magruder; John A. Curtis; I. M. Silver; J. M. Johnston; J. S. Mason; J. A. Pilcher; Thomas J. Graves; J. Owens Berry; B. W. Arnold; Judge J. E. Mason; Judge W. D. Dabney; Judge D. W. Bolden; Joseph Hobson; E. L. Roberts; A. B. Lightner; J. E. Brodwater; T. J. Fentress; B. C. Chambers; John A. Browning; John T. Byrd; W. Campbell; C. J. Hill; James S. Jones; Judge George S. Shackelford; J. F. Garland.

Whether this paper was ever placed in the hands of General Payne or not, I do not remember ever to have been advised, and it is now made a matter of record to show the esteem and confidence with which so many of my associates in the foregoing sessions of the General Assembly (1881–89) held me. Not in some way to recognize this courtesy and regard would, I think, be wanting in appreciation, to say the least.

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It was during this same year that I removed my residence to Richmond and located with my family at No. 512 West Grace street, just across from my old friend, Judge Christian. This change of domicile, of course, necessitated my retirement from the legislature as a delegate from my native county, but it did not serve to keep me out of politics for any length of time. I was, as I have before stated, still connected with those who were struggling to attain a satisfactory settlement of the State debt. In addition to this, it was not very long before I again found myself holding 210 office, this time as city attorney for my adopted home.

Very soon after I removed my residence to Richmond, I formed a partnership with Hon. Conway R. Sands, who at that time or very soon thereafter was elected to the State Senate from this district, where he served for a number of years, continuing his partnership with me. I had, at that time, a wide acquaintance in West Point and the adjacent territory comprised in King William, New Kent, Gloucester and Middlesex counties, and enjoyed a liberal patronage in these counties in the prosecution of my profession. Major James H. Dooley had large property interests in West Point and was a leading director of the Richmond and Danville Railway Company, which had its terminal in that town. Though not a citizen of that town, yet his large experience in corporate interests made him an important and influential character in the management and control of affairs of the Richmond and West Point Terminal Company. This corporation was represented by Hon. Herbert I. Lewis, who has ever since represented the interests of that town in the courts. So potential was this influence that it completely dominated the policy of that young and at that time rapidly growing municipal corporation. It even went to the extent finally of securing the passage of an ordinance for the exemption of any tangible property from taxation, with or without, I do not know which, the approval of the town attorney above mentioned. This action on the part of the town council created great dissatisfaction among the citizens generally, and I was consulted as to the constitutionality of such an ordinance. After 211 thorough examination, I advised the citizens taking the initiative, led by Dr. C. T. Whiting, that any action taken in the direction indicated was unconstitutional and could

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not be enforced in the courts. An investigation of the situation showed that the ordinance complained of relieved the company of any municipal tax on property assessed in the town at \$710,480.15, and, as a necessity, thereby increased the burdens to be borne by the other tax-payers to that extent. Suit was, on my advice, promptly brought. A mandamus from the Supreme Court of Appeals of Virginia was applied for and, after a hard-fought contest, by a decision of the Supreme Court of this State, in the case of *Whiting et als versus* the town of West Point, this writ was granted.* It is proper, however, to say that the president of the court left open some questions that required further litigation. Judge Lewis, who was presiding, concluded his opinion in the case in the following language:

* See *Whiting et als. vs. Town of West Point*, 88 Virginia, p. 905.

It appears that of the seven members of the council when the ordinance restoring the exemption in question was passed, four were employees of the Terminal Company. The latter all voted for the ordinance, whilst those not so employed voted against it. The result was to relieve the company of a municipal tax on property assessed at \$710,480.15, thereby to that extent increasing the burdens to be borne by others. And whilst these remarks are not meant as a reflection upon the council, or any one else, yet the facts just mentioned ought to serve as a warning against establishing a doctrine in this State that has been wisely rejected elsewhere.†

† *Ibid.*, p. 914.

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There had been no concluded contract between the attorneys for the petitioners (Mr. Diggs was assisting me) as to what the fee should be if they succeeded, but it was tentatively agreed upon and expected that ten per cent. should be paid to them. This would amount to the sum of \$71,048.01. The Terminal Company and members of the council, who were also tax-payers in the town, denied any liability whatsoever and, by subsequent legislation, attempted to rid the town altogether of any personal liability for the amount of this fee,

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or any fee whatever. However, the court and jury held them liable, and the fee was sued for, though the sum recovered was much less than that contended for. This case was an important one, as appears from the opinion of Judge Lewis, because it was of first impression in Virginia.

It was through this litigation that I became personally acquainted with Major Dooley, and subsequently thereby acquired his confidence and secured his patronage in other matters of large concern, especially in securing for him, through the legislature, a charter for the first trust company that was ever organized in Virginia. This was, of course, after my retirement from the general assembly. For this he paid me a liberal fee. Here again I was blazing a new trail, for the incorporation of such a company was a new thing in this State; was, at that time, an extremely unpopular idea; and was vigorously opposed in the legislature, especially by one of its ablest and most experienced members, Senator Heaton, of Fauquier, as being contrary to sound public policy, although the success of the system has since been amply demonstrated and the idea has become very generally popular.

Another suit of more than ordinary importance in which the Richmond and West Point Land, Navigation and Improvement Company was plaintiff, and the town of West Point was defendant, represented by me on behalf of the company, involving from ten to fifteen thousand dollars, was bitterly fought in the courts and finally compromised in a way satisfactory to the company.

One of the most amusing cases that I ever handled came to me soon after my removal to Richmond. Were I a novelist, instead of a sober and sedate chronicler of facts, I would perhaps turn this into a charming story of the O. Henry type. As it is, I shall simply give the bare facts, and bequeath it to any of my reader friends among the dear "General Public" to dress it in fiction form if they care to. As I have stated, I had a wide acquaintance in the eastern counties and many of these friends and acquaintances continued to bring me their law practice even after I had moved to town. Among these was a Mr. F—, a very wealthy

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merchant who owned a chain of stores and carried on a large trade with local fishermen in clams and oysters. One of his stores in Middlesex was in charge of two clerks, young men by the name of B—. One of his many business associates was a Mr. C—, who, each year, had a large contract to supply Mr. F—with oysters. Mr. C—was very old and most of his business was looked after by two daughters, very capable women but no longer “in the first bloom of youth” as contemporary fiction of that time would put it, as they were close onto the thirties. 214 Mr. C— brought suit against Mr. F—for an alleged failure to keep his contract, and employed me as counsel. During the trial, the two clerks were called as the principal witnesses for the defense and the two ladies as witnesses for the plaintiff. It was in this way that they met, and it soon became evident that the nature of the suit would be changed and its venue carried into another court; also that there were two kinds of contracts, and that the forming of one would annul any charge of breaking the other. Before my case had been settled, a double engagement was announced between the Misses C—and the Messrs. B—, and the two elderly litigants were persuaded to compromise, Mr. F—agreeing to pay my fee.

Looking at it in retrospect, my becoming City Attorney for Richmond was more accidental than premeditated. It occurred in this wise. The differences growing out of the division in the National Democratic Party on the free coinage of silver by the national government had almost rendered hopeless the reconciliation of the two wings of the Party on the pending financial policy,—one wing of the Party led by Mr. Cleveland, and the other by Hon. B. H. Hill, the Senator from New York State. This division of sentiment on this important issue had almost disrupted the party organization in the State and especially in the city of Richmond. To give expression to the sentiment of the people on this particular subject, an independent club was organized, under the name of the Anti-Cleveland Club, of which I was made the President. This club was composed mainly of active political leaders and workers. So far as I knew 215 or believed, it was not contemplated that this division of sentiment should control the purposes or policy of either Party. Hon Charles V. Meredith, recognized then as one of the active party leaders of the city, was an ardent

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“gold democrat,” while I was known as an active friend of Senator Hill, of New York, as the candidate for the Democratic nomination at the approaching convention. At that time Mr. Louis Wendenburg was an active politician and also politically a great friend of Senator Hill, though he never became affiliated with the anti-Cleveland Club. Therefore, when he came up for re-election four years later, during the Bryan campaign, these old grudges and differences of opinion still held. So acute was the sentiment that it seemed to render Mr. Meredith unpopular with a large body of the Democratic voters of the city, though he had served for a number of years with great efficiency and distinction as City Attorney. Though solicited to become a candidate in opposition to Mr. Meredith, I declined to enter into any contest for the position and it was so understood by my personal friends. A new counsel was to be chosen at the approaching election, and only two candidates offered themselves, Mr. Meredith and Mr. Wendenburg, each one of whom had ardent friends in the City Council of Richmond. There happened to be, in the Democratic caucus of that body, four members who, on account of the attitude of Mr. Meredith on the debt question, refused to support him and, on the other hand, there were barely less than a majority who withheld their support from Mr. Wendenburg. This resulted in a dead-lock, with four refusing to vote for either candidate. To break this dead-lock, my name was proposed, 216 without my consent or knowing if I would be willing to accept the office. The four obdurate members united with the followers of Mr. Wendenburg, who were willing to compromise on me, and thus secured the necessary majority and I was accordingly elected.

At the time of my election, I happened to be in Baltimore, taking some depositions in a very important case, and only learned of my election by telegram on the next day. I remember distinctly the morning that I left on this trip. With my bag in hand, I was hurrying along Fourteenth Street on my way to the depot, when my old friend, Charlie Taylor, called to me from his office window, “Where you going, Speaker? You better not be leaving town now, because we're going to elect you City Attorney tonight!” I never dreamed that he was in earnest, but thought it was only his little jest as he was a great tease. “O no!” I answered. “I reckon not, as I'm not even a candidate.”

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After some consideration and a great deal of hesitation, I accepted the office and duly qualified. At the end of two years I was re-elected after a lively contest with Mr. Wendenburg, who vigorously conducted his own campaign with the assistance of many friends. Since this time I have been re-elected nine times (making eleven terms in all), and now, after having served the city as head of the legal department for more than twenty-two years, hold the position of advisory counsel. Last spring (1922), I was quite seriously ill for a long period, and this, together with my more than three score years and ten, served to undermine my strength to a considerable degree. In addition to this, it was obvious that the rapid growth of the city had materially increased the work of the legal department. Looking at the matter from all angles, it seemed to me that the increased duties of the office might require the services of a younger and more active man. The question was brought to the consideration of the Finance Committee of the City Council and, after carefully conferring together, they decided to re-organize my department, agreeing to accept my proposed resignation, when presented, placing a younger man at the head of the department, and naming me as advisory counsel—a new office created by this ordinance. In this plan I heartily concurred. The necessary resolution was accordingly drawn up and introduced by Councilman Jacob Umlauf, and was passed by the Council and Board of Aldermen. The late Col. George Wayne Anderson, who had been Assistant City Attorney under me ever since the creation of that position in 1907, was elected as my successor. He had proven a most able assistant—conscientious, thorough and competent—and gave promise of brilliant achievement as head of the department, when his sad demise a few days ago brought to an untimely end his promising career.

The local papers contained, in addition to the facts that I just stated, the following information:

Councilman John W. Moore moved to give the retiring director of law a vote of thanks for his long and faithful service. Alderman Julian Winfree offered as a substitute that a set of

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testimonial resolutions be drawn and presented to the veteran lawyer. The substitute was adopted. A committee to be named later will draw the resolution.

Mr. Pollard was eulogized in speeches by half a score 218 of the members, who paid tribute to his efficiency and fidelity to duty. Colonel Anderson also came in for many compliments at the hands of members of each branch of the Council when he was nominated to succeed the chief under whom he has worked for many years in the law department.

Commenting upon this change in the personnel of the department, the *News-Leader* thus spoke editorially:

The elevation of George Wayne Anderson to the post of city attorney was expected as the proper recognition of a remarkable record. There would have been surprise if the choice of the council had fallen on any other. Quietly but effectively, during the illness of Mr. Pollard and in the important cases entrusted directly to him, Colonel Anderson has safeguarded the city's interests. Tireless and careful, neither hurrying nor delaying, he has earned distinction. Oftentimes he has appeared in court when the greatest pluck and the most splendid self-control were demanded.

The retention of Henry R. Pollard as advisory counsel was equally appropriate. During the many years Mr. Pollard was city attorney, he acquired a mass of information such as perhaps no other man in the service of Richmond had. It was fitting that when he wished to lay aside routine duties, he should have been given a post acceptable to him and useful to the city. It is the hope of Richmond that he long will live to occupy his next position.

As I am writing this, news has just come of the election last night (January 9th, 1923) of State Senator James E. Cannon to succeed Colonel Anderson.

At the time of my election and qualification for the office of City Attorney, there was much litigation 219 pending to which I fell heir. Among these cases the most important was that

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of the Southern Bell Telephone Company *versus* the City of Richmond, which had already been decided in the United States Circuit Court, adversely to the City of Richmond. This case was looked upon by the legal profession as well as by the city authorities as of the utmost importance, having been conducted by Mr. Meredith as the representative of the city. At my suggestion, the Council of Richmond promptly retained Mr. Meredith as an assistant in this case, and he kindly and graciously accepted the proposition and co-operated with me to its conclusion, which resulted in a decision favorable to the city of Richmond.

Next in importance was the case of the Western Union Telegraph Company *versus* the City of Richmond, which involved on several points the principles in the above mentioned case. This was a case that was also of prime importance and attracted great attention, as it involved questions that concerned the control and use of streets and other public properties in every city of the United States. After a long-drawn-out contest it was favorably decided, in the United States Supreme Court, in favor of the city of Richmond, and this decision was accepted as final and conclusive, except on a few related questions which were subsequently favorably decided by the same court in the case of the Postal Telegraph Company *versus* the City of Richmond. I think it may be said that these three cases presented questions than which greater, on the subjects to which they related, have rarely if ever been litigated before any court.

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Soon after my retirement from the General Assembly and my removal from my native county to the city of Richmond, with the approval of Governor Fitzhugh Lee, I was appointed by the Board of Sinking Fund Commissioners to aid in the defense of a great mass of coupon litigation pending in the various courts of the Commonwealth, of both high and low degree. The most famous of these was the case of the Commonwealth *versus* McCullough, appealed by the State of Virginia from the U. S. circuit court. The main question involved was whether tax receivable coupons could be used in the payment of taxes due the Commonwealth levied for the maintenance of the public schools, and it

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was most vigorously contended by the bond holders that their receivability for taxes, as established in the Greenhow case would apply to school taxes as well as other taxes for the general maintenance of the State government.

While the decision in the McCullough case, favorable as it was to the Commonwealth, was a material advantage and, as State officials believed, decisive, yet it was not so accepted by the counsel for the bond holders. They then came forward with the proposition that the details of the settlement remain undetermined and that the definite terms should be passed upon by a Commission to be appointed by the General Assembly.

Without, I hope, the least degree of self-commendation, I beg the privilege of recording that my connection with this litigation had had no little to do with the final solution and defeat of the scheme cunningly devised by Mahone and his followers to force the acceptance 221 of their plan for the settlement of the State debt rather than a settlement on a just and equitable basis as proposed by the Democratic Party. There can probably be no better evidence of this than that by a Joint Resolution of the General Assembly I had had the honor to be appointed one of the Commission to determine the final details of the settlement. However I had firmly declined to serve upon this Commission, feeling that other duties in the General Assembly in connection with the settlement demanded my service.*

* See Code of Virginia, 1887 Preface, page iv.

The general interest of the Commonwealth in the settlement of the public debt became, not only year by year but almost daily, more acute. I do not know how better to illustrate this than to quote the following extracts from an article by the Hon. C. Lee Moore, Auditor of Public Accounts. This, I think, vividly presents the crisis that had arisen.

During his (Col. Morton Marye's) service the Commonwealth was not rich in revenue. The perplexities of the settlement of the public debt, and the tender of coupons cut from bonds of Virginia in payment of taxes was an irritating and disturbing element in the

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fiscal and political affairs of the Commonwealth, and his splendid financial ability, his firmness of action and his integrity of conduct was the foundation rock which anchored the Commonwealth safe and sound in those perilous days. Threatened with imprisonment in jail for refusal to obey the mandate of the United States District Court, the brave and intrepid Marye stood unperturbed at the head and in the forefront of the distinguished and able men of Virginia, who at that time risked personal liberty in defense of their beloved Commonwealth; and I may without 222 invidious comparison mention as associated with Colonel Marye the valuable, able and distinguished services of Hon. Henry R. Pollard, who served as Chairman of the Committee of Finance of the House of Delegates, and who was later, at the request of Colonel Marye, designated as associate counsel in coupon cases, and to the industry, fidelity and legal acumen of Mr. Pollard is due in no small degree the satisfactory and successful conclusion of that coupon and debt controversy.*

* From a Sketch of the Life of Colonel Marye, by Hon. C. Lee Moore, for the remainder of which see Appendix.

Hon. William A. Anderson, of Lexington, was also a member of the legislature during the time this question was pending and was one of the counsel for the State of Virginia in the long-drawn-out litigation that ensued. He comments as follows:

October 9th, 1922.

My valued Friend:

Your very kind letter of the 2nd instant has been received and read with very great interest...

In connection with the proceedings and acts of the General Assembly during the important session of 1883-4,... I remember with great distinctness the immensely valuable services which you rendered to the public institutions, schools, and colleges of the Commonwealth, and to the Commonwealth during that critical period in its history.

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It was my privilege and pleasure to co-operate with you in strenuous efforts to do what it was practicable for the Commonwealth to do to place the schools and 223 colleges of the State upon a sound financial footing and to rescue some of them from financial distress. . .

With assurances of my affectionate regards and high esteem,

Very truly your friend, (Signed) William A. Anderson.

Another important and hard-fought case was that of the Gallego Mills *versus* the City of Richmond (1902). It was a suit brought for damages incurred by the milling company from the breaking of the embankment which confined the water supply of the mills. This manufacturing establishment was at that time probably the largest flour manufacturing plant in the South, certainly the largest in Virginia. It had been built many years before the War, and had acquired a large foreign trade, especially with Brazil, it being alleged, and I believe truly represented, that the flour manufactured at these mills was less affected by passage through the torrid zone to Rio de Janeiro than any other made in the United States. Mr. Charles L. Todd, a citizen of Richmond with large experience in the milling business, was the president of the company and had been for many years. I was greatly impressed with his ability and competence.

As I have stated, the origin of the suit was the breaking of the embankment, by which the mill, which was a large and expensively constructed building, was flooded and the machinery and other equipment was practically destroyed. After a careful inventory of the actual damages sustained, suit was instituted to recover from the City of Richmond a sum of thirty-two 224 thousand dollars. Counsel for the milling company were Messrs. Hill Carter, John Pickrell, Charles U. Williams and E. Randolph Wellford. As City Attorney, it became my duty to represent Richmond. I was extremely fortunate in having Colonel William E. Cutshaw as chief witness to maintain the city's defense. He was a man of unusual ability—courageous, intelligent, and determined in whatever he undertook. The defense rested mainly upon the ground that, even though the city was under obligation

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to maintain the embankment in a reasonably safe condition, yet the milling company was liable for contributory negligence in not addressing itself to remedying or reporting any defect which became apparent. The successful maintenance of this contention of contributory negligence was pressed to the full extent both before the Court and the jury, who had been selected with the utmost care by the judge of the court from among citizens of Henrico County, since it was in the power of the judge to summon such a jury in city cases so that there might not be any bias or prejudice in favour of the city. The case was under trial for a week or ten days. The result was a verdict of seventy-five hundred dollars against the city—less than one-fourth of the damages claimed—thus indicating that to this extent at least the defense had succeeded.

The chief witness for the city was Colonel Cutshaw. During my service as City Attorney, he had served in many suits as witness for the city, and had acquired a reputation for shrewdness and ability in successfully meeting charges of negligence on the part of the city and its employees. On this occasion, he had been examined in chief at great length and in great detail by

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225 me. When this examination was through, the announcement was made, as is usual, that the witness was turned over to the plaintiff's counsel for examination. Mr. Hill Carter, their leading counsel, promptly answered that he did not wish to cross-examine the witness. His associates seemed greatly surprised at his frankness in so announcing. Mr. Pickrell asked him, under his breath, if he really did not wish to do this and he promptly replied, " I certainly do not wish to ask him any questions. You may take him in hand if you wish to, John." The other counsel likewise declined. This rather unusual mode of proceeding seemed to surprise the judge and he paid especial attention to the situation, with a quizzical smile, as he knew of the Colonel's wonderful ability to maintain and establish by logic and facts every statement that he made to the jury. Mr. Pickrell, with more confidence than his colleagues, proceeded to ask him a number of questions, intended to produce answers that would involve him in contradiction or expression of

some illogical condition. Interest became intense on the part of judge and jury. Mr. Carter became nervous and worried, when the only result of this questioning was that the Colonel had vindicated his position in an elaborate and convincing manner and was more strongly entrenched than ever. Finally his patience was exhausted and he leaned over and almost exclaimed, "Oh, h—! John, let him go!" This occurrence has become almost traditional and is often referred to by members of the bar to show that it is not always wise to press too far the cross-examination of a witness in the hope of winning one's own case.

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The case was appealed to the Virginia Supreme Court by the city and I remember the argument in that Court, made by the leading counsel for the plaintiff, Mr. Hill Carter. He there maintained that, as the Company was recovering only for contributory negligence, the city had won a great victory and should congratulate itself rather than complain of the result. I did not see it that way and wanted a complete acquittal, but Mr. Todd must have agreed with him, as indicated by the fact that he, very soon thereafter, employed me to defend his wife in an important suit involving some ten or fifteen thousand dollars, saying some very complimentary things concerning the defense made in the city's case. I myself frequently said of Mr. Todd that I thought he was one of the ablest all-round men that I had ever met, and that he had in him presidential timber, using the expression in an intimate knowledge of his ability to meet the most difficult situations.

One of my most valuable activities was serving as counsel for the investigating committee of the police board. The Times-Dispatch made the following editorial comment:

It is difficult to comprehend over-strenuous insistence on one tribunal or agency, rather than another, in the proposed investigation of the Police Board. As the Times-Dispatch has said on several occasions and in this exact connection, the one requisite is that the investigation be public, honest and thorough; that it makes small difference who conducts it.

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Every probability points now to the conclusion that the investigation will be in the hands of a committee of the City Council, and, if we have any preference, it is for this 227 course. There should be no difficulty in selecting for the discharge of this disagreeable, but highly necessary, duty men in whose findings the public will have every confidence.

Certainly, the duty is disagreeable, but that is not reason why it should be shirked by the chosen representatives of the people, nor has any one the right to say that it will be.

There is one aspect of the situation that should have special attention—the choice of the investigating committee's counsel. For that onerous and important function we beg again to place in nomination Richmond's able, honest and courageous City Attorney.

As indicated by the above quoted articles, there was a profound impression in the public mind that the men then serving as Commissioners on the Police Board were not of proper standing in the community or of such moral character as to satisfy the public. Charges had been made of wholesale bribery and corruption; graft was alleged, and the situation altogether had reached such a pitch that public opinion was in a furore and demanding a general “clean-up.” A committee was finally appointed from the City Council, in spite of the protest and opposition from certain members who were not desirous of an investigation. These men were to go most thoroughly into the charges made, and it became my duty to assist as counsel in this investigation. In that capacity it devolved upon me to summon the witnesses, look up evidence, conduct cross-examinations, and introduce testimony. The case was a particularly difficult one, because we had to rely to such a large extent upon testimony of members of the police force itself, and even the honest men were indisposed to tell things reflecting upon the efficiency and integrity of their 228 brother members on the force. The result of this investigation was made to appear as a compromise, that is any findings that might have caused reported scandal were not proven, but the desired effect was obtained in improved conditions. No actual graft was proved, but the Police Board resigned; a number of councilmen were either defeated at the next election or failed to stand for re-election; and none of the policemen were actually dismissed at the time, but

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the whole force were jerked up sharply and made to hew the line, and a number of men failed of re-appointment when their time was up.

Among the many celebrated cases which I conducted, in whole or in part, for the City of Richmond, during my incumbency in the office of City Attorney, probably the most famous was that of Hopkins vs. City of Richmond, sustaining the constitutionality of an ordinance adopted by the Council of Richmond, known as the "Segregation Ordinance," whereby the Council undertook to regulate the occupation of residences as between white and colored people. Probably this ordinance was the first of its kind enacted by any city in this country, and it was brought under determination in the courts by a similar case, entitled Coleman vs. the Town of Ashland, which was appealed from the Circuit Court of that town to the Supreme Court of Virginia, where the two cases were tried together, and reported in 117 Virginia, page 692.

The central idea of the ordinance under consideration seems manifest. It is to prevent too close association of the races, which association results, or tends to result, in breaches of the peace, immorality and danger to the health. The history of legislation on this subject heretofore 229 fore adverted to, as well as the *phraseology* of the ordinance itself, confirms this view. The attainment of the object in view is one much to be desired, and if the ordinance is not necessarily oppressive or unreasonable, it is the duty of the court to hold it valid, provided it does not conflict with the limitations placed upon legislative bodies by the Constitution of Virginia, or that of the United States (which proposition will be considered later). An analysis of the ordinance, in the light of the facts agreed upon, should determine this question. The ordinance is prospective in its application. It does not affect rental contracts existing at the time of its passage. It does not divest any person of his property, or rights therein, at the time of the passage of the ordinance. Any white person owning property and occupying it in a street, or block, at the passage of ordinance, known after the passage of the ordinance as a colored block, is not affected by the ordinance either as to his ownership, or occupancy, but he may, if he wills, continue to own and occupy his property as before its passage. The same thing applies to colored

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persons, under like circumstances. Under the ordinance, either colored or white persons may, after the passage of the ordinance, purchase and hold property wherever they may desire within the corporate limits. The only right affected by the ordinance is the right to occupy homes in certain streets, or blocks, as residences, and this regulation of the use of property applies without discrimination to all white and colored persons alike within the town of Ashland.

In this case authority for the enactment of the ordinance, in so far as any authority is necessary for it, is furnished by a statute approved under an Act of March 12, 1912, entitled "An ACT to provide for the designation by cities and towns of segregation districts for residence of white and colored persons; for the adoption of this act by such cities and towns, and 230 for violation of its terms."* It was claimed that each of these ordinances—the one of Ashland and also in the City of Richmond—were enacted by the authority of the police power resident in the several municipalities of the State, and was justified because

* See Acts of Assembly, 1912, p. 330; amended, Acts of Assembly, 1916. p. 60.

Every citizen holds his property subject to the proper exercise of this (police) power either by the State legislature directly, or by municipal corporations to which the legislature may delegate it. Laws and ordinances relating to the comfort, health, convenience, good order and general welfare of the inhabitants are comprehensively styled "Police Laws or Regulations"; and it is well settled that laws and regulations of this character, though they may disturb the enjoyment of individual rights, are not unconstitutional though no provision is made for compensation for such disturbances. They do not appropriate private property for public use, but simply regulate its use and enjoyment by the owner; if he suffers injury, it is either *damnum absque injuria*, or, in the theory of the law, he is compensated for it by sharing in the general benefits which the regulations are intended and calculated to secure. The citizen owns his property absolutely, it is true; it cannot be taken from him for any private use whatever without his consent, nor for any public use without compensation. Still he owns it subject to this restriction, namely, that it must be so

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used as not to injure others, and that the sovereign authority may, by police regulations, so direct the use of it that it shall not prove pernicious to his neighbors, or the citizens generally. Those regulations rest upon the maxim, *salus populi suprema est lex*. This power to restrain a private injurious use of property is very different from the right of eminent domain. It is not a taking of private property for public use," etc. 1 Dillion Mun, Corp, (3rd Ed.), See. 141.

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In the argument of the case on behalf of the city, much reliance was placed upon the decision in the Berea College case, which prohibited the reception into the college as students of both white and colored children, and upon the decisions in the separate coach cases, upholding the validity of the "Jim Crow" laws.

The State courts, both higher and lower, upheld my contention and decided favorably my claim. The law remained in force in Virginia until automatically reversed by the United States Supreme Court in the decision in the case of Buchanan vs. Warley et als., Louisville, Kentucky. This decision also reversed the State court decisions in regard to similar laws in Maryland, North Carolina, and Georgia.

This case was first argued in the United States Supreme Court on an appeal from the Supreme Court of Kentucky, April 10 and 11, 1916, and, on a motion for re-argument, was again heard April 27, 1917. A decision was rendered November 5, 1917 (reported in United States) whereby the decision of the Supreme Court of Kentucky (169 Kentucky, 529) was reversed. While I took no part in the oral argument of the case, I filed an elaborate brief. In the argument of the case, Clayton B. Blakey, Moorfield Storey and Harold S. Davis appeared for the plaintiff in error; and Pendleton Beckley and Stuart Chevaliar for the defendant in error. There also appeared as *amici curiae* Wells H. Blodgett, Frederick W. Lehmann, Charles Nagel, James A. Seddon, Selden P. Spencer, Sidney F. Werner, Everett W. Pattison, Joseph Wheless, Chilton Atkinson, W. Ashbie Hawkins, S. S. Field, Alfred E. Cohen, and I, myself.

This report of the case, appearing in the advance sheets of the decisions of the Supreme Court, under date of December 15, 1917, indicates very clearly not only the importance of the principles settled but also indicates that the court gave unusual attention to its consideration. Justice Day, who delivered the opinion of the court by which the case was reversed, closed with these words:

We think this attempt to prevent the alienation of the property in question to a person of color was not a legitimate exercise of the police power of the State, and is in direct violation of the fundamental law enacted in the 14th Amendment of the Constitution preventing State interference with property rights except by due process of law. That being the case, the ordinance cannot stand. *Booth v. Illinois*, 184, U. S. 425, 429, 46 L. ed 623, 626, 22 Sup. Ct. Rep. 425; *Otis v. Parker*, 187 U. S. 606, 609, 47 L. ed. 323, 327, 23 Sup. Ct. Rep. 168.

Reaching this conclusion it follows that the judgment of the Kentucky Court of Appeals must be reversed, and the cause remanded to that court for further proceedings not inconsistent with this opinion.

Probably the most sarcastic judge before whom I ever practised was Judge Boyd, of North Carolina, but there was at least one occasion on which a fellow North Carolinian was master of the situation. A complimentary dinner was tendered to Judge Boyd by the members of the Raleigh Bar Association. It was said that a certain member of the Bar had felt more or less aggrieved in his practice before the distinguished judge because of the really or supposedly scant courtesy shown him in the judge's court, and the judge had heard of this grievance. At the banquet, a 233 whole roasted shoat was served. When this was placed before him, the judge deliberately cut off the ears of the little pig and gave them to the waiter with orders to deliver them to this lawyer with his compliments. Thereupon the clever barrister rose most courteously and, with a deep bow to the judge, suavely said, "I thank your Honor most heartily. I am glad I have at last got the ear of the

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Court.” He thus completely turned the tables upon Judge Boyd for his apparently flagrant discourtesy and, in modern parlance, as my small grandsons would say, got not only the pig's ears but the judge's goat.

Among the treasures of historic Richmond and indigenous to the political and court-room circles thereof, is a most valuable and likable little man, with sandy locks (where they aren't tinged with gray) and twinkling blue eyes that look as if they had just seen the most delightful secrets in the world. And so they have, for they are gifted with the ability to look right down into the heart of things and see Life itself. Perhaps it is this gift which endows their owner with perennial youth, for he doesn't look much more than half his real age. And, next to his big heart and his big brain which enables him to store up a perfectly colossal vocabulary and fairly conjure with words, the biggest things about this little man are his drooping, sandy mustache and his flapping overcoat with huge pockets. And whenever he shoves his hands deep down into these pockets and hunches up his shoulders and crinkles up his eyelids, you may know that he is registering deep thought, and that tomorrow morning's paper will have an article worth getting up early to read. As a simon-pure humorist, I do not think he 234 is excelled by any of his contemporaries. In my humble judgment he surpasses Ring Lardner and Irvin Cobb, and all of their set; and it would not surprise me at all to hear that the big metropolitan dailies or the press syndicates were fighting one another for his services. In fact, / think they are strangely remiss and show mighty poor discernment not to have done so long ago. You can't stump him on questions of State political lore or Democratic Party history, and he is a past master of the serio-comic style that carries a real punch and a vital throb. It is, therefore, with no little pride and gratification that I close my account of this phase of my life, my professional career, with two highly prized tributes which he paid me in a series of articles written, a short time since, for our Richmond papers.

Who's Who in Our City Government.

HENRY R. POLLARD, CITY ATTORNEY.

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(By Harry Tucker)

Nobody from Fulton Hill to Horse Pen Road, from Stop Number Three, Petersburg Pike, to Yellow Tavern dare make a guess as to how long Henry R. Pollard has been the Legal Adviser of the City Council. Councils have come and Councils have gone, and still Henry R. sits up in the City Hall Aerie and delivers opinions. And he isn't an old man at that.

Henry R. Pollard, rumor to the contrary notwithstanding, was not present at the Battle of Lake Erie. History may state that when Major J. B. Wood, the esteemed keeper of the pen, was a young man and used 235 to go down to the City Hall to see his father be a good member of Council, that City Attorney Pollard was there delivering opinions.

But history will be wrong.

Most of the City Ordinances now on the books, however, were written by Mr. Pollard, who got members of Council to introduce them. His opinions have stood many hard sessions, but none of them has been turned down. There will be an oil portrait of the Honorable Henry R. on the wall of the Council Chamber some day, and everybody will take off their hats to it.

WHO'S WHO IN OUR TOWN.

Five wild ducks quacked out the glad news with joyous acclaim.

Henry Rattlesnake Pollard, city attorney and tamer of wild beasts, had been born.

It was shortly after this that the Confederate war broke out with all its attendant horrors—but it doesn't necessarily follow that there is any connection.

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On the contrary, indeed, despite his middle name little Henry is a man of peace. The only noise he will tolerate is the bass drum and he beats that himself every third Tuesday night singing the while a soft gypsy tune which he learned while studying law.

Henry is the champion reverser of the city. He can reverse any decision that ever was written, although perhaps he shines best in reversing his own. His decisions in themselves are works of art, too. After they have been handed down the litigants on both sides invariably swear they have won.

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Usually when you see Henry he is munching an apple—although not always. Sometimes he switches to pickles and there have been occasions when he has been caught in the act of eating pie. He is usually eating. That's what keeps him so fat.

He is another connoisseur on dress, is Henry. The crease in his trousers is so sharp that if you ever ran against it you'd be marked for life, and with the exception of the neck, shoulders and chest, his coat fits with wondrous nicety. His collars have long been the envy of Charles Saville, and his neckties make Doug Gordon and Blanchard Forbes weep bitter tears of envy.

The maddening crowd never had any lure for Henry. He likes to go in his own office and shut the door, there to hold sweet communion with his own thoughts. This habit has caused great grief on the part of Justice Jawn Crutchfield, for when Henry gets to communing right, the police court cad can call and call again and Henry hearkens not.

Despite all that, though, Henry owns the original little laughing countenance. Always he is laughing at something, particularly when he thinks of his fellow officials. Indeed, so bright and sweet is his disposition that once a plan was started to call him "Sunny Jim." Right then Henry quit smiling—and one glance from his eagle eye put the whole plan on the bum.

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Gilbert Pollock and Minitree Folkes are inseparable companions of Henry. Whenever they want to know a point of law, they go to him for advice. Then they proceed to do just exactly the opposite. Both declare 237 that if it weren't for Henry, they don't know what they'd do.

Outside of the law, however, and even with his retiring disposition, Henry's a hot sport. And there are few men anywhere who have speaking voices as sweet as his'n too!!

There has long been a vast amount of curiosity as to where Henry got his middle name, but it is all perfectly simply. They named him Rattlesnake because even when a mere child he was a regular rattler. Also his bite is deadly.

But be all that as it may, Henry manages to garner enough from his musings to make himself a fine and dandy city attorney. He's been on the job for more years than anybody else except Uncle Peter Winston can remember—and he's always managed to give such satisfaction that the voters return him year after year by majorities too big to count. Also it's probable that they'll keep right on doing it as long as he cares for the office.

And why not? You might look around for seven months but you'd never find a better man.

Incidentally, too, he's just as courteous and thoroughly likable as he can be.

Altogether, look at him from any angle you wish—officially, humanly, socially, and all the rest—and City Attorney Pollard is the goods.

Three cheers for him! May he live to be a thousand years old!

CHAPTER VII. JUDICIAL ASPIRATIONS.

“A judge—a man so learned, So full of equity, so noble, so notable; As envy Itself cannot accuse, or malice vitiate.”

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I admit that my highest aspirations centered on the occupancy of judicial position, that is, a place on the bench of the Supreme Court of Virginia or a Federal judgeship of equal dignity and importance. Hence it seems appropriate for me to give some account of the, to me, momentous contest which resulted in my defeat, when I aspired to be elected as one of the judges of the Court of Appeals of Virginia. This election was to occur to fill the vacancies during the legislative session of 1893–4. With my consent, my kind friends of King and Queen county, in an enthusiastic public meeting, passed the following resolutions:

Whereas, This convention has learned with pride that their former distinguished citizen, and for many years member of the House of Delegates from this county, Mr. H. R. Pollard, is being favorably spoken of as a candidate for the Supreme Court of Appeals;

RESOLVED, That we most cordially commend him and his candidacy to the whole State, as a man worthy and well-qualified for the highest position on the judicial bench of the State.

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Many other counties and cities of the State took similar action, all of which was done with my consent and approval. Members of the Bar, in every section of the State, sent to the General Assembly testimonials indicating their preferences. These endorsements were printed in pamphlet form and generally circulated among the members of the Legislature, during the pendency of the election of judges. I beg the privilege of presenting the text of the commendations of three lawyers and citizens, than whom there were none more distinguished in this State—Major-General William B. Taliaferro, of Gloucester county; James Alfred Jones, of Richmond; and Dr. J. L. M. Curry, Ambassador to Spain under the Cleveland administration.

LETTER FROM GEN. WILLIAM B. TALIAFERRO.

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To the General Assembly of Virginia:

Impressed with the responsibility which rests upon those who undertake to commend a citizen as worthy to fill the office of judge, as well as the obligation which rests upon you to fearlessly and wisely consider and determine his qualifications, I beg to be permitted to commend to your favorable consideration the Hon. Henry R. Pollard for one of the judges of the Supreme Court of Appeals.

With a view to sustain this recommendation, I beg leave to submit to you the following brief sketch of Mr. Pollard's career: He was born in King and Queen county, and is now forty-eight years of age. At the earliest possible period of his life he entered the Confederate service as a volunteer, in which he remained 240 a gallant and faithful soldier until he surrendered at Appomattox. Resuming his studies after the close of the war, he was graduated with distinction in June, 1867, from the Law School of Columbian College, Washington, D. C.

After a year devoted to teaching, he commenced the practice of law in King and Queen and his adjoining counties, and by his energy and talents speedily acquired a large practice.

In 1876 he was elected attorney for the Commonwealth for his county, which position he held continuously for twelve years.

In the memorable political canvass of 1881 he was nominated and elected to the House of Delegates from his native county, largely aiding in redeeming and permanently placing his county in the Democratic column. He continued to represent that county until he moved to the city of Richmond in 1889.

In the House of Delegates Mr. Pollard served for two years as chairman of the Committee on Privileges and Elections, and for four years as chairman of the Committee on Finance. In the Democratic State Convention of 1885 he was made permanent chairman of

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that body, and since then, as is well known, his services upon the hustings have been conspicuous.

Before the Democratic Convention of 1889 he was a candidate for Attorney-General, but was defeated for the nomination by a small majority by the present distinguished Attorney-General.

In his profession Mr. Pollard had been an untiring worker and successful practitioner, having been associated with many causes important for the great 241 interests and far-reaching principles involved. Possessing those qualities of heart and intellect which should constitute the able and unright judge, I heartily submit his name for your consideration.

I am, very respectfully, Wm. B. Taliaferro.

Gloucester County, Va.

LETTER FROM JAMES ALFRED JONES, ESQ.

Richmond, November 23, 1893.

To the Members of the General Assembly of Virginia:

Gentlemen,—As the time approaches for your next meeting, at which one of the most important of your functions will be to elect judges of the Court of Appeals for the term of twelve years from January, 1895, attention is being called to numerous members of the bar of Virginia, considered by those who recommend them to be suitable for that high office—among them Mr. H. R. Pollard, of Richmond city (late of King and Queen County).

A gentleman of mark in the State, distinguished at the bar; of the best habits and purest life; of good endowments and well cultivated, it was to be expected that Mr. Pollard would receive your consideration in making selection of judges of that court.

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If elected to a seat in it, Mr. Pollard would carry with him to it large experience in the practice of the law in the courts of the State, and together with the knowledge of the general principles on which the science of law is based, a minute acquaintance with 242 the statutes of the State, in the digesting and framing of which he has been an active participant, in the course of his service of the State for years in its legislative councils, where he rendered conspicuous and useful services.

A ripe and ready lawyer, now in the prime of life, and in vigorous health, and remarkable for the zeal and energy with which he devotes himself to the business with which he is charged, the court would have in him a diligent, conscientious, and efficient member.

He is warmly commended to your favorable consideration.

I have the honor to be, Yours very respectfully, James Alfred Jones.

LETTER FROM DR. J. L. M. CURRY.

The Hon. Henry R. Pollard I have known for twenty years, and, therefore, am able to bear testimony to his many excellencies as a gentleman, a lawyer, a Democrat, and a citizen. To much general culture and large legal and political experience, increased by assiduous industry and conscientious devotion to his duties, he has added personal qualities and private virtues, which entitle him to thorough confidence and respect on the part of every Virginian. Such a man, with such varied qualities, would adorn a judicial station and reflect credit on the Commonwealth.

J. L. M. CURRY.

In addition to these, my pamphlet contained letters of commendation from many judges and other 243 prominent citizens; resolutions, endorsements, and petitions, memorializing the Legislature asking my election, from members of the Richmond Bar, prominent lawyers in the State, members of Congress and former members of the Legislature, from city

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officials, leading business men, and from many friends, of high and low degree, in every section of the State—296 in number. Among these many firms, or business organizations, located in Richmond and other cities of the State, employing anywhere from a dozen or so to several hundred men, were represented, authority having been given the head of each organization to sign for the entire firm, thus counting as a single unit what would if counted as individuals amount to hundreds.

I need only make specific mention that the State Democratic Chairman for the years 1891–93 highly commended the political services rendered by me in the campaign during these years, as is demonstrated by the two following letters.

VIRGINIA STATE DEMOCRATIC COMMITTEE, Richmond, Va.

J. Taylor Ellyson, Chairman.

James R. Fisher, Secretary.

October 31st, 1891.

Hon. H. R. Pollard, Richmond, Va.

My dear Sir:

I want to thank you most heartily for the generous aid you have given me in this campaign. I appreciate most highly your prompt and cheerful response to the demands I have made upon you. I am certain that it will be gratifying to you to know not only that your services are appreciated, but that you rendered most effective assistance to the party; I have heard nothing but praise of your speeches wherever you went.

With sincere esteem, I am, Very truly yours, (Signed) J. Taylor Ellyson.

VIRGINIA STATE DEMOCRATIC COMMITTEE.

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Richmond, Va., November 9, 1893.

Hon. H. R. Pollard:

My dear Sir,—

I desire to express to you my cordial appreciation of your valuable services during the campaign just closed. Your admirable speech on the issues of the campaign was used as one of our campaign documents, and was highly appreciated wherever distributed. You were always ready to respond to any demand I made for your services, and as one of those who was in the thickest of the fight you have a right to rejoice over the glorious result.

With sincere and cordial esteem, I am, Very truly yours, J. Taylor Ellyson, *Chairman*.

Some may criticize the *parading* of these complimentary endorsements as being in poor taste, and they would not have been so prominently mentioned but for the vile slander surreptitiously circulated to my prejudice by my opponents. I refer, of course, to the charge that there was a secret combination between my supporters and those of Governor Lee. I am glad to be able to record that General Fitzhugh Lee himself (who was then a candidate for U. S. Senate) publicly repudiated these charges, as did his campaign manager, Honorable C. V. Meredith, whose name is appended to my testimonials furnished to the General Assembly. And so did Honorable J. Alston Cabell, one of the most ardent supporters of Governor Lee's opponent, the late Thomas S. Martin. This malicious fabrication for campaign purposes seems to have first appeared in a Baltimore paper, as the following would indicate:

The *State* (Richmond, Va.) is heartily opposed to any combination between the friends of any candidate for the Court of Appeals and the Senatorship. An article in the *Baltimore American* said that the friends of Mr. H. R. Pollard, who is a candidate for a position on the

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Court of Appeals, and General Fitzhugh Lee, who is a candidate for the Senatorship, had fixed up a slate in Richmond in their interest.

If this be so, the slate ought to be smashed. We are forced to think that the report be erroneous. That slate, or any other slate that seeks to drag the very highest office in the State into huckstering politics, ought to be smashed. The report has been so much harped upon that it is really proper that all the gentlemen who are candidates for the Legislature* should come out promptly and

* It should be remembered that at this time U. S. Senators were elected by a vote of the Legislature and not by popular vote; hence the Connection referred to.

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say whether or not it is true. *The State* will be glad to hear from the candidates themselves.

Mr. Conway R. Sands, then a candidate for re-election to the State Senate from Richmond, came out in a letter to the paper and denied such a report, stating that, "As a man I would not for a moment countenance any combination, nor do I believe either of the gentlemen alluded to would in the least degree give their sanction to such a course. . . . As a partner of Mr. Pollard, I can state positively that I have no knowledge of such a combination nor do I believe any such exists." Ex-Governor Lee was even more emphatic in his reply, "Yes, I have heard the report," he said; "and I wish to say as emphatically as I can that I know of no combination, here or elsewhere, of my friends with the friends of anybody, to secure the election of members Of the Court of Appeals or for the purpose of filling any other places. I reiterate what I said some months ago that we should unite in keeping at least our Judges out of any political combinations, and leave the Legislature free to select the best, ablest, and purest men for such high positions. And I am sure great injustice is done to the gentlemen who have been mentioned. . . . I wish also," he added, "you could find out who put out such reports and why."

The State further commented as follows:

We are glad to note the interview in today's *Dispatch* in which ex-Governor Lee indignantly denies that he is in any combination with the friends of Mr. Pollard. . . . Mr. Conway R. Sands also denies the existence of such a combination.

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Let the senatorial contest be waged upon its merits. The Court of Appeals must not be lugged into the contest. It is not only the judiciary, but the highest judiciary in Virginia.

We have noted that a consensus of legal opinion seems to have pointed out certain lawyers, in certain sections of Virginia, as fit men for these high places. It is a compliment to them. They have evidently not sought the honor. That is the way it should come.

I happened to be out of the city at that time, but, on my return a few days later, I was interviewed by a reporter and asked for a statement, which was published in the *Richmond Dispatch*. "I have to say," this statement read, "that so far as I know or believe, there is no reasonable or just foundation for the rumor, and I am surprised that it should have any credence given to it. I am taking no part in the Senatorial fight, and I do not propose to be cajoled by promises, intimidated by threats, or goaded by unfounded charges to take sides with any candidate. My eight years' service in the Legislature was one continual protest against combinations. I can, therefore, heartily and consistently applaud what has been so aptly said against the impropriety of bringing the selection of judges into any such consideration." I was also asked how I thought the rumor was caused. "I cannot possibly say. It is always hard to account for a rumor, and I think I ought to be excused from attempting to do so. I can only say that most likely somebody not friendly to me, observing that many of General Lee's most ardent supporters here were also my outspoken and declared friends, concluded very illogically that there was some combination. In other sections of the State, 248 I have ardent supporters who are not friendly to General

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Lee's candidacy, and it would be just as reasonable to suppose that they had formed a combination to defeat General Lee, or to elect their preference to the Senate."

I then resented and I still wish to resent, with indignation and contempt, the perpetration of such a detestable political trick. The confidence and regard of the people of my adopted city, as shown by continuously re-electing me, bi-annually for twenty years, as City Attorney, I feel justifies me in saying that *they* likewise repudiated the base calumny so perpetrated. But the poison worked to some extent. I came within seven votes of receiving the number necessary to elect, with nine contestants in the field and a total vote of 645.

As to my ambition to occupy a seat on the Supreme Court bench, I freely and candidly admit that the grapes were sour, but I find no little consolation in my long and apparently satisfactory service in the above capacity, and I try to console myself that, perhaps in my case, it may possibly be true that "'Tis a maxim in our politics, A judge destroys a mighty practiser; When they grow rich and lazy, they are ripe For honour!"

Probably the most exciting contest ever taking place, within recent years, in a Democratic caucus for the election of a United States Senator, was this one between General Fitzhugh Lee and the late Thomas S. Martin, and, as a consequence, I think it is one that would even now excite great interest on behalf of the 249 public. For that reason, I deem it proper to make a report of it here. The vote was taken on Thursday evening, November 7th, 1893, and was not determined until the sixth ballot had been taken. This was as follows:

For *Martin* —Messrs. Anderson of Pittsylvania; Arthur, Twenty-second district; Barham, Prince George; Barnes, Thirty-eighth district; Bendheim, Alexandria; Blakemore, Rockingham; Booker, Nansemond; Boykin, Isle of Wight; Brooking, Goochland; Brugh, Botetourt; Burks, Bedford; Byrne, Richmond; Cabell, Richmond; Campbell, Amherst; Cardwell, Hanover; Clark, Halifax; Cox, Grayson; Craft, Scott; Dejarnette, Halifax; Downing, Warren; Eanes, Henry; Fahrney, Rockingham; Fentress, Portsmouth; Flood,

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Eighteenth district; Graves, Orange; Green, Fifth district; Harnsberger, Eighth district; Harris, Albemarle; Harrison, Lynchburg; Harrison, Fifteenth district; Kellam, Norfolk; Kendricks, Washington; Leggett, Princess Anne; Maynard, Thirty-third district; McIlwaine, Twenty-ninth district; Miller, Twentieth district; Moon, Albemarle; Morris, Seventeenth district; Murrell, Campbell; Nelson, Frederick; Newberne, Norfolk; Parrish, Sixteenth district; Patteson, Buckingham; Perkins, Warwick; Petty, Page; Pilcher, Fauquier; Priddy, Charlotte; Richardson, Louisa; Russell, Accomac; Saunders, Franklin; Smith, Accomac; Southall, Thirtieth district; St. Clair, Third district; Stratton, Appomattox; Stubbs, Thirty-ninth district; Sumpter, Montgomery; Thomas, Roanoke; Thompson, Dinwiddie; Tomney, Washington; Utz, Madison; Walton, Tenth district; Watson, Twenty-eighth 250 district; Wickham, Thirty-fourth district; Williams, Twenty-fifth district.

For *Lee* —Messrs. Barnes, of Thirty-second district; Berry, Nineteenth district; Binford, Henrico; Bolling, Bedford; Bryant, Richmond; Buchanan, First district; Caddall, Giles; Coleman, Spottsylvania; Cooke, Norfolk; Crump, Richmond; Echols, Ninth district; Edmondson, Rockbridge; Evans, Petersburg; Fairfax, Eleventh district; Hall, Pittsylvania; Harwood, Richmond; Hatcher, Twenty-sixth district; Hathaway, Lancaster; Herbert, Thirty-first district; Hunton, Fauquier; Hurt, Twenty-fourth district; Irvine, Wise; Jones, Ninth district; Jones, King and Queen; Jordan, Twenty-first district; Koiner, Augusta; LeCato, Thirty-seventh district; Lee, Elizabeth City; Little, Thirteenth district; Logan, Roanoke; Lovenstein, Thirty-fifth district; Mason, King George; Massie, Nelson; Matthews, Lunenburg; McRae, Petersburg; Miller, Rappahannock; Mushback, Fourteenth district; Neff, Shenandoah; Nicol, Prince William; Paxton, Rockbridge; Pretlow, Southampton; Ryan, Loudon; Sanders, Wythe; Sands, Thirty-fifth district; Segar, Middlesex; Sheffy, Bland; Speck, Augusta; Spilman, Westmoreland; Tabb, Gloucester; Thompson, Patrick; Washington, Thirty-sixth district; Watts, Fourth district; Wells, Second district; Willard, Fairfax; Wilkinson, Carroll; Wilson, Russell; Withrow, Bath.

For *McKinney* —Mr. Tredway, of Twenty-third district.

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For *Hunton* —Mr. Withers, of Danville.

Whole number of votes cast 124

Necessary to a choice 63

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Lee received 56

Martin received 66

McKinney received 1

Hunton received 1*

* From report in the *Richmond Times*, December 9, 1898.

Powerful lobbies were being conducted on behalf of nearly all of the candidates for a judgeship, and, after the election of Mr. Martin as U. S. Senator, a motion was made that the other elections be deferred until after the Christmas holidays. This motion was carried. On Saturday, December 30th, 1893, the *Richmond Dispatch* carried in its editorial columns the following brief item:

The General Assembly can make the people of Virginia a New Year's gift that will be appreciated. The best and most appropriate it can present will be a Supreme Court of Appeals composed of men whose records are so clear that everyone who may feel so disposed can hold them up, one by one, between him and the sun, and see clear through them.— *Roanoke Record*.

Well said. The people will be dreadfully disappointed if the new Court is not composed of men of exalted character and well-recognized attainments. Where there are so many pure and able men to choose from, there will be no excuse for electing an inferior bench.

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The New Year of 1894, like this present year, came in on a Monday, and the entire day was given over to the Inauguration festivities attendant upon inducting the newly-elected Governor, O'Ferrall, into office. The next day, Tuesday, January 2nd, the General Assembly re-convened, and political interest again became centered in the judgeship contest.

"The duty before 252 the Legislature," said the press of that date, "which attracts most attention now is the election of Supreme Court of Appeals and circuit judges. The caucus to nominate the former will be held Friday night, and the lobbies of the several candidates are already here in force. As soon as the excitement of the Inauguration shall have worn off, which will be by tonight, the button-holing process will commence in earnest. Last night at the Exchange (Hotel) there was some talk about the manner of nominating, not about slates, and from present indications the bunch system will be adopted. That is, on the call of the roll, each member of the caucus will vote for five candidates. If one is nominated on the first ballot, on the next roll call the vote will be for four, and so on. If the system of voting for only one man on each ballot should be adopted, it will necessitate the dividing of the State into districts, and there will be a fight over what shall constitute the respective boundaries of the five districts. There is likely to be a fight in the caucus over the 'bunch system,' but the chances are that those in favor of it will win. There are rumors of the Southwest being left out in making up the ticket owing to the fact that the members of the General Assembly from that section are very much split as to candidates."

This prophecy proved to be in the main an accurate one. All of the successful candidates were elected on the first ballot, and the Supreme Court ticket was John A. Buchanan, of Washington County; R. H. Cardwell, of Hanover; George M. Harrison, of Augusta; James Kieth, of Fauquier; and John W. Riely, of Halifax.

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The comment of the *Dispatch* the next morning was to the effect that "if there was a slate or a combination in the Supreme Court fight, it was knocked into 'smithereens' in the caucus yesterday afternoon."

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When the conference of democratic members closed Thursday night, preceding the caucus, the Southwest and Valley men were mad as hornets at the refusal to give them a pledge that one judgeship should go to each of the "grand divisions" of the State. When the Legislature adjourned the halls were transformed into seething lobbies. It was rumored that the Valley and Southwest would be cut out entirely, but "there appears to have been really no more foundation for this rumor than there was for the report of combinations and slates, and the probability was that the fear was father to the thought."

The caucus rule of excluding from the hall all persons except members and representatives of the Democratic press was very rigidly enforced, but the immense crowd lingered in the rotunda during the proceedings, and excitement and interest ran high. It was half past four o'clock before the hall was cleared of non-members and the caucus got down to work. It was at this point that the Southwest and Valley forces, led respectively by Senator Watts, of Roanoke, and Jones, of Highland, played a very pretty hand and resorted to tactics which rendered it almost certain that the two grand divisions would each have a judge. Further, their tactics greatly simplified matters and perhaps prevented an all night session of the caucus.

Senator Watts moved that the caucus should first vote upon the five candidates from the Southwest—Buchanan, Morrison, Phlegar, Fulton, and Graham— 254 dropping the lowest each time, and the winner should be considered as the candidate from his section whose name should remain before the caucus. After a heated argument, this motion was carried, and Buchanan was the winner. The same motion was made by Senator Jones regarding the three candidates from the Valley—McLaughlin, Harrison, and Barton. This reduced the list of candidates to nine. The regular order of business was then taken up and nominations made.

Senator Little nominated me, seconded by Delegate Harwood of Richmond. A number of other nominations intervened, then Senator Stubbs spoke in my behalf. "He submitted a number of endorsements from the bar of his counties, and stated that Mr. Pollard had

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only been living in Richmond about three years, and prior to that time he had lived in Tidewater, where he was born and reared. The Senator claimed that Mr. Pollard was a representative of the Tidewater section, and that the people of that section so regarded him, and expressed the hope that the caucus would nominate him as the representative of the Tidewater district.

“Senator Washington then arose, and after stating that he would take pleasure in voting for Mr. Pollard if he was nominated by the caucus, turned toward Senator Stubbs, and looking him in the face said: ‘I can't imagine why Senator Stubbs should claim Mr. Pollard as the representative of the Tidewater section. He is no more so than Mr. Cardwell. I most emphatically deny that Mr. Pollard is the representative of the Tidewater section. We have no candidate.’ The chairman interrupted the gentleman with the suggestion that he was out of order. . . . Thereupon Senator 255 Washington seconded the nomination of Mr. Cardwell.”

Someone moved that the caucus recess for supper, as it was now past seven o'clock, but this was cried down on all sides and the motion withdrawn. The nominating speeches continued, and Delegate Hathaway, of Lancaster and Richmond counties, seconded my nomination. Upon the cry of “Vote! Vote!” on all sides, nominations were then declared closed, and the Secretary was ordered to proceed with the roll-call.

The ballot resulted in the nomination of the entire Supreme Court bench at once, the vote being for Harrison, 112; for Buchanan, 107; for Riely, 85; for Cardwell, 80; for Keith, 71; for Pollard, 58; for Mann, 45; for Horseley, 42; for Pettit, 27; and for Lacy, 2.

Those voting for me were: Messrs. Anderson (Wm. A.), Arthur, Barham, Barnes (Manly H.), Barnes (Thomas H.), Bendheim, Binford, Bolling, Booker, Brugh, Bryant, Buchanan, Burks, Cabell, Caddall, Craft, Crump, Dejarnette, Diggs, Downing, Harris, Harrison (Randolph), Harwood, Hatcher, Hathaway, Jones (James S.), Jordan, Le Cato, Lee, Little, Lovenstein, Mason, Miller (John B.), Neff, Newberne, Nicol, Paxton, Perkins,

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Petty, Pretlow, Priddy, Russell, Sands, Segar, Smith, Southall, Spilman, Stubbs, Tabb, Thompson (Knox), Thompson (S. A.), Tomney, Walton, Washington, Watson, Wells, White and Withrow. (58.)*

* See Richmond Dispatch, Saturday, January 6th, 1894.

The result was received with the greatest satisfaction, even by the friends of the defeated candidates, and the universal verdict was that the court would be 256 an able one—a verdict which has more than proven true under the test of time. I have since practiced before these judges, and it gives me pleasure to testify to their unqualified merit, particularly in the case of Judge Keith and Judge Riely, who was one of my cherished friends and associates. At his death, the sad duty, and at the same time the honor, of preparing a fitting encomium in his memory for the local paper devolved upon me, and I therefore inscribed the following letter as a feeble tribute to his worth.

To the Editor of the *Dispatch*:

I am greatly shocked and grieved at the sudden and, may I say without irreverence, untimely taking off of Judge John W. Riely.

In my judgment it would be hard to overstate the excellent qualities of Judge Riely, either as a man or as a judge. The circumscribed conditions of his early life developed and matured inherent qualities of head and heart that made him what he was—a man of courage, a man of work, a man of pure life, a man of high ideals, the Christian gentleman and faithful servant. Of his illustrious career as advocate and lawyer scores of his immediate colleagues can and will speak, but his public services as one of the revisers of the Code of 1887, and as Judge of the Supreme Court of Appeals of Virginia are known and appreciated in every section of the State.

When, in 1886, the General Assembly determined to select three of the most eminent lawyers of the State to revise and codify the mass of new statutes adopted to meet the

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new conditions brought about by the war, Judge Riely was named as one of the three to act with two distinguished ex-judges (Staples and Burks), who had served long on the bench of the highest court of the State. This was, indeed, a great compliment, and foreshadowed 257 his elevation to the high position to which he was raised in 1895. In the discharge of the difficult duties that fell to his lot as one of the revisers he met the fullest expectations of his most ardent admirers. Probably no similar work in the history of the Commonwealth was as well done; certainly none has been subjected to so little adverse criticism.

The career of Judge Riely on the bench of the Supreme Court of Appeals was in keeping with his reputation for ability and learning. His opinions on many important and difficult questions have commanded not only the respect but the admiration of the bar in every section of the State.

Dignified, courteous, and learned, he was a noble exemplar of a Virginia judge. Guileless, patriotic and true, he was the model Christian gentleman.

My immediate family and friends who were well aware that my greatest political ambition was the occupancy of one or the other of the judgeships deeply sympathized with me in my disappointment, and my eldest brother, on this occasion, wrote me a letter of sympathy so worthy of his head and heart that I shall introduce it here as one of the things that should be preserved in regard to this notable contest.

Richmond, Va., Jan. 6, 1894.

My dear Brother:

I sincerely sympathize with you in the disappointment you suffer, and I would like very much to help you to bear it, if that be possible. I must leave 258 this afternoon for the country and I may not return before Monday morning; I, therefore, write to give you some thoughts that have occurred to me.

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First, I would say I hope you will be able to bear up manfully. This is much easier to say than to do; yet a resolute will, especially if braced up by a trust in God, can almost perform wonders in dealing with the trials of life. All is not lost; indeed, comparatively little is lost. You still have character, reputation, friends that esteem you, a family and relatives that love you, a profession that will yield you a livelihood; and with these in possession it cannot matter much whether political favors are shown you or not.

Then I would suggest that the result may have been ordered of Heaven, and therefore may have been for the best. As the contest approached, I prayed almost daily for you, and asked that God would grant you your desire if consistent with His will and your highest good. I know my prayers are very weak and unworthy; but I have sometimes thought they might gain some little acceptance on high. You and I had praying parents, who through many years sent up strong crying to God in our behalf; and I love to think those prayers are blessing and guiding us now, though the lips that spoke them have been stilled in death. And is it not written, "A man's heart desireth his way; but the Lord directeth his steps"?

Another comforting reflection is that others could not have been chosen over you, because it was believed that they were more honest or competent. We know that very frequently in this world, and especially in 259 political circles, these considerations weigh least. We can scarcely doubt that sometimes men are turned down because they are honest, and thus it comes to pass that "the post of honor is the private station."

Lastly, you will permit me, as one feeling a brother's interest in your happiness and welfare, to raise the question whether it might not be best for you to eschew politics hereafter. The prizes they offer are uncertain as to attainment, and disappointing (I take it) even when possessed. A man in pursuit of them has much struggle and turmoil, and has constant temptation to resort to methods that an enlightened conscience cannot approve. Besides, you have no need of any emoluments political life can present. You are a trained and able lawyer, and by the practice of your profession can well provide for those

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dependent upon you, while among them you can dwell in peace and comfort, and exert over them a loving father's influence. You will thus be enabled to do more as a church member and a Christian. I trust you will not think me officious; nothing but truest love for you and your household prompts the suggestion.

Your affectionate brother, John Pollard.

These wise and loyal words from an affectionate brother and minister of the Gospel served to ameliorate, as far as it was possible, the disappointment under which I was laboring when they were received by me, and, turning away from the major defeat of my whole 260 political career, I sought to find some surcease in the couplet, "There is a destiny that shapes our ends, Rough-hew them how we will."

Who can say after all that my long and admitted success in serving my city for twenty odd years did not redound more pre-eminently than could have been otherwise the case in any other calling?

In 1913, my name was mentioned favorably for appointment as a judge of the United States Circuit Court. Concerning this Federal judgeship, it is only necessary to say that, learning of the determination of the new administration that no man whose age exceeded sixty-five years would be recommended by the Attorney General to President Wilson for appointment, and believing that this was authoritative, my name was withdrawn from the list of applicants, as shown by the following report from the *Times-Dispatch*, March 9th, 1913.

Three important facts which vitally affect the candidacy of Richmond lawyers who seek the appointment as United States Circuit Judge to succeed Judge Nathan Goff, of West Virginia, came prominently to the front yesterday.

First, of local interest, was the announcement from Henry R. Pollard that he had determined to withdraw his name as a candidate because in age he was not within the

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limit agreed on by representatives of the administration from which judicial selection ought to be made.

On top of this came the report from the Washington correspondent of the *Times-Dispatch* that the Department of Justice will not approve the appointment of any aspirant who is more than fifty or fifty-five years of age. Mr. 261 Pollard is sixty-four, and as Federal judges are retired by law with full pay at the age of seventy, Attorney-General McReynolds believes the plan unwise to name men who are near that stage of life regardless of their fine mental ability.

Of greater importance than these other points, however, is the statement that one of the four judges of the United States Commerce Court, lately abolished by Congress, may be designated to succeed Judge Goff.

The determination of Attorney-General McReynolds to pick younger men for the Federal bench, in so far as that is within his power, will affect the chances of many candidates, even if the administration does not take advantage of the Commerce Court opportunity. It is evident from Mr. Pollard's statement that he understood the attitude of the Attorney-General and promptly acquiesced most cheerfully. In connection with his withdrawal, Mr. Pollard issued the following statement yesterday:

"I beg to say that I have determined to withdraw my name as a candidate for the United States circuit judgeship of this circuit.

"The reasons that actuate me are that I have today learned from the most authoritative sources that in age I am not within the limit agreed on by the representatives of the administration, from which judicial selections ought to be made. In this situation I am unwilling to embarrass my friends in leading a hopeless fight. But more controlling still, I am unwilling to ask the Attorney-General to violate what he considers a wise regulation concerning the selection of persons for judicial positions, and likewise unwilling for my

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friends to be in the position of urging the President to over-rule a policy deliberately determined upon as promotive of the public good.

“Under these circumstances, I wish it understood that I most cordially accept the situation and that I shall give to the administration the loyal and patriotic support to which I believe it entitled, and from which I hope so much of good to the people.

“ H. R. Pollard. ”

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I would deem it a high honor, indeed to *any* man to succeed to the position which had been graced so well by Judge Nathan Goff, of West Virginia, for, taken all in all, I believed him to be one of the ablest judges before whom I have ever practiced. It has been my good fortune to have appeared as counsel in cases of importance in his court, the United States Circuit Court of Appeals. He was the presiding judge trying the case of the Western Union Telegraph Company vs. City of Richmond, which I conducted as City Attorney. It was during the trial of this case that he was elected United States Senator from West Virginia, but he insisted upon remaining upon the bench long enough to finish this case and render his decision. May I say in passing that the scriptural admonition, “Honor to whom honor is due,” has always been followed in my life as a rule of conduct, and at this point in my narrative it is my privilege and delight to pay this tribute to Judge Goff.

On the same bench with Judge Goff was Judge Charles H. Simonton, for whom I had the highest admiration, esteem and friendship. On the 10th of May, 1904, at a session of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, Richmond, Virginia, memorial proceedings were held in honor of Judge Simonton. Upon formal announcement of his death, which had occurred April 25th, 1904, Hon. James Alston Cabell, speaking briefly, presented to the Court resolutions of the State Bar Association, which were entered on the minutes of the Court. Mr. Rose, of Maryland, presented similar Resolutions in behalf of his State. Other 263 speakers were Wyndham R. Meredith, Esq.; Hon. A. L. Holladay; Hon. D. C.

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O'Flaherty; Hon. L. L. Lewis; George Bryan, Esq.; Prof. Ernest M. Long, of Richmond College Law School; Judge Brawley; Judge Goff; Chief Justice Fuller; and your humble servant. As a slight token of the deep and sincere regard which I had for Judge Simonton, I wish to insert here my brief tribute.

The most inestimable inheritance of the American people is their incorruptible judiciary.

From the genesis of the Republic, learned, pure and independent men have presided over our courts, State and Federal. So few have been the exceptions that only the cynic knows their names or can recount their deeds of shame.

To paraphrase the celebrated aphorism of Chief Justice Marshall, uttered to possibly the ablest deliberative body that ever assembled on the American continent, it is indeed true "that the greatest blessing that a gracious Providence can bestow upon any people is a wise, pure and independent judiciary."

That the great judge, to whom we do honor today, measured up to this standard, there can be no doubt.

Modest though firm, deferential though forceful, unpretentious though learned, prompt to decide though patient to hear. Such men, such judges, are the glory of our land. "Men," said Pericles, "are the city, not its walls."

"Governments, religion, property, books," said Humboldt, "are nothing but the scaffolding to build a man, for earth holds up to her Master no fruit but the finished man."

We do not well to mourn the departure of a man like our distinguished friend. He has acted well his part, and, as 264 the greatest of the Roman Emperors said to his distressed friends, who stood about him when he was dying, "Should you be less generous to me, if you believe I have acted my part well, than you are to actors whom you applaud on their leaving the stage?"

CHAPTER VIII. POLITICAL REMINISCENCES.

“A statesman, we are told, should follow Public Opinion. Doubtless, as a coachman follows his horses—having a firm hold on the reins and guiding them.”— Hare.

In turning to my experience as a political speaker, candidate, campaigner and officer-holder, it is rather hard to select from the kaleidoscopic view that memory presents those incidents which I think might be of general interest to my readers, for this phase of my career presents to me many of the most interesting and colorful chapters in my life. Here I find many valuable friendships made, many contacts with great men of my times, and with events of sufficient importance to carry, even in retrospect, a thrill. And, along with these more serious experiences, are many amusing situations in which I found myself from time to time. From this rich storehouse, I may make only a small and hurried selection, touching merely a few of the high-lights, and giving only a somewhat impressionistic sketch which I think may be of general interest.

My first recollections of a political campaign centre upon a choice bit of doggerel which I used to hear when a very little lad, and which impressed itself upon my youthful mind as a gem of campaign artistry. It 266 has been, I suppose, from time immemorial, the custom for political managers to get out literature in the interests of their respective candidates. These pamphlets are usually bound and distributed. My father always greatly admired Mr. Clay and warmly supported him for the presidency, and I remember finding in my father's library one of these volumes, issued during one of the Henry Clay campaigns and containing this bit of doggerel anent his opponent:

“James K. Polk, of Tennessee, The biggest fool I ever did see; He wears his shirt outside of his coat, And buttons his trousers around his throat.”

This was highly popular at the time and was said to have made a great hit in the “western country.” Whatever became of that volume I do not know.

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I have already given an account of my own first campaign, when I was a candidate for the office of Commonwealth's Attorney. My real entry into the political world, however, I think began when I was elected a member of the General Assembly. Many intricate and important questions arose during my legislative service, which must be here referred to in some detail. At the very beginning, my seat in the House of Delegates for the year 1882 was challenged, my opponents claiming that I was ineligible on account of being Commonwealth's Attorney of my county.

It was in the election of the preceding year that the first serious inroads were made upon the power of the reconstructionists—at this time masquerading under 267 the name of the Readjustor Party. The Democrats had gained materially and it was dependent upon a few votes to determine which side should have the majority necessary to guarantee complete control of both Houses of the Legislature. The Readjustor Party, which still held the executive power in the State, fought desperately and sought by all possible tactics to maintain this majority, even attempting as a last resort to unseat some of the Democratic members. A special session, amounting really to a prolongation of the regular session, was called immediately upon adjournment, March 7th, and, on Wednesday, April 5th, Mr. Frazier, the Readjustor floor leader, offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That the committee for courts of justice report to this House without delay, whether Mr. Pollard, Commonwealth's Attorney for the county of King and Queen, is entitled to a seat upon this floor.

I do not recall why this was sent to the above named committee, as the regular procedure would have been for it to go to the committee on privileges and elections. My opponents contended that, under the Constitution, I was ineligible to serve in both capacities, as it was expressly provided that the three branches of government should be kept separate and distinct and “neither shall exercise powers belonging to either of the others.” A member of the General Assembly, they claimed, was a legislative functionary; a Commonwealth's Attorney, an executive one. Besides, it was provided that no “person

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holding salaried office under the State government” could be elected to the General Assembly, and the Constitution of 1852 specified 268 Commonwealth's Attorneys as debarred, as did also the Acts of 1878–9 (p. 320, sect. 5).

On the other hand, my friends went very carefully into the matter. They showed that, under the Constitutions of 1775 and 1830, Commonwealth's Attorneys were not considered State but county officers and were paid from the county treasury. They admitted that the Constitution of 1850 excluded them from the General Assembly but held that this provision was nullified by the new Constitution of 1869, in which the only qualification prescribed for members was that they should be qualified voters in their counties. This was amended in 1876 so “that no person holding salaried office under the State government shall be capable of being elected to either House of the General Assembly.” However, Commonwealth's Attorneys were not salaried officers, but were merely granted an allowance and the Constitution recognized a distinct difference between salaries and allowances.

After having been twice deferred, the committee finally presented its report, Tuesday, April 18th. The majority report, without presenting at length the arguments by which they reached this conclusion, was:

We therefore conclude that the delegate from King and Queen county, also commonwealth's attorney for his county, is entitled to his seat on this floor.

This was signed by Robert M. Mayo, R. A. Coghill, Marshall Hanger, William P. M. Kellam, J. N. Stubbs, R. H. Cardwell, and M. L. Spotswood. A minority report was also brought in to the effect that,

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We, therefore, recommend the adoption of the following resolution:

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Resolved, That Henry R. Pollard, delegate from the county of King and Queen, is not eligible to a seat in the House of Delegates.

This was signed by Wm. J. Dickenson; W. F. Giddings, a carpet-bagger from the North; and A. W. Harris, a gentleman of color from Petersburg. Upon motion of Mr. Frazier, the report was laid on the table, by a vote of 38 to 31.*

* See House Journal, Extra Session of 1882, pages 239–40–41.

When I first became a member of the Legislature (1881), I succeeded a Republican then representing King and Queen county in the General Assembly. His name was John W. Bulman—a man of humble origin and little education. Party lines were strictly drawn in the election in which he was sent as representative for the county. Without the least intention of criticising this gentleman, it may be truthfully said that he was entirely unfit for the position to which he was elected, though I would not depreciate in the least his integrity or his intentions in the performance of his duty.

The Readjustor Party was triumphant in this election, though the Democrats —“conservatives” as they were then called—had made an active and aggressive fight for the re-establishment of the old party lines. Yet in a few districts in the legislative election the Democrats won, and their winning constituted a distinct and decided reaction against this hybrid party which had come into office with Honorable William E. Cameron as Governor, and foreshadowed the early reestablishment of Democratic supremacy in Virginia. 270 But, of course, the main contest or the final result was in the future. In the senatorial and legislative district from which I came, Democrats were elected and I, as a representative had the disadvantage of being obliged to contend with the influence and power led by such men in the Legislature as William Mahone, John S. Wise, John E. Massey, etc.

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In the meantime that party had, in every way possible, entrenched itself in power in this State. I am proud, however,, to say that the senatorial district to which I belonged and the county which I represented were recovered from the grasp of the Readjustor Party and, in the third year of the gubernatorial term for which Hon. William E. Cameron was elected, the party represented by him and his associates became the minority party and Governor Cameron, for the remaining two years of his term, was under the disadvantage of having a legislative majority of two-thirds against him. After the displacement of certain representatives in the General Assembly who were either illegally elected or disqualified under the Constitution from serving, this gave the Democrats, with the aid of the "Big Four" as they were called (Senators Lybrook, Newberry, Hale and Williams), the two-thirds majority in the legislative branch of the government, and enabled them to elect successfully the Speaker of the House and the "basement officers"—that is, the Auditor of Public Accounts, the State Treasurer, Second Auditor, and other less important officers in connection with the State government. To celebrate this party victory a great "Democratic Jubilee" was held, on the Ford lot in Richmond, and 271 Honorable John W. Daniel made the leading speech of the occasion.

One year later, the Democrats came into national power also, and great rejoicing was made everywhere, especially throughout the South. In response to a request from the National Democratic Chairman, Mr. Barnum, the Richmond City Democratic Committee arranged for a mass meeting, to be held, November the 8th (1884), in front of the old Ford's Hotel, opposite the City Hall. Big bonfires were lighted on the City Hall lot and there was a "grand outpouring—an audience remarkable in numbers and attentiveness," to celebrate this "triumph of constitutional right, of ordered freedom, and of purity of Administration ... the rescue of the Government from the grasp of organized corruption, and the restoration of power to the hands of the people."

Colonel John B. Cary, chairman of the City Committee, presided over the meeting and introduced the speakers, who were Hon. A. M. Kieley, City Attorney; Major Charles S.

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Stringfellow; Hon. R. T. Barton, member of the House from Frederick county; Hon. H. W. Flournoy, Secretary of the Commonwealth; Hon. J. Marshall McCormick, member of the State Senate; Mr. Lambert, of Washington, D. C.; and I am proud to record, your humble servant, the writer of these memoirs. Since it is a source of intense gratification to me that I should have been privileged to take part in this celebration of what I regard as an epochal victory in our political history—the first rise of the Democratic Party from the ashes of Reconstruction days, with all the attendant woes of scalawag and carpet-bagger, negro domination and Republican mis-rule, 272 to a dominant power at least in State affairs—a dominance that has never since been shaken—and the first great step towards the glorious leadership, both national and international, which the Democratic Party attained during the recent cataclysmic events of the Great War—since, I repeat, it is a source of deep gratification to me that I was permitted to be even a small part of this great jubilee, I think it may not be inapropos to here insert my speech on that occasion, as given in the *Richmond Dispatch*, of the next day:

Fellow Citizens: Every hour of life has its calls to duty and responsibility. The duty of this hour is to speak with no uncertain sound in denouncing every attempt to defeat the will of the American people, who, on Tuesday last, declared for Cleveland and reform, and the responsibility that rests upon us is to do all in our power to quiet popular excitement, and at the same time let it be understood that we intend to stand unflinchingly for the right. I believe that nine out of every ten of both parties would unite with one voice in proclaiming the man President who has received a majority of the votes, whether that man be Blaine or Cleveland.

The last time that I attended a meeting of the citizens of this lovely city to give expressions of their views on a great public question was in the summer of 1881, when a large concourse of people assembled in the shadow of yonder Capitol to express their detestation of the foul deed that struck down the Chief Executive of this nation. Garfield had not been elevated to the Executive chair by the votes of the people that were there assembled, yet he was the chosen President of the republic, and as such, when he was

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stricken down, every patriot felt that a personal injury had been done to himself as well as to his country. So I believe it will be with the American patriot

MR. POLLARD, WHEN ELECTED TO THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY, 1881

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of every party if that foul conspiracy conceived by some of the leaders of the party now in power is attempted to be perpetrated. The popular mind is in no condition to be trifled with, and those leaders will recognize that fact when they read the words of warning that will ascend from a thousand such demonstrations as this gathered all over this broad land from Maine to Texas and from dear old Virginia to California.

Thank God, no sectional question is involved, no race issue is concerned. It rises higher, descends deeper than these. It is the cause of the whole people, North and South, East and West. The fruits of the grand battle fought last Tuesday against fraud and corruption in the public service and for fair elections and faithful counts, cannot be wrested from us by unscrupulous scoundrels. The leaders of this party of plunder are as powerless to drive back the swelling tide of indignation as was the Persian general when he commanded the billows of old ocean to cease their mighty heaving.

Considering the complete prostitution of the Government to the purpose of perpetuating in power the Republican party, and the fact that thousands who have no visible means of support except the Government pap, and who have come to believe that the republic was established for their maintenance and support, I say, considering these facts, it is not wonderful that scheming politicians who are now beginning to realize the departure of the sceptre of power from their party should seek in any way, foul or fair, to retain it. But I am sure that the sober second thought of a patriotic people will not approve.

Let us then, in the words of the committee, sleep quietly tonight. A kind Providence has wrought great deliverance for our land. Last fall Virginia freed herself from the malign influence of Mahone and his methods. She has again, by a glorious majority, trampled

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the outcast under foot, and next fall the last of his crew are to be driven from power. The whole country has delivered its verdict in favor of honest administration of the Government for the good of the people. The irrepressible 274 conflict will not cease until purity in elections and honesty in governmental affairs shall signalize the American name, and with patriotic hearts we will repeat—

“Sail on, O ship of State, sail on! Sail on, O nation strong and great! Our hearts, our hopes, our tears, Are all with thee, are all with thee.”*

* With becoming modesty, the author has carefully omitted these, but it may be of interest to the reader to know that the newspaper report of the above speech (The Richmond Dispatch, November 9, 1884) frequently intersperses the account with “cheers,” and at the end notes that “prolonged applause” followed.—Ed.

There were many amusing things that happened during the supremacy, may I say, of the control by the Virginia Legislature while the Readjustor Party was under General Mahone's dictatorship, during the session of 1881–82. H. H. Riddleberger was the senator from Rockingham County, and a shrewd leader of the party forces, while General Mahone kept himself mainly out of sight and relied on Riddleberger to execute orders. During that famous session of the General Assembly, I do not remember ever to have laid eyes on Mahone. He was said to have kept his rooms at Rueger's Hotel and, from these headquarters, through Riddleberger and others of his ilk, issued his orders, which were most piously executed. On the occasion I have in mind, Senator Paul C. Edmunds, from Halifax County, true and tried Democrat, left the senate chamber in company with Riddleberger. In the Capitol Square they happened to meet General Mahone and the two were introduced to each other. Senator Edmunds was a plain spoken individual and at once proceeded to make personal comment, saying that the General, whom he was then meeting for the first time, was “the damnedest little man I ever saw 275 to make such a big stir of trouble.” To relieve the situation of any embarrassment, Mahone at once suggested that they should all three go over to Rueger's and have something to drink. This invitation

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the senator promptly accepted, saying that it was the first good proposition that he ever heard of as coming from Mahone. This remark was frequently repeated and became the legislative joke of the session.

This happening recalls another story that I have frequently told of an incident in the Capitol Square, in my presence with the quondam colonel of my regiment. An acquaintance of ours happened along and greeted us, saying, "Good morning, Mr. Pollard; good morning, Major." Now the greatest offense you can offer a military man is to give him a title of inferior rank to his own. The Colonel replied most affably "Good morning, sir; I'm glad to see you; hope you are quite well." Then, under his breath to me, "D—it! He *knows* that I am a *colonel*."

One of the most pleasant recollections of my political career is the high plane on which the contest for speakership of the House was conducted in the session of 1883–4. My opponent was Hon. Charles E. Stuart, of Alexandria, an accomplished young lawyer, and I lost by a narrow margin to my distinguished opponent. Immediately thereafter, I received a note from Mr. Stuart, tendering me the chairmanship of one of the standing committees of the House and asking me which committee I preferred, and also giving me the privilege of naming the other members of the House whom I would like to have associated with me on that committee. I replied that I preferred, if it suited his pleasure, the Committee on Finance, but Stuart begged to be excused from naming the members of the committee. In this he acquiesced and accordingly appointed me chairman of the Finance Committee and thereupon named the following members: Messrs. Graves; Kelly; Evans, of Richmond City; Noblin; Anderson, of Rockbridge; Meade; Clarke; Gibson; Herring; Hazlewood; Garnett; Leftwich; Crockett; Chapman, and Mauck. These were undoubtedly among the leading members of the House. I have ever felt grateful to him for this unusual courtesy extended to his opponent, and hold him in the highest regard, though his brilliant young life was early cut off. On the next meeting of the General Assembly, Mr. Stuart was again elected, this time without opposition, and received the solid Democratic vote for speakership. During this session of the legislature he died, and the contest for that

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office was renewed (1885–6). I was again a candidate but was defeated by Hon. W. D. Cardwell, of Hanover County, and was appointed by him to the position of chairman of the Committee on Privileges and Elections and, by reason of this appointment, became Speaker *pro Tem.* and served by re-appointment until the close of my service in the House.

In the same year, 1884, I became a candidate for nomination to Congress as representative from the First District, with the enthusiastic support of my county representatives in the convention held at Fredericksburg for the purpose of nominating a candidate. But, after a spirited contest, I was defeated by Gilmore S. Kendall, who was in turn defeated, in the November election, by Bailey Brown, a Republican from Accomac County. I declined to be a candidate ²⁷⁷ at the next congressional election, and Hon. William A. Jones was nominated and elected over the Republican candidate, and so continued to be nominated without opposition and re-elected for the next eighteen or twenty years.

A political contest of no little importance occurred over the election of governor of the State, in November, 1885. The convention to make that nomination and that of other officers on the Democratic ticket met in Richmond, August 3, 1885. I had the honor of being the presiding officer at this Convention, having been unanimously recommended by the committee on nominations. Hon. A. Browne Evans, an ardent personal and political friend of mine, was chairman of that committee and it was he who recommended me for the position. I was introduced to the Convention by the temporary chairman, Hon. Robert Crockett, and made the key-note speech, which was as follows:

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Convention:

I am not insensible of the honor conferred upon me in being called upon to preside over this body of representative Virginians—worthy sons of worthy sires. In the keeping of such the fair name and fame of the Old Dominion is safe. The railing, the ranting, and the

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whining of the apostates who lately filled these halls are as powerless to dim the lustre of her fair name as they will be to deceive the people. If they are representatives, then Virginia has lost pre-eminence.

We are here to equip ourselves with leaders worthy to bear our standards to victory on the 3rd of November. The contest is to be one of momentous importance. The lines are to be sharply drawn against the malign influence of Mahoneism—an influence that advocates hate instead of peace; that has sought in the halls and committee 278 rooms of Congress to blast the good name and blot the pages of history with foul libels against our people, seeking by lying artifice to secure sympathy from Northern Republicans and “soap” with which to debase the ballot. The lines are to be drawn against corruption in high places, against participation in politics by judges, against partisan decisions by the courts, against oath-bound legislators, and last, but not least, against the interference by Federal judges in the levy and collection of the revenues of this Commonwealth.

Crying “thief!” they hope to withdraw attention from their shameful administration of the affairs of the State during the two years that they dominated every department of the Government. No such shallow device will do. The memory of the people is too fresh with the developments made before committees of the last General Assembly affecting officials of every grade.

In the coming contest there must be no laggards, no “soreheads.” All, all opposed to bossism, to strife between the races, to sectional bitterness, to dishonest administration of the Government, must align themselves with us. To us the political skies are bright and brightening. The cloud of defeat that so long threatened and so often overwhelmed us has been into the bosom of the ocean driven. The Shermans and the Blaines, the apostles of hate and sectional strife, have been ordered to the rear by the people of this nation, and their exemplars in Virginia—the Mahones and the Blairs—are to be likewise relegated to private life. (Great applause.)

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The eyes of the five millions of Democrats who cast their ballots for Cleveland and reform will look anxiously for the shout of victory from the Old Dominion. Already the people have twice given an earnest of their determination to restore the power to our party. When that power is secured we may confidently hope for better days for the Commonwealth. No more will a boss dare dictate legislation. No more corrupt bargains will emanate from any department of the Government. Corrupt and partisan judges will not longer disgrace the Temple of Justice. 279 Federal judges will no longer vex our patience with partisan decisions in the hope of perpetuating the power of their party by dragging back into politics the settlement of the State debt, but Virginia will press grandly to the front in the sisterhood of States, if not the most populous, yet the peer of any in those qualities which make a great people—patriotism, intelligence, industry and frugality.

In the discharge of the delicate duties as your presiding officer, I ask your patient indulgence and ready assistance. (Great applause and cheering.)*

In an eloquent and stirring address, Major Holmes Conrad nominated General Fitz Lee, presenting him as a “man whose personal and political character will shine undimmed, ... who has the strongest and dearest embodiment of the principles of the Democratic party, ... a man of unflinching integrity and of intelligence ... of personal courage ... and possessing good, vigorous sense and conspicuous for having the necessary requisites for the discharge of the duties of the office.”

Other nominees were Captain Philip W. McKinney, of Farmville; Mr. John E. Massey, and Major Baker P. Lee.

A number of speeches followed, seconding the several nominations, but the one made by James N. Dunlop, of Richmond, was “the speech of the occasion ... and from that time on the nomination of Fitz Lee upon the first ballot was assured.”*

* The State, Richmond, Va., August 3, 1885.

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The vote upon the first count was as follows: Fitz Lee, 360; McKinney, 227; Baker P. Lee, 93; and Massey, 29. The rest of the State Democratic ticket was, Hon. John E. Massey for Lieutenant-Governor, and 280 Hon. Rufus A. Ayres, of Scott County, for Attorney-General. It is interesting to note that, in the fall election of this same year, Hon. John W. Daniel defeated Mahone for the United States Senate.

In the Convention that nominated Fitz Lee, the excitement was, from the beginning and during the deliberations on the matter of organization, very intense, during which time many parliamentary questions arose, causing sharp controversies which resulted in a number of appeals from the decisions of the chair. Soon after I assumed the chair, one of the gentlemen of the Convention, who had been prominent in combating the rulings of the temporary chairman, raised a question as to the correctness of some of my rulings. I promptly and firmly decided against him. Following my decisions, I inquired with a degree of firmness if the gentleman wished to appeal from that decision. He replied with a sudden access of meekness that so surprised and impressed the body that the Convention broke down with laughter and applause, and during the subsequent session the combative temper of the body seemed to have changed and no further questions were asked as to the rulings on the part of the presiding officer.

Both Mr. Conrad and Mr. Dunlop were closely prized friends of mine and were associated for years with me in the General Assembly. I remember with more than ordinary pleasure a little incident that occurred in the United States Supreme Court, when I represented the City of Richmond as counsel in its case against the Western Union Telegraph Company—a case as widely known as it was important. The case was on call for the day in the Supreme Court, 281 and when I came into the court-room, Mr. Conrad, as Solicitor General of the United States, suspended his argument and greeted me with a grace and cordiality all his own, at the same time begging pardon of the Court for the brief interruption.

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His name also recalls an incident in the Virginia House of Delegates when a certain political measure was pending before that body. It was advocated by a Republican-Readjustor, with a degree of ardour unbecoming, as Mr. Conrad thought, to proper courtesy when a personal request was made by the member that the matter be postponed, without affording the opposition a chance to be heard. In the most dramatic way imaginable (he was a very handsome man), Conrad took the floor and, marching slowly and deliberately down the aisle, stopped in front of the Speaker's desk. "Mr. Speaker," he exclaimed, "I would like to know what induces such untimely haste in action! What provokes such haste? I would be greatly obliged if the gentleman would inform this House that the member has in view no dernier object." It is needless to say that it caused a momentary sensation in that body.

In the campaign following the nomination of General Fitz Lee, I was actively engaged, and throughout his distinguished service to the State during his incumbency I was a member of the General Assembly and chairman of the Committee on Finance, covering the whole period. I do not remember having sought his counsel, on my own initiative or at his suggestion, that his views on public matters did not fully accord with my own. General William C. Wickham was, 282 during this same period, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee.

I beg here to record an incident more personal than official. During that period, Dr. Talmadge, the celebrated divine of New York City, lectured at the Second Presbyterian Church, on "The Bible." On the day appointed for his appearance, I received from Governor Lee an invitation to take tea at the Mansion, with several other legislators, the General Assembly then being in session. I accepted this invitation and, after a most enjoyable social evening, the whole party attended the Presbyterian Church to hear Dr. Talmadge. It is the only case in my long experience of hearing distinguished orators that I could hardly restrain myself from giving vociferous expression to my enthusiasm at the earnestness and eloquence of the great preacher.

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During the year 1887, I determined that I ought to retire from my services as the chosen representative from my county to the Virginia Legislature. The added labor of legislative duties to the professional work of a country lawyer taxed my strength to the uttermost, and I felt that, should I return to the legislature, I would be compelled either to decline in part professional engagements, or to neglect them. In view of the demands of a large family, I could not afford to do the former, and honesty forbade the latter. I had several times before stated my unwillingness to serve but had been nominated in spite of this, thus placing me in the unfortunate dilemma of accepting with united support and assured success, or of declining and thus possibly causing division and hence defeat of the party in my county. Important issues were involved each time. The exigencies of the situation would not heretofore allow the denial of any individual sacrifice, however great, but these did not now fully maintain as the democratic party had come into full power. I, therefore, felt free to withdraw, and wrote a letter, addressed to the voters of my county to the *Richmond Dispatch* (and other papers) thus stating my position. This was duly published, with the complimentary editorial comment that, "Mr. Pollard has been one of the most active, useful, and influential members of the Legislature, and his letter of declination will be read with general regret."

The county convention, to nominate a candidate, met at the courthouse, September the first, Hon. J. G. Dew presiding, and, in spite of my letter, the nomination was unanimously tendered me. I declined. The nomination was then offered to Roderic Bland, Esq., and he declined. The convention then urged me to accept but I would not. I again quote from the *Richmond Dispatch*, of September 8, 1887:

Every member of the convention signed a written statement to the effect that the nomination was tendered Mr. Pollard; that he was the only man who could certainly carry the county; and that he should receive the active support of every Democrat of the county. Mr. Pollard at first postively declined, but, after much insistance inside and outside of the convention, finally consented to take the matter into further consideration, and in order to

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give him time to do this the convention adjourned until the 10th instant. Great pressure is brought to bear upon Mr. Pollard to induce him to accept.

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The following letter was sent me by the committee:

We, the undersigned, constituting the convention of the Democratic party of King and Queen County, in convention assembled, after an earnest, full and free consultation in reference to the selection of a suitable candidate for the House of Delegates and failing to agree upon any who commends himself to our judgment as competent and available, earnestly appeal to you to revoke your published determination not to again accept this position. We are well aware of, and fully appreciate, the sacrifices which you have made in the past, and we once more in behalf of ourselves as well as reflecting the wishes and choice of our constituency, unanimously and earnestly appeal to you to come to our rescue in this crisis of our county and State and accept the nomination for the House of Delegates from this county. We feel that we will not appeal in vain to your patriotism and individually pledge our earnest, faithful and most vigorous support.

(Signed) John R. Bagby, Spottswood Bird, John R. F. Vaughan, Thomas K. Savage, W. T. Haynes, B. W. Hudson, C B. Newbill, A. C. Walker, A. G. Gresham, F. B. Hall, O. Gresham, Manly Broaddus, J. M. Guthrie, W. H. Richardson, Jr., S. W. W. Roberts, Wm. Dew, D. F. Corr, Geo. T. Hart.

I received similar letters from persons outside the county, one from a distinguished citizen of Richmond. In the face of this protest, I finally yielded and consented to again serve. I, therefore, published another letter, explaining my position and calling upon the voters of my county to poll the full Democratic strength. My appeal was, in part, as follows:

The people cannot be too frequently reminded that the Mahone party, while in power, debauched every department of the State Government. Their governor received 285 the unqualified disapprobation of a committee of the Legislature that investigated his

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official conduct. Their Legislature was proved to be but the tool of their boss. As was anticipated, these men disgraced, in many counties, the judicial office—consciously incapable, partisan, and corrupt. Can you consent in the face of these facts to intrust your State government in the hands of the Mahone party again?

But a victory for Mahone also means that he is to go back to the Senate, where he may again betray your interests by fraternizing with such haters and vilifiers of the South as Sherman, whose morals are so low as to give utterance to the sentiment that “anything is right in morals and in law that will keep the Democratic party out of power.” No wonder that Mahone should seek his aid in his late villianous effort to prove the Danville people were guilty of premeditated murder.* In closest association with Sherman,† who was the chief manipulator of the monumental theft of the century, the stealing of the presidency from Tilden, Mahone claims to be for “a free ballot and a fair count.” Such thin pretensions can only provoke derision.

* A reference to the famous Danville riot.

† U. S. Senator from Ohio and brother of General Sherman.

Shall he be returned to the Senate to vote against the repeal of the tobacco and whiskey tax? His repeated votes show him opposed to such repeal, while the Democratic party of the State stands pledged by the Roanoke platform to work for such repeal. Shall he be returned to vote again as he did last winter against imposing an income tax on all incomes over five thousand dollars to be devoted to public free schools? Shall he be returned to vote again as he did last winter for the Dependent Pension bill whereby the annual expenditure for pensions to Federal soldiers will be increased one hundred millions of dollars? One-third at least of this enormous sum would have to be paid by the already impoverished South, while we have none of such soldiers in our midst to draw a dollar 286 of the money. This fraud upon the rights of the people, which was cunningly devised to consume the surplus in the treasury and perpetuate the internal revenue taxes on

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tobacco and whiskey, would now be the law of the land, but for the fearless independence of Grover Cleveland, who vetoed the bill.

I appeal to my personal and political friends to rally to my support with the same spirit of sacrifice for the public weal that has induced me again to surrender in large part my professional work for the next five months and to sever domestic ties, so delightful to me, for the same period. Facing our enemy, an enemy that endangers our civilization, our differences, if any, must be buried, and we must present an unbroken front. With the Democrats a unit in my support, defeat is impossible. Every man must have a place in the fight and every man must be in his place.

I have given the above extracts from this campaign document somewhat at length because of the issues involved. It is, I think, interesting to note that the same questions here treated are ever recurrent from time to time, and played no small part in our last campaigns (1920 and 21). The late Hon. Hal Flood, Congressman from the Tenth District, and Chairman of the State Democratic Party, particularly stressed the question of Federal taxation, especially the "tobacco tax," in his last campaign speeches throughout the State.

At the next Democratic convention (1889) for making gubernatorial nomination, I was by my friends brought forward as a candidate for Attorney General. This was a three-cornered race. Ex-Senator Meredith, of Prince William nominated Hon. R. Taylor Scott, of Fauquier county. This was seconded by Mr. Charles 287 Gordon, of Fauquier, and Major Holmes Conrad. Senator Gordon, of Albemarle, nominated Mr. George Perkins, of Charlottesville, seconded by Mr. J. Hampton Hoge, of Christiansburg, and Mr. Camm Patterson, of Buckingham. Mr. Maryus Jones, of Gloucester, nominated me, saying that he thought Tidewater should be represented on the ticket and that "Pollard was the man." He was ably seconded by Mr. W. W. Berkeley, of Roanoke, and Mr. J. H. H. Figgatt, Delegate from Botetourt. I find in a contemporary paper, from which I have condensed the foregoing facts, the further account of proceedings:

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Mr. Figgatt's was the last seconding speech made, and after a few moments of delay the call of the roll began. The vote consumed something over an hour. The race between Scott and Pollard was quite close, with the former slightly in the lead. Mr. Perkins also received a handsome vote. Before the call of the counties and cities had been concluded the changing of votes began. The name of Mr. Perkins was withdrawn, and numerous changes were made. In fact, hardly a single county allowed its figures to remain as originally given.

When the vote had been verified by counties and the aggregates made it was announced to be as follows: For Scott, 902; for Pollard, 626. Necessary to a choice, 765.

Mr. Scott thanked the convention for the honor conferred on him. Soon after, Mr. Henry R. Pollard entered the hall and was conducted to the stage, and said he hoped no one would think he felt sore over his defeat. On the contrary, he felt complimented at the very flattering vote that had been tendered him.

The choice thus made, I think, was of a man of splendid character and unusual ability, and one that certainly left no sting with me or my friends, for he 288 proved a most magnanimous victor and loyal friend. He used his influence to secure my appointment as associate counsel in the debt legislation then pending (the "coupon case") in all of the courts from the lowest to the highest, thus bringing me into the closest intimacy with him. On his much-lamented death, the editor of *The State* (published in Richmond) requested that I furnish the paper with "a brief statement of the life and service of the late Attorney-General," with which request I complied as follows:

To the Editor of *The State*:

Replying to your polite request to furnish you for publication a brief statement of the life and character of Attorney General Scott, I beg to say that my acquaintance with this noble Christian gentleman and able lawyer commenced in the winter of 1881, when we

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met as members of the House of Delegates in the "Mahone Legislature." In that body he distinguished himself as an able debater and accurate reasoner and was foremost in the sharp attacks made upon the policy of the Mahone party by such leaders as Holmes Conrad, Charles E. Stuart, Colonel Skinner, of Staunton, Browne Evans and others. The policy and principles there outlined by these leaders were those subsequently adopted by the Democrats and resulted in a sweeping victory for our party at the next legislative election, and permanently restored the State to her position in the Democratic column.

In the administration of the high office of Attorney General, Major Scott has been pre-eminently successful. He came to his office in 1890, when the finances of the Commonwealth were greatly embarrassed and when she was involved in litigation in almost every shape, in every court, State and Federal, conducted by the ablest counsel that the abundant resources of the creditors could command. He met his adversaries at every point with unruffled 289 ruffled temper, sound argument and abundant authorities, and materially aided in securing, if he did not compel the creditros to accept, the terms so favorable to the State, embodied in the debt settlement. But, perhaps, the greatest triumph for the State that has signalized his administration was the victory in the case of the Commonwealth *versus* McCullough, reported in 90 Virginia Reports, where the old case of Antoni *versus* Wright (known as the "coupon case") was overruled and the able and exhaustive dissenting opinion of that great jurist, Judge Staples, adopted as the law of the land.

He was considerate and confiding towards his associates, courteous and generous towards his antagonists. His sincerity and frankness commanded the respect of judges and juries alike.

He may be justly ranked as among the great men who have served the State as her chief law officer. But, best of all, he was an active and earnest Christian.

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I greatly cherish his memory and the high esteem in which I hold him has, I think, been duly appreciated by his family, especially by his distinguished son, Hon. R. Carter Scott, now presiding judge of the Circuit Court of this city.

I was again a candidate for this same office, in 1897, though under somewhat peculiar circumstances that, I think, rather prevented my polling the full strength I could have otherwise mustered. I had, it will be remembered, moved to Richmond and made that my home some years before this date, in fact immediately after my first candidacy for Attorney General, in which I was defeated by Judge Scott. I, therefore, was in the Third, not the First District.

My friends in this contest, Mr. Samuel Regester taking the lead, felt no little embarrassment by the fact that Hon. J. Taylor Ellyson, of Richmond, had 290 announced his candidacy for the nomination as governor, to be made at the coming Democratic Convention; and no small consideration on my part was occasioned by the fact that the candidates for two such important offices could not, according to political precedent, both be selected from one city, and I hesitated to jeopardize his interests. I so publicly announced as appears from the following contemporary statement published in the Richmond *Dispatch*, on the eve of the Convention:

From the Richmond letter in the Petersburg *Index-Appeal*, the following is taken:

“While Hon. Henry R. Pollard is a candidate for Attorney-General, it is said he will make no effort to secure delegates pledged to him, as it is evident that he cannot win if Mr. Ellyson should head the ticket, He and the candidate are very warm friends, and Mr. Pollard will do nothing to injure Mr. Ellyson's chances. After the nomination has been made, if the man chosen is not from Richmond, the friends of Mr. Pollard will be organized to fight for him for third place on the ticket.”

Mr. Pollard, when shown the above today and asked for a statement, said:

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"The custom has been for many years to distribute the three high State offices so as to have different parts of the State represented. This is done to give more strength to the ticket. I would not do anything to interfere with this custom. I would not ask the convention to nominate me for the position of Attorney-General if another man from Richmond was nominated for one of the three positions. It would not be in accordance with my views to request the body to nominate two candidates from the city of Richmond. For this reason my name will not be before the convention if Mr. Ellyson is nominated for Governor. 291 If, however, the convention should nominate another man for Governor, from some other part of the State, my name will be before the convention as a candidate for the nomination for Attorney-General."*

* The same article further states:

Mr. Pollard is one of the ablest lawyers in Virginia. He has long been considered one of the strongest members of the bar in this State. He has served in the Legislature with distinction, and has long been identified with the interests of the Democratic party in the State.

As a campaign speaker he has done valuable service to the party through many political contests. He served through the late war, and made a fine record in the Confederate service.

Mr. Pollard is an able speaker, and has a large number of admirers and staunch friends, who are anxious for him to become a candidate for the Attorney-Generalship.

A few days later, July 22, 1897, the Richmond Dispatch published, under a two-column cut of Mr. Pollard, the following:

HON. HENRY POLLARD.

Richmond's Candidate for the Nomination for Attorney-General.

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The friends of Henry R. Pollard, of this city, have now formally announced his candidacy for Attorney General. From now on they will make a vigorous effort to secure his nomination. Of the delegates already elected, a large number have declared their intention to heartily support Mr. Pollard. His strength will be gathered from all portions of the State, as he has a large acquaintanceship, having served in the Legislature for eight years, and having engaged in many campaigns, speaking in all portions of the State.

It will be remembered that Mr. Pollard eight years ago came within a few votes of defeating Hon. R. Taylor Scott in a contest for the same office to which he now aspires. A change of 140 votes out of a total of 1,528 would have made Mr. Pollard the nominee of the convention. Mr. Pollard's friends claim that he will receive very substantial support from all parts of the State, especially from the first, second and third congressional districts.

If party service is to be taken into consideration, it is claimed that Mr. Pollard would be the easy winner in the coming contest. His services in the last presidential canvass were especially conspicuous. Two of his addresses on the issues of the canvass were published by the State Democratic Committee and widely circulated as campaign documents. One of the daily papers in speaking of his service in the last campaign said that, next to Senator Daniel, he has done more efficient work as a stump-speaker than any other Democrat in Virginia.

... In the Legislature he was an acknowledged leader in the difficult years that followed the restoration of the Democrats to power, in 1883. He was for two terms chairman of the Committee on Finance, and during his last term chairman of the Committee on Elections. In 1885 he was permanent chairman of the State Democratic convention that nominated Fitzhugh Lee for Governor. His reputation as an able lawyer and a successful advocate is well known. No one doubts that the State's legal business will be safe in his hands.

This uncertainty, making my candidacy contingent upon the nomination of Mr. Ellyson, prevented a thorough organization of my friends and handicapped them greatly in

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canvassing votes for me, especially since it was, from the start, a keen fight with seven aspirants in the contest. These were, with the respective number of votes polled by each:

A. J. Montague 375

W. R. Alexander 265

Judge William H. Mann 211

F. R. Lassiter 357

Lloyd T. Smith 207

H. R. Pollard 133

On the second ballot many changes were made and the interest was intense, at times resulting in a 292 perfect uproar, with the Montague and Lassiter workers busily soliciting votes. The final vote resulted in the election of Montague. Judge Scott was mentioned as a candidate to again succeed himself, but for some reason his name was withdrawn before the first ballot.

Even at the expense of breaking the sequence of my narrative and going back a number of years, I feel constrained to bring in review other legislative activities, may I say, that accrued to the benefit of the State. The question of the establishment and maintenance of a new insane asylum had been agitated for some years before the General Assembly. There was then (1883–4) no such asylum west of the one located at Staunton, leaving all of southwestern Virginia unprovided for. Experts of the day maintained as an important element in properly providing for insane persons that they should be treated and cared for as near as practicable to their own homes. Moreover, the 293 two asylums already existing were filled to the limit of their capacity. The Central Asylum, located at Petersburg, had been established a few years previous, but this was entirely for colored people and so could not be made to solve the problem. This want was met by a law providing for the

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establishment of a lunatic asylum at Marion in southwestern Virginia, approved March 18, 1884,* and its wisdom has been fully justified by its serving to relieve the over-crowded condition of the asylums at Staunton and Williamsburg. It affords a nearby and splendidly equipped institution for that section of the State.

* See Acts of Assembly, 1883–4, page 692.

In the next place, it is to be remembered that there was not, in the State of Virginia, a Normal School for the education of girls. Led by such men as Dr. J. L. M. Curry; Rev. James Nelson, D. D.; Hon. Frank N. Watkins; and Dr. William H. Ruffner, then Superintendent of Education for the State of Virginia, a movement was started for the establishment of a Normal School for Women, at Farmville. In the face of no little opposition from many of the most influential educators, I vigorously espoused the cause of the creation of such an institution. One of Richmond's representatives at that time in the General Assembly, a very able lawyer (I need not call his name), was fierce in his opposition to such an institution, and, on the floor of the House, ridiculed the “Yankee idea of teaching teachers how to teach.” He boldly asserted that good teachers were born not made.

With a following of less than one-half of the Democrats then serving in the Assembly but with practically all of the Republicans, I became largely instrumental 294 in the introduction of a bill for the establishment of such an institution, and took a prominent part in fighting it through to successful passage, March 7, 1884.*] And may I here digress to pay a heartfelt tribute to my father's life-long friend, Hon. Frank N. Watkins, of Farmville, an ardent Democrat and like Dr. Curry, a philanthropist of the widest range of human sympathies. He has been called to his reward, “full of honors and of years.”

* See **Acts of Assembly**, 1883–4, page 417.

In advocating this measure, what I hoped and believed would follow has come to pass—namely, that four other such institutions have been established, without serious opposition,

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and are now maintained and liberally provided for in the annual appropriation of funds for the maintenance of public school education in Virginia.

There are a number of other legislative activities which might be cited, that I think were promotive of the betterment of the public weal. Among these, I mention a bill offered in the General Assembly, at my suggestion, which only lightly impressed many of the members, though its sequel was the discovery of a number of peculations which had existed for many years under the then existing State financial system. The result thoroughly demonstrated the wisdom of this measure.†

† House Bill 225—"To provide for the keeping of certain accounts in the office of the treasurer."— **House Journal** 1883–4, page 792.

When Hon. E. C. Burks, W. R. Staples and John W. Riely had been chosen to report to the General Assembly a revision of the statute laws of the State, and had performed that duty under an Act, approved 295 March 18, 1884, entitled "an Act to revise and digest the Code and Statutes of Virginia," it became necessary to designate a committee from the General Assembly. The Legislature adopted a resolution providing that "a joint committee be appointed, consisting of twelve members—seven members from the House and five from the Senate; to which shall be referred the report of the revisors of the Code and the Code, with authority to have the same printed, and to request the presence of the revisors at their meetings, and with directions to report to the General Assembly as soon as practicable" such revision for final action by that body. I think I have a right to congratulate myself upon the fact that I was named among the following persons appointed to constitute this committee: From the House, John A. Buchanan, B. B. Munford, Henry R. Pollard, A. D. Payne, James N. Dunlop, J. Thompson Brown (of Bedford), and R. M. Mallory; from the Senate, Henry Heaton, J. W. G. Blackstone, William E. Bibb, George B. Keesell, and William F. Rhea.* The importance of this work is emphasized when we consider that no revision of the Code had been made for nearly forty years.

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* See **Code of Virginia**, 1887, Preface, p. iv.

Accompanying the foregoing resolution is the following annotation:

Mr. Pollard was excused from serving on the committee and J. H. H. Figgatt was appointed in his place. Mr. Figgatt, after serving until the 4th of April, 1887, was excused from further service and Mr. James Henry was appointed in his place. Mr. Rhea was relieved from further service on the 22nd day of March, 1887, and Samuel W. Williams was appointed in his place*

* See **House Journal**, Extra Session, 1887, page 20.

My reason for declining this honor was the fact that other legislative activities I believed demanded my utmost attention at this time, when the extra session was so near its close and the House calendar was crowded with important measures, among them the final adjustment and settlement of the State debt.

It is more or less a matter of taste to determine which of the series of my efforts on the stump have been most impressive or successful in my political campaign activities.

De gustibus non disputandum est. Therefore, I hesitate to speak on this subject. I am convinced, however, that most of these, at their best, were unsatisfactory, at least to me, yet there were some efforts which attracted a measure of attention for their force and apparent effectiveness. I do know that, especially on the occasions of some of my earlier efforts on the hustings, I often felt very much like a Confederate Army officer whom I knew and of whom this story was often told. It is said that during the battle of First Manassas, after a South Carolina regiment had been posted in a certain position that was deemed extremely important to be held at all costs, just before the commencement of hostilities, the colonel observed a frightened "Molly-cotton-tail" approaching near the center of the regiment, at a very rapid rate, looking for a place of safety. He exclaimed, "Break ranks

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there, men, and let her pass to the rear! That's exactly what / would do but for having a reputation to maintain.”

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However, I managed to stand my ground, with what success I must leave for others to judge. *In primis*, I remember a joint debate, at Nottoway Court House, in the campaign of 1885. The County Democratic Chairman was a prominent citizen—Mr. Tuggle by name—and an enthusiastic party man. About ten years after that debate, I met a son of his, on a Norfolk and Western train. He made himself known to me, and informed me rather hesitantly that his father “had something against” me. I was surprised at this and at a loss to know what possible cause he could have. The young man said that, through his father's influence on the committee, I had three times been invited to come to Nottaway and speak in advocacy of the Democratic Party. I was surprised to learn that I had each time declined the invitation without stating my reason, but I promptly begged to send my compliments to his father and requested that he explain to him that I had adopted, as the guiding star for similar invitations, a rule never to go back and engage in political discussion where I had had fairly good success on a former occasion. This seemed to satisfy the son, and he said he was sure it would satisfy his father also.

In my debates with the Readjustors and Republicans, I would frequently stress my point as to the falsity of their claims by making use of a story that was current many years ago and which I think is good enough to re-tell here. In a discussion between the editor of the *Lynchburg Virginian*, Mr. Button, and the *Charlottesville Progress* a heated verbal tilt took place. The two papers, editorially, had espoused opposite sides of a political controversy, and Mr. Button concluded 298 one of his articles on the subject by saying, “We have tried very hard to tell the truth in this matter.” The next issue of the *Progress* came back at him with a sarcastic rejoinder, the substance of which was that it was too bad that Mr. Button had to make such an effort and found it so *hard* for his paper to tell the truth. To this Mr. Button retorted with one brief editorial paragraph: “If our esteemed contemporary, *The*

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Progress, does not believe that it can be hard to tell the truth, we would suggest that they try it *just once*. ”

Bryan's candidacy, when free silver was a great question, found me at Bowling Green, in a most exciting campaign. There were three candidates—McKinley, for the Republicans; Bryan, for the “free silver” Democrats; and John M. Palmer, of Illinois, for the “gold” Democrats. The excitement was intense. An agreement was made between the representatives of the three factions whereby Mr. Meredith, who was an active canvasser in behalf of the “gold Democrats,” should begin the discussion, being allowed one hour and another quarter for rebuttal after the other speakers. One of the members of Congress, I *think* from Kansas, who was representing the Republicans, and I on behalf of the “free silver” party, were to follow him, each being granted an hour and fifteen minutes. The interest was intense and the courthouse, which was a large building, was full to overflowing. I remember that the crowd was largely in sympathy with the views I represented and was enthusiastic in the extreme for Mr. Bryan. During the height of my speech I observed someone apparently deeply interested but non-sympathetic elbow himself 299 into the crowd and push his way to the already crowded front bench. From the deference shown him in permitting this, I concluded that he was of considerable importance and a Republican, so I turned and congratulated him on his being present to hear the good old Democratic doctrines set forth and playfully suggested tat I was glad to see him on the “mourner's bench.” I added that I hoped he had not followed the example of two other penitents whom I had heard of seeking a similar seat in a Baptist protracted meeting. When they came forward, their appearance attracted a good deal of interest and the minister went to meet them and consult them as to their spiritual state of mind. The congregation was on tiptoe with interest. After conferring with them, he reported that he found the two brethren in an exceedingly gratifying state of mind, saying that they “talked right and had acted right, but, bless the Lord! they don't *smell* right!” This brought down the house and my audience was simply convulsed with squeals of laughter. I was a bit puzzled at my story “going over” so big, but I learned afterwards that my random shaft had been

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aimed better than I knew, and that the target of my wit was the Republican postmaster of the town and was also on exceedingly friendly terms with "John Barley Corn."

I must in these sketches refer to a visit that I paid to Louisa courthouse with my friend, Jim Marshall, a well-known State politician and a member of the late Constitutional Convention. On the occasion referred to, we were both scheduled to speak. We traveled by train on the appointed date, which was court day, and on the journey he insisted, contrary to the ordinary 300 course, that he be permitted to speak first. He made one of the most amusing and side-splitting stories out of his war experiences and made his address so entertaining that I felt almost helpless at the idea of undertaking the kind of speech I had prepared beforehand, and was driven to the necessity of thinking of something else that would suit the occasion and, at the same time, excuse me from any seeming want of proper appreciation of the invitation extended me. So I told this story on my friend. He had a brother whose name was John and both of them were in the Confederate Army and both in the battle of Seven Pines, where Jim was wounded but John was not. When it was reported to their mother that a battle was in progress, she became most anxious and very nervous in her expressions of fear for John's safety, saying that she just felt something had happened to him, and even made great lamentations that she *knew* John was killed. So great was her distress that her friends interposed, trying to sooth her by reasoning with her, reminding her that Jim was there also and she felt no anxiety about him. "Why," they asked, "should you feel so worried about John and not give Jim a thought? You have no reason to feel afraid for *him* any more than for Jim or any of the other boys." She replied, "Yes, I have, too. I've heard that there are seven pines there and I *know* if that's so that Jim has gotten behind one of them and is safe enough!" With the telling of this story, I excused myself and my friend, Jim Marshall, went off with all the honors of the occasion.

I remember an incident occuring at King William Court House in a political meeting to hear Hon. John 301 Lamb, then member of Congress from the Third District and candidate for re-election, "give an account of his stewardship," as used to be said in political parlance

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of that day. It so happened that the political interest of the day was at low ebb and he had not excited on this occasion the usual enthusiasm. I also happened to be in the audience at that time, and, as I am very well-known in that county, I have often thought more appreciated there probably than in my own county. And I may say candidly that I have enjoyed my popularity there with considerable gratification. The fact that I was present and was called upon to speak, and that it so happened that I was received with great cordiality, caused my honored friend to seek me as soon as the meeting was adjourned, and I was queried as to whether I had any intention of becoming a candidate against him. I most emphatically replied, "None in the world. I propose to enter actively into the canvass in your behalf." And I did so, as I had done in the campaign when he was elected for the first time.

One of the most spirited and exciting campaigns in which I took an active part since my residence in Richmond was the contest for the seat in Congress between Captain John Lamb and Hon. Tazewell Ellett, then representing this District. The almost perennial issue—namely that of "free silver," so long advocated and ably urged upon the voters—again arose and became acute. Captain Lamb's interests were managed by his brother, Hon. James C. Lamb, Judge of the Chancery Court of this city and a well-known political leader of the Third Congressional District, aided by me as assistant manager. Under the 302 political organization then in existence, the nomination was made by a delegated convention, which met this year at Sanger Hall in Richmond. Proceedings were interesting and exciting to the last degree. When the Convention met, it was confidently asserted by Captain Lamb's friends that he had a majority of three votes, but, to the great surprise of his friends, the roll-call, if correct, showed a majority of three votes in favor of his opponent, Mr. Ellett. This situation surprised and greatly angered Captain Lamb's friends, and it was asserted that the delegates whose votes were in question had been elected with instructions to vote for Mr. Lamb. A situation was thus presented that exceeded in excitement anything that I had ever before seen or heard in a political gathering, leading to one or more breaches of the peace. Bedlam broke loose, charges and counter-charges

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were made, claims pushed, denunciations and recriminations indulged in, and everyone attempted to talk at once. Mr. Ben Owen, the Chairman of the Convention, was elected as a friend of Mr. Lamb, but this body was rapidly developing into a disorder which threatened the peace of the Convention itself. Moreover the crowd that was assembled as on-lookers had its leaders on each side of the controversy, who were equally as demonstrative and threatening. In this situation the Chairman appealed to me for a solution of the dilemma. I thereupon advised him to declare the Convention adjourned to some other time and place (as was permissible under parliamentary law,* if an assemblage got beyond the control of its presiding officer, although this rule is not very generally known

* See Cushing's Law and Practice of Legislative Assemblies.

303 or applied) where the proceedings might be conducted with less heat. He took my advice and adjourned the Convention until the next day, at ten o'clock in the same place, when the recalcitrant delegates were found to be more conciliatory and ready to follow the instructions claimed to have been given them by their constituents. Mr. Lamb was accordingly nominated and sent to Congress (1896), where he served efficiently and faithfully until he was defeated by Hon. A. J. Montague (1912), who is now the representative from this District.

Early in my professional career I purchased a volume of which Dr. Matthews, of Chicago, was the author. This volume was used in the curriculum of the University where Dr. Matthews was a member of the faculty. He gave this as an example of the most trenchant repartee that had ever come under his observation. He attributed the authorship to Thomas Marshall, of Kentucky, one of the most brilliant political speakers of his age, which antedated the Civil War. Mr. Marshall had a national reputation as an able advocate of the Whig doctrines. He was, I think, a Virginian by birth, but was a resident of Kentucky, and his services were in constant demand by the managers of the Whig party in that State as well as nationally. He was speaking one evening, in Buffalo, New York, to a vast audience, holding them in rapt attention. All at once, in one of the most effective passages of his speech, some person in the audience,—evidently an opponent of the Whigs—exclaimed,

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“Louder!” The orator of the occasion obligingly raised his voice, supposing that the request was made in good faith. No sooner had he regained the attention 304 of his audience and resumed his train of argument than the person again shouted, “Louder! Louder!” Mr. Marshall again raised his voice, though this time it was apparent that it was somewhat of a strain on him to do so. For a third time came the same interruption, augmented this time by suppressed giggles. Mr. Marshall now recognized it as one of the lowest though most often used forms of would-be political wit, an attempt to heckle the speaker. With utmost calm, he walked to the edge of the platform and, in a matter-of-fact conversational tone, without raising his voice in the slightest but with perfect enunciation, he said, “Fellow-citizens, I apprehend that on the last day—the day for which all others were made—when Gabriel shall blow his trumpet and announce to both the living and dead that time shall be no more, some infernal fool in the city of Buffalo will rise up and shout, “Louder! Louder!”

Something akin to this occurred during one of my political addresses delivered at Emporia, Virginia. In this campaign Mr. Cocke, of Fluvanna County, a brother of Mr. E. Preston Cocke, an eminent lawyer of this city, was a candidate for governor. There was among my acquaintances an erratic gentleman familiarly known by the artistic and euphonious name of “Hell-cat Billy Jones,” the clerk of the Court of James City County and son of a Baptist minister of Williamsburg, and a person had to be pretty sharp, indeed, to get the better of Billy. On the occasion I had in mind, one of the audience attempted to heckle me by repeatedly asking questions, thus interrupting my speech and spoiling the effect of my best efforts. Finally I turned to him and said, “My friend, I do not 305 intend to take any more of my time and that of my hearers in answering your questions. If you are really interested, I'll try to enlighten you after the meeting is over. In the meantime, I am reminded of a saying of my friend ‘Hell-Cat’ Billy Jones, which I think is rather *apropos* now. Billy always maintained that a man had a perfect right to make a fool of himself but he had no right to abuse the privilege.” I was free from further interruption.

There were many interesting stories circulated concerning Billy's father, Mr. Sarvant Jones. This minister had the misfortune to lose his wife when about middle age. He was

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stricken with grief and made much ado finding a suitable epitaph for her tombstone, which he insisted should be a handsome one. So hard was he to please, in fact, that it was some months before the stone was completed and sent to Williamsburg. In the meantime, Mr. Jones had found consolation elsewhere and was just bringing home a new bride. By a strange coincidence, both the bride and the tombstone arrived by the same train and were driven out to his residence in the same vehicle, causing no little amusement among his parishioners.

The barbecue as an institution in the conduct of political campaigns had its uses during my early political activities. I find among my newspaper clippings an account of one of these occasions in which I figured as one of the speakers. The meeting was held at Toano, Virginia (James City County). On the program with me were Hon. John W. Daniel; H. L. Maynard, the Democratic nominee from the Second District; John Whitehead, of Norfolk, district elector; 306 and R. L. Gordon, of Louisa. It was an all-day affair, with a great crowd in attendance and much interest manifested. The reporter who handled the story was indulgent and complimentary enough to give the following account:

Toano and James City are honored today by the presence of Hon. John W. Daniel and a number of the prominent leaders of the Democratic party of Virginia, and despite the heavy rainfall a large crowd attended the Toano barbecue today, and Williamsburg's quota, with its brass band, came in on the train from the East and enlivened things.

At one o'clock the first speaker, Hon. H. R. Pollard, was introduced by Dr. E. G. Booth, who presided, and created the greatest enthusiasm by his skillful arraignment of the Republican Administration.

Mr. Pollard was followed by Mr. Gordon, whose eloquence won the closest attention of his auditors.

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The speaking before dinner was concluded with an address by Mr. R. W. Withers, of Suffolk, a young man but a good speaker.

The day will close with speeches by Senator Daniel, Mr. John Whitehead, of Norfolk, and Mr. H. L. Maynard.

The old-time barbecue will be a memorable day at Toano, with the peerless Daniel, the brilliant Pollard, the eloquent Gordon, the logical Whitehead, and the able Maynard.

The town and the community have been stirred to the centre. As this report closes the crowd is at dinner, which was served in the dining-room of Hotel Felix, where the speaking took place.

Probably one of the most appreciative audiences ever assembled in this city to hear a political speech, in recent years, occurred in the gold and silver campaign of 1896. This meeting took place at Belvidere 307 Hall, and the speakers of the occasion were Hon. William L. ("Buck") Royall and Mr. Meredith for the gold advocates, and Senator Joe Bailey, of Texas, representing the Bryan democrats. The surroundings were anything but comfortable for a political discussion. The weather was extremely warm and the hall stifling with tobacco smoke and over-crowded to a degree. Very soon after the initial sentences of his speech, Mr. Royall asked permission of the audience to take off his coat and, courteously turning to Senator Bailey, also begged that he would excuse this seeming breach of etiquette. Senator Bailey, in his leisurely Texas drawl, replied, "That's all right; go right ahead, my friend, and welcome. I'm glad you're doing it and before I get through *I'm* going to take your shirt off too."

I cannot recall ever having heard a more triumphant speech during that canvass, nor since. The enthusiasm on the occasion equalled anything I ever heard in political debates. The nearest approach to it, within my own personal campaign experience, came during the

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closing remarks made in a similar discussion at Bowling Green, when I closed my appeal to the voters with these words:

History repeats itself. Upon the devoted head of Jefferson his political opponents poured the vials of their wrath. He was charged with being a *revolutionist*. The people sustained him. After eight years in the presidential chair, he retired amid the plaudits of the people, and practically named his successor.

My countrymen, this is no time for crimination and recrimination. It is a time for patriotic sentiments and 308 patriotic declarations. A simple business proposition is submitted to your arbitrament. To decide it aright we need

“Men—high-minded men; Men who their duties know, And know their rights, and Knowing, dare maintain.”

In conclusion, I beg to say that the fundamental idea of popular government is the distribution of power. Hence it has been the struggle of liberty in all ages to wrest it from the hands of the few and lodge it in the hands of many. If you distrust the people, then you distrust the political fabric reared by our fathers—you are opposed to popular government. If you corrupt by bribes, or stifle by threats, then popular government becomes “a by-word and a hissing,” and though it may have a name to live, it will be “dead in trespasses and in sins.” Just here our danger lies. It is openly charged that the allied enemies of your cause propose to purchase the perpetuation of their power—the blasting dominion of Plutocracy. Their campaign coffers are brusting with fatness. A single millionaire is said to have contributed a million of dollars to the corruption fund.

It is mortifying, not to say degrading, to think of that high office—the presidency—openly purchased. But this is the condition that confronts us. The honor of ourselves and our country is at stake. We have accepted the gauge of battle and it must be fought to the finish. At Lodi, after repeated unsuccessful charges upon the stronghold of the Austrians, Napoleon determined to abandon the assault and commanded a drummer-boy to beat

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a retreat. The brave fellow replied, "Sire, I do not know how." "Then," said the Emporor, "beat a *charge*." It was done. Once more the brave men of France bore down upon their enemies. The bridge was captured, and Lodi became celebrated as belonging to the catalogue of Napoleon's victories.

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The importance of the contest cannot be over-estimated. The preservation of our liberties is at stake, and while we must not depreciate the powerful influences that confront us, yet I have an abiding faith in the ultimate triumph of the right.

In 1901 I again had the honor to preside over the State Democratic Convention, meeting in Norfolk, which nominated Andrew Jackson Montague for Governor; Joseph E. Willard, for Lieutenant-governor; and William A. Anderson for Attorney-General. As my speech on that occasion was a brief resume of Democratic achievement during the preceding decade which justified their retention in power, I shall here give it in full.

Mr. Chairman, and Gentlemen of the Convention:

It is no mean honor to be called to preside over the deliberations of the Democracy of the Old Dominion. To have this honor twice bestowed stirs my heart with the profoundest sense of gratitude. A little more than a decade and a half ago, I had the honor to preside over the Democratic hosts that called to the front as their standard-bearer that noble son of Virginia, whose name is a synonym for honor—Fitzhugh Lee. The situation that then confronted us was perilous. Only the legislative branch of the government was controlled by our Party, and that had but recently been redeemed. The ticket then nominated—Lee, Massey, and Ayers—and the platform then adopted, pledging the Party to a speedy settlement of the public debt, to economy in the administration of public affairs, and to the fostering of the public schools, met the approval of the people at the polls; and, since that time, quadrennially, their confidence has been invoked and as often renewed by placing in the Executive Mansion worthy successors of Lee and of the long line of illustrious sons

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who preceded him. No Democrat need be ashamed of the 310 untarnished records made for his Party by McKinney, O'Ferrall, and Tyler. To add another honorable name to this list, you are commissioned. That you will choose wisely, I have no doubt.

That our Party pledges then made have been kept, I appeal to the record. The public debt has been settled on terms satisfactory to the creditors and honorable to the State. Under the terms of settlement, about one-third of the principal was released, and the rate of interest on the residue was reduced one-half, making the present annual interest account of the State a little over \$800,000, which is now promptly paid, against an annual interest account, in 1885, of \$1,526,000. The gross annual receipts of the State government, from all sources, in 1885, were \$2,692,103.22, while in 1900 they reached the sum of \$3,013,320.44—making a net gain of \$321,117.22. Of this gain \$228,410.87 has come from increased values of lots and improvements thereon, located in the cities and towns of the Commonwealth, while the residue has been derived from new subjects of taxation, hence placing no burden on the great agricultural interests of the State.

The Female Normal School, at Farmville, has been established for the education of teachers for the public schools. Large and comfortable buildings and grounds have been provided for this school, and the State now appropriates annually \$15,000 for its support. Commodious and substantial dormitories for students, professors' houses, school houses, and workshops have been erected for the Agricultural and Mechanical College at Blacksburg, and that institution is now in a highly prosperous condition. An Agricultural Department has been created and efficiently and economically managed.

Disabled soldiers and the widows of soldiers who lost their lives in the late war are cared for. The State now pays annually \$135,000 in pensions, and \$35,000 for the support of the Soldiers' Home.

The Southwestern State Hospital has been erected, and the other three State Hospitals for those afflicted with insanity have been greatly enlarged since 1885, and the 311 State

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contributed, in 1900, to the care and maintenance of these unfortunates the large sum of \$336,613.91. The deaf, dumb and blind are supported and educated in the commodious and convenient institution at Staunton, the annual appropriation for which is \$40,000.

The oyster grounds have been surveyed and platted and are now protected by a sufficient number of steamers and sailing vessels. When the Democrats obtained control of the Legislature, in 1883, these grounds were being rapidly destroyed for want of protection. They now yield a revenue to the State and give employment to a large number of her people.

The Penitentiary has been so well managed that, against a loss of \$23,226.89, in the year 1883, it paid the State \$19,237.37, in 1900—a gain of \$42,464.26.

The public free school system of the State has been successfully fostered, so that they have steadily advanced in numbers and efficiency. In 1885, there were 5,900 schools, with an average session of 5.92 months. In 1889, there were 6,341 schools, with an average session of 5.96 months. In 1893, there were 6,636 schools, with an average session of six months. In 1897, there were 7,087 schools, with an average session of 6.01 months. In 1901, there are 7,258 schools, with an average session of 6.03 months. In 1885, the free school property was valued at the sum of \$1,819,256.83, with an expenditure for school purposes of \$1,424,531.69. In 1889, the value of the free school property was \$2,208,114.73, with an expenditure for school purposes of \$1,620,808.92. In 1893, the value of the free school property was \$2,763,584.97, with an expenditure for school purposes of \$1,798,157.90. In 1897, the value of the free school property was \$3,090,777.29, with an expenditure for school purposes of \$1,827,003.22. In 1901, the value of the free school property is \$3,536,176.47, and the expenditure for school purposes will be about \$2,157,000.

Few, if any, salaries have been increased; and no new offices created, except to meet the absolute necessities of the public weal.

Much of the talk that we hear about needed reform in the expenses of the State government is misleading, if not 312 visionary. It is the re-threshing of old straw that has been threshed a score of times by men of intelligence and patriotism, actuated only by an intense desire to reduce expenses to the smallest sum consistent with the prompt, efficient and benevolent administration of the laws. If we are willing to curtail appropriations to the public schools; or to neglect the indigent Confederate soldier, or his widow; or to delay and cripple the administration of justice in the Courts; or to leave our unfortunate lunatics to rot in the public jails; then you may cut down expenses; otherwise not. It is, therefore, futile, if not hurtful, to hold out false hopes in this direction.

I congratulate you on the auspicious circumstances under which you are assembled. After years of patient waiting and heroic endurance, the people of this Commonwealth, by their chosen representatives, are again in a Convention assembled to frame a Constitution. That old relic of the dark days of Reconstruction—the Underwood Constitution—is to be relegated to the past. This hideous skelton, but half-hidden in the closet, has remained too long in the house of our fathers. The work of Underwood, Hunicutt, and Hodges—the emanation of a coalition of the carpet-bagger, the scalawag and the negro—is to be substituted by the handiwork of such men as Daniel, and Goode, and Anderson—true and tried sons of Virginia. The demon of negro suffrage is to be cast out. Virginia, clothed and in her right mind, is to again admister her own affairs in her own way, by her own people. No longer will fear of domination by an alien race give excuse for practices which neither law nor conscience approve.

The political atmosphere is to be clarified; poltical methods are to be cleansed. We cannot afford to hesitate. A strenuous situation confronts us.

“Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide, In the strife of Truth and Falsehood, for the good or evil side.”

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The decision must be at one and the same time for honesty and for Anglo-Saxon supremacy. Without the first, we lose our self-respect—the source of every virtue, private and public; without the other, we become the prey of political adventurers, and have our material prosperity destroyed.

I may further congratulate you. If I read aright the signs of the times, we will present, in the next national campaign, a united front to the enemy. The great issue which so unhappily divided us has been fought to the finish. That issue, in 1896, met its Gettysburg; in 1900, its Appomattox. While I will never make any apology to any man for my advocacy of “the free and unlimited coinage of silver” as a legitimate means of reasonable expansion of the currency, or for my enthusiastic and untiring support for the highest office in the gift of the American people of that true, able, and eloquent tribune of the people, William Jennings Bryan—yet I am free to say that, in my judgment, the logic of events has settled this financial question and removed it from the arena of *politics*, if not of *polemics*. Settled for the present, if not forever, we can, and should, present an unbroken front to the enemy. The issues of local self-government, of a tariff for revenue, and of the economical administration of the government remain. Upon these we have won in the past, and can win again.

I crave your sympathy and help in the discharge of the delicate duties you have so generously imposed upon me.

The following is an address delivered by me, at the Academy of Music, in the spring of 1905, at a mass-meeting held in the interests of Senator Swanson, who was then a candidate for the nomination for governor against Judge Mann and Hon. Joseph E. Willard. It was my pleasure and privilege to introduce him to the audience.

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Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

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These are piping times. The candidate is abroad in the land. His voice is as one crying in the wilderness. He notoriously promises that the crooked shall be made straight and the rough ways smooth; that the wicked shall cease from troubling and that weary veterans are to rest in luxury's lap. School houses are to dot every hill-top, and every youth is to drink deep of the Pierian spring. Trusts are to be dissolved, railroad rates regulated, and

Every prospect shall be made to please, And man his vileness is to leave!

For the last several months while the life of the candidate has been strenuous, he has been rewarded with generous and appreciative audiences, in no small degree indicative of deep interest in the orderly administration of the affairs of the government, and, at the same time, giving an unmistakable assurance that none need apply for political preferment whose record is not clean and whose private life is not pure.

I congratulate you, fellow citizens, on your good fortune in being able to choose the Chief Executive of this grand old Commonwealth from three gentlemen whose characters are high and whose ideals are lofty, but I specially felicitate you on your good fortune in being able to select of these one whose devotion to duty from his youth up, whose natural ability, whose experience in public affairs, whose fearless defense of right, and whose patriotic devotion to his State, entitle him to be denominated "the noblest Roman of them all."

But all that has transpired in the canvass cannot be commended. There has been a degree of asperity unbecoming. The distinguished gentleman, whom in honoring tonight we honor ourselves, has been the mark of the slanderer, but the political arrows aimed at him have fallen harmless at his feet, serving to provoke encomiums of praise and confidence from the lips of those that were expected to detract, and the gentleman, who claims for himself 315 the credit of throttling gamblers by the score, has finally seen fit to apologize and retract the grievous charges, which he so incautiously, at least, circulated. But let him, and with him his charges, be laid to rest and epitaphed:

“Man is a vapor Full of woes; Cuts a caper, And away he goes.”

I would not trespass on your patience, but I cannot for-bear to say,—and I think I have a right to say it, by reason of my espousal of the cause of temperance in the Legislature when it was not popular to do so—that I deprecate dragging the cause of temperance into this canvass as a political issue. One of the distinguished gentlemen asking your suffrage has in every speech dangled his “baby” before his audience and asked support on its account. If belief in the wisdom of the Mann law be sufficient to justify the support of Judge Mann, then the belief in its unwisdom is sufficient reason to deny him support; from which you readily see that no moral question is made a political question. I beg to suggest that if Judge Mann should be nominated the Democratic party would stand pledged to his policy on the liquor question, whereas this question is too big and too important to be made a football of political parties. On the side of wise legislation regulating the liquor traffic, the good men of both parties, and *all* parties, should align themselves. I yield to none in the devotion to the principles and to the practice of temperance, but I oppose as unwise the dragging of the cause to the political arena, especially when our past experience shows that such legislation has commanded the attention of our law-makers and secured their endorsement of every reasonable regulation which public sentiment would sustain and enforce. We are asked to do what we, but lately, deprecated and rebuked in the alleged enemies of temperance, namely, rally to the support of a candidate because of his views on this question. This much I say 316 on my own responsibility, because, as I have said, I have a right to say it.

I now come to the most pleasant part of my task. I come to bespeak for a gentleman, who is to be your foremost citizen for four years, from January the first, a reception so cordial as to convince him that the door of hospitality is wide open to one who loves Virginia as devotedly as he does; to one who has represented her so fearlessly and faithfully in the councils of the nation; to one whose highest honor is that he is architect of his own fortune—from a modest Virginia home he is to go to Virginia's Executive Mansion.

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I now present him, the Hon. Claude A. Swanson, the Christian gentleman; the efficient congressman; the patriotic citizen. And I feel justified in saying that by the suffrages of the unterrified Democracy he is to be your standard bearer in a campaign that will be no less memorable in the political annals of the country than has been the canvass for the nomination.

From this time on my professional duties as City Attorney kept me so busy that I could not take quite such an active part in politics. Besides, the Democratic Party was now firmly entrenched and Virginia was established as a "one party" State, so that there were no longer such exciting contests or so much campaigning needed. The contests became, as they are today, virtually within the party for the nomination, whatever Republican opposition there was being, in most Districts, purely nominal and perfunctory.

Although I have always supported Swanson, both in his campaign for the governorship and also since he has been in Congress up to the last campaign against Davis, I have never been a hard and fast "organization" or "ring" man, preferring to use my own judgment and be guided solely by the qualification of the respective candidates rather than by any misapplied 317 loyalty for party *factions*. As illustrative of this I supported Fitz Lee against Martin for governor, back in the '80's, and again I voted for Montague against Martin when the two were contesting the nomination to the United States Senate. However, I found myself in hearty accord with most of Senator Martin's activities in Congress and sincerely applaud many of the measures which he supported so successfully, and I echo the sentiments expressed by Senator Claude A. Swanson upon the decease of his colleague, Thomas S. Martin, late Senator from Virginia. In this notable and well-merited address, delivered in the United States Senate, there are many deserved compliments paid to the late Senator's integrity and efficiency as a true and tried representative of the old Commonwealth, and I quote these in part:

It can be said with equal truth of him, as was said of Old Hickory (President Jackson), "he never failed a friend, he never forgot a favor." No consideration of personal comfort,

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no apprehension of personal detriment, no promptings of personal profit could ever induce him to fail a friend or refuse any demand that friendship had a right to claim. This quality was almost a passion with him. . . . No stain ever followed his footsteps. No suggestion of scandal, public or private, ever besmirched his fair name. . . . Mr. President, the heavy burdens and weighty responsibilities imposed upon Senator Martin by the important position held by him during the war were greater than his strength could bear. His unceasing work, day and night, without rest or recreation, the continuous pressure upon him as leader of the majority, and the anxieties and responsibilities incident to the position undermined his health and left him at the conclusion of the war a physical wreck. Despite the solemn warning his physicians gave him that unless he desisted from his strenuous life fatal results might ensue, and the constant solicitations of his friends not to destroy his health, he firmly refused in the critical time of the war to abandon his post of duty, and thus unselfishly and patriotically sacrificed his life to public service.

It is by the lives and sacrifice of such men as Senator Martin that States and nations progress along correct lines and are made strong and great.

A poet has well expressed it:

"What builds a nation's pillars high And makes it great and strong? What makes it mighty to defy The foes that 'round it throng?

"Not gold, but only men can make A nation great and strong; Men who for truth and honor's sake Hold still and suffer long.

"Brave men who work while others sleep, Who dare when others sigh; They build a nation's pillars deep And lift it to the sky."

In the 1909 primary, I took a great deal of pleasure in supporting Hon. Harry St. George Tucker for the governorship, but he was defeated by Judge Mann. In 1913, Henry Carter Stuart was nominated practically without opposition. In the next campaign year, 1917,

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although I did not take any active part, I was naturally very much interested, as my nephew, Hon. John Garland Pollard, who was then Attorney-General of Virginia, was one of the candidates for governor. I, of course, supported him and cast my influence in his favor, although I did not enter actively into the campaign. He was opposed by Hon. J. Taylor Ellyson, for years the State Democratic Chairman, for whom I had the highest regard and esteem and 319 whom I had theretofore supported; and by Westmoreland Davis, the successful candidate.

In the last gubernatorial contest, which was a strenuous one, I voted for Governor Trinkle and gave my hearty support to his aspirations. I had become well-acquainted with him in representing special interests of Richmond before the General Assembly, and found him always ready to co-operate with me in advancing the interest of my client, the city of Richmond, which was paramount with me. So in this recent contest I was again aligned with the so-called "organization" forces. It devolved upon me to introduce Senator Trinkle, as he was then, when he presented his candidacy to the citizens of Richmond at a meeting held in the John Marshall High School Auditorium. This was my third appearance in such a role—first with Fitz Lee and then with Swanson, as I have already related—and my friends seem to think that I am getting to be a pretty good "political jockey" in respect to picking winners.

With due deference to divergences of opinion, if I were asked for *my* judgment as to the man of my generation who has impressed himself more upon his times as the greatest statesman, I should, without hesitation, name William E. Gladstone. Such, it seems to me, was the judgment of Dr. J. L. M. Curry, when he wrote his interesting memoirs of that stateman, published in 1891. In that vivid portraiture of this great man, he uses the following language:

Delighting in the actual work and business of government, getting into his mind, as by intuition, the details of the most intricate and complicated legislation, it is not surprising that he should have, as he once admitted, a whole catalogue of unfinished work for

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parliamentary action. Among these questions none has enlisted more of his sympathies and energies than the cause of Ireland with its manifold sufferings. The Irish people, such is the testimony of Cardinal Manning, "have been afflicted by every kind of sorrow, barbarous and refined—all that centuries of warfare of race against race and religion against religion can inflict upon a people has been their inheritance." Without attempting to unravel the complicated web, it may suffice to present the existing status of affairs and Mr. Gladstone's relations to the problems which are demanding solution. The Vice-President of the Irish Land League, Justin McCarthy, said that Mr. Gladstone was the first English minister to deal on a liberal scale with the perplexing Irish question, and was the first who ever really periled office and popularity to serve the interests of the unhappy country. No English cabinets have ever been more kindly disposed to that restless land than those presided over by Mr. Gladstone, and yet none have, at times, encountered more adverse criticism, more obstinate demands, more persistent discontent and more partisan opposition.

Feeling that Ireland had real grievances in the law of agricultural occupation, he undertook to remedy, in 1870, an evil of a terribly practical character by the first act which gave any protection to the Irish tenant....

The gravamen of the Irish demand is self-government, the making and administration of their own local laws while they shall still share in the legislation which governs and consolidates the empire. Anyone responsible for the conduct of affairs in 1886 was bound to face the constitutional demand which had then, for the first time, been promulgated by the people of Ireland. To that demand there was the answer of resistance and coercion, and coercion has been enacted in violation of former parliamentary usages by the frequent and rigid enforcement of an instrument called "the closure."... In its nature

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and in its object the coercion is unprecedented and odious. . . .

There was also the answer of a reasonable attempt in accordance with the principles of equality and justice to satisfy the demand. Mr. Gladstone had the courage to consider and face the demand of the Irish nation. . . . He had come to the solemn conclusion, after a long trial of a contrary policy had proved unavailing, that a new and juster policy must be inaugurated for Ireland. . . . His proposal is imperial unity with local autonomy—the establishment of a domestic legislature for the control of Irish affairs, under the condition which may be prescribed by the act defining Irish as distinct from imperial affairs. There is contemplated only one sovereign—one ultimate executive and legislative head and no breach of union

In discussing the Irish question with a prominent and learned lawyer of the Richmond bar, and strongly declaring my judgment as to the seeming insolubility of that question, I expressed to him that opinion, in view of the general attitude of the two disagreeing parties in Ireland. Among other things suggested to me in support of that opinion I quoted the famous toast of the Orange-men of Ireland. This toast was said to be always drunk as the climax of every entertainment. It ran thus: "To the glorious, pious and immortal memory of the great and good King William, who saved us from popery, slavery, knavery, brass money, and wooden shoes—and we don't care a fig for the Bishop of Cork!" If this is a correct portrayal of the spirit that animates the Protestant Irish it is as much to be criticized as the extreme views of the opposing element in that unfortunate island. Until such extreme sentiments are relegated to the rear, there can be no harmony between the two factions.

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My views on prohibition are so generally known that I feel it will be almost unnecessary to even mention the subject here, but I shall, however, state briefly, so that he who runs may read, that I never took a drink at a bar in my life. This was so well-known during my legislative service that the members never even invited me to join them, as was generally

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customary at that time. When in the Legislature, I voted for local option, the first feeble movement of the temperance advocates in the direction of prohibition, and I have since used my influence in favor of both State and national prohibition. Once when invited to speak at a meeting to advocate the enforcement of temperance legislation, as an answer which so few give to the hackneyed argument that a man ought to consult his own wishes and opinions, I took as my text, "Am I my brother's keeper?" and deduced therefrom the conclusion that promiscuous use of ardent spirits should be abstained from not only for one's own personal good but also for the sake of an example in the community.

In connection with this question, I am reminded of an interesting story that I have heard concerning President Madison. It is a known historical fact that Madison became one of the earliest advocates of prohibition of spirituous liquors. In those days a believer in prohibition in his social or political circles was a rare find. The first organization of the sort was called the Washingtonian Society, although I have never seen it recorded anywhere that the "father of his country" was a special friend of the promotion of abstinence. The most informing account of the genesis of the struggle now being made in enforcing 323 the Eighteenth Amendment, I find in a preface, written by the late Rev. Lyman Abbott, to a volume entitled *Platform Echoes and Living Truths from the Head and Heart*, by John B. Gough, published in 1886. As might be anticipated from its authorship, it is a gem of literature rarely surpassed. From that, I learned that President Madison was the exception to the rule of his times and was one of the earliest advocates of the temperance cause in America. Not only did he believe in it but he attempted to put it into practice. He therefore sent for the head-man, or overseer, on one of his several large plantations, and told him that at the coming harvesting of the grain then ripening in his fields he intended to substitute "molasses-water"—a concoction made of molasses and water, highly seasoned with ginger and other spices, much used and liked by the negroes—in place of whiskey. So when he made his weekly visit to Gordonsville, he purchased the necessary supplies, including two barrels of molasses and fifty pounds of ginger. This produced a profound (and evidently not very cheerful) impression upon this colored man, and he ventured to

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register a mild protest against the change. "I 'clar befo' gracious Gawd, Marse James, dat dar crap o' yourn is too big to be repped on nothin' but 'lasses and water!"

While I have always in a large measure sympathized to the utmost with much of the modern thought concerning the enlarged scope granted women in political, economic and professional activities, as illustrated in the lives of such women as Florence Nightingale and others of her type, yet I view with contempt and utter disapprobation what is frequently called the "modern 324 woman" as illustrated in the militants, with their utter disregard for law and right, in the "pickets," who, to forward their own selfish personal and political ends, resorted to such outrageous treatment of President Wilson, while he was overburdened with the weighty problems of this vast nation and our foreign relations during the most strenuous period in the world's history, when our country was at war and true and patriotic citizens were giving undivided allegiance, burying all personal interests for the national good. I think such characters as those that heckled and abused him, picketing his home and even burning him in effigy, deserving of the contempt of all right-thinking citizens.

On the other hand, it is my practice, whenever passing through the Hall of Fame in the Capitol at Washington, to stand with head uncovered before the statue of Frances Willard; and I also wish to accord all honor to that Virginia woman of whom I am proud, who has borne herself so gallantly in maintaining on a high plane the political, social and moral standards of her sex, with courage and dignity even among strangers—Lady Nancy Astor.

It is told of "our Nancy" that, on one occasion when she was electioneering for her seat in Parliament one of her opponents was a rough, uncouth representative of the lower class—in mentality and ideals as well as in social position—who resented bitterly her standing for prohibition. He attempted to heckle her, shouting, "Who are you to be telling us what to do? You're nothing but an alien!" He continued to stress that term in his speech, but, quick as a flash she came back at him. "Yes," she said, "my friends of Plymouth, he 325 is just dead right! I *am* alien—alien to everything *he* stands for!"

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The recent visit of Lady Astor to this country has revived many amusing incidents in the life of her distinguished father, "Chilly" Langhorne, of Richmond and Albemarle, where he delighted to spend his summers. To his intimate friends, he was far more religious than was generally supposed by his acquaintances. He had actively led a movement to erect, in his neighborhood, in Albemarle county, a house of worship Which was a model of beauty and convenience, but he never, until comparatively recently, united with the Episcopal church. It so happened that he and one of the members of the congregation, who had been for some years active in religious work in the chapel referred to, had had a personal difficulty, it is said, concerning the killing of a dog belonging to Mr. Langhorne. He was greatly aggrieved and offended thereby, and expressed his righteous indignation in no uncertain terms and, as is very well known, he possessed language adequate to meet the situation. After this occurrence, intercourse between the two families was discontinued. When Mr. Langhorne formally joined the church, one of the first to congratulate him was this *quondam* friend, but to these advances Mr. Langhorne made but scant response. He begged to be excused from renewing the old friendship, saying that he had for a long time been of the opinion that religion was like vaccination, sometimes it took and sometimes it didn't, and he preferred not to test his too hard just at first.

While it would come with poor grace for me to presume to say that the *reason* for such a situation was 326 simply another case of "What makes the lamb love Mary so?" yet I will assert the fact that, as I have always been an ardent advocate of the ladies, so they have always stood by me. There was one of my constituents whom his neighbors thought, for some reason of which I was not advised, to be lukewarm in his support of the Democratic Party. I therefore called to see him, a few days before a hotly contested election of members of the General Assembly, and made an earnest appeal to him for his support and active interest in Party affairs. His wife was present during our conversation and seemed to be taking a deep interest. I turned to her and said confidently, "Won't *you* please see that your husband comes to the polls on next Tuesday and votes?" She promptly replied with great spirit and earnestness, "Mr. Pollard, he'll be there." He was.

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A fair sample of the loyalty of the King and Queen women whenever I offered myself for office in my native county!

As something of an aftermath of my own political career, I had a very pleasant experience during the recent session of the Legislature. I was on the floor of the House one morning, shortly before the daily session began, talking to some friends, when a new member of the House approached. He was a stranger to me, but a very dignified, distinguished-looking gentleman with iron-gray hair (said, by the way, by a very competent judge of such matters to be one of the handsomest men in the Legislature). "I know you don't know me Mr. Pollard," he said, "but I know you, and I am going to introduce myself. I am Jeffries, from Chase City, and I remember your speaking in my town, years ago, when I was just a little fellow in knee 327 pants, and what a deep impression it made on me. It was, I suppose, my first experience in politics, and I have never forgotten it." We recalled the incident and exchanged reminiscences. It was during Gen. Fitz Lee's campaign for governor, and I had debated with a Mr. Allen, a supporter of the Readjustor party and of Mahone. "Yes, and you certainly did give it to him good and hot!" said Mr. Jeffries. "You completely floored him, had him licked to a finish when you got through with him. I thought it was the grandest thing I had ever heard." I thanked him and told him it was most gratifying to me to be remembered so kindly and that I felt amply repaid for the time and trouble my efforts for the party may have cost me in the knowledge that at least one of the "little boys" had been so well brought up in the way he should go along Democratic paths, and that I was proud indeed to know that he was a pupil of mine.

CHAPTER IX. FRIENDS OF A LIFE-TIME.

When friendships are real, they are not glass threads, or frostwork, but the solidest thing we know.— Emerson.

The threads of a man's life are necessarily closely interwoven with those of his friends and acquaintances. Hence, in writing these sketches and telling my own story, I have found

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many occasions to make mention of these. And few mortals, perhaps, have been more blessed than I in both the number and the calibre of the men whom I have been privileged to count under that head. Many of these I have already mentioned, from time to time, as they crossed the stage of my life's story, but there are a few who are so inestimably dear to me that I must make specific mention of them somewhat in detail.

The beginning of my friendship with Hon. George L. Christian dates back to the time I was a little lad in "prep." school. This intimate acquaintance with him commenced during a visit to Richmond with my father. George was three years older than I, and a deputy in the office of the clerk of the court, Mr. Benjamin Pollard, a first cousin of my father's. He was living at Mr. Pollard's home, on the northwest corner of Ninth and Leigh Streets, then considered one of the most desirable and commodious residences 329 in what, at that time, was a fashionable part of the city. George was then a youth in his "teens," and a very close and intimate friendship between us quickly sprang up. We frequently exchanged visits, and I stayed at my cousin's and roomed with George when I came to Richmond.

Soon after the beginning of our acquaintance, the Confederate War broke out and he, being of military age, volunteered in the Richmond Howitzers and served until desperately wounded in the battle of Trevilians, where he lost a leg. This interfered materially with his prospects immediately after the war, but he has attained remarkable success in spite of such handicap. He no doubt would have finished his academic education but for the serious embarrassment with which he had to contend. He became, however, a graduate of law at the University of Virginia and commenced practice in his native county, Charles City, and in Richmond. Subsequently he formed a partnership with his wife's brother, Mr. Frank Christian, a lawyer who attained great success in this city. And I think I may say, without fear of successful contradiction, that no law firm today surpasses that of Christian, Gordon, and Christian.

This friendship has been continuous through our long lives and has been, I may say, passed on down to our sons, for his son, Stuart, and my boy, Robert, are very intimate

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and were, at one time, law partners. When I first moved to Richmond my new home was just across the street from that of my boyhood friend, much to my delight. He has greatly prospered financially, both as lawyer and banker, while the best that I could do in my combined occupation of teacher-lawyer-politician 330 was to educate my numerous family. Soon after his discharge from the army and his graduation at the University, George was appointed judge of the Hustings Court, of this city, and, after serving a term as such, he was appointed clerk of the Supreme Court of Appeals of Virginia, which position he held until a new court was elected, known as the "Re-adjustor Court," to which Mr. George K. Taylor was appointed clerk. He showed himself a thoroughly competent and courteous gentlemen, and served during the term of those judges. But Mr. Christian, not desiring to be re-appointed after the expiration of their terms, returned to active practice of the law and prosecution of his business, and gave his attention to his large banking and financial interests.

It was during my legislative service that I first came in contact with Ashton Starke, and this acquaintance rapidly ripened into a deep and abiding friendship, an intimacy which, I am glad to say, we have preserved intact through the many intervening years to the present date. I know of no friendship which I cherish more sincerely and certainly no comrade for whom I have a deeper respect and goodwill. I found him an able legislator, a polished and scholarly gentleman of the old school, and an entertaining, likable companion. He himself used to say that whatever of good there might be in his make-up, he owed it all to his father, Hon. Patrick Henry Starke, who, both by precept and example, trained the boy with utmost care. For him Ashton had the deepest admiration, amounting indeed almost to adoration. He was a man of strictest integrity, high principles, a fine sense of honor, courtly manners, and an uprightness 331 that amounted almost to rigidity. Too scholarly to be called Puritanical, he reminded one rather of the Spartan heroes, or of the early Roman senators of the time of the Republic when Rome was at her greatest. In short, he was a splendid example of the chivalry of the Old South at its best. As Ashton himself gracefully expresses it—for you must know that he is something of a poet as well as a legislator:

“With complacent resistance holding himself in exact confirmation, Of heroic mold, in stern expression cast, Thus, first and last, He stood among men, as the cedar in forest wood— While *others* swayed and bent, there *he* stood.”

I have heard Mr. Starke tell many amusing anecdotes illustrative of this sternness of his father's, and his strict regard for truth. Typical of this, I think, is the interview, which I have heard him recount, between the elder Mr. Starke and Tiberius Gracchus Jones, who was at that time President of Richmond College, and one of the most dignified and scholarly men to be found in this section of the country. This interview had been sought for the purpose of determining the course of study that was best to fit his son for a successful life in the community, and my friend, Ashton, had accompanied his father to see to his matriculation. The following dialogue ensued.

“Well, Mr. Starke, what studies do you wish him to take up?”

“That, Doctor, I must leave with you, according as you find his bent of mind.”

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“Well, we can decide at least upon English, Mathematics, and Chemistry. What about languages?”

“There again, Doctor, I must leave this in a measure with his teachers.”

“Then, sir, we have a separate chair of History. Perhaps—”

“Hold on there, Doctor. As I make out, History is about eight-five per cent. not true, and I want my boy taught only the truth.”

Another favorite story of Mr. Starke's is also illustrative of his father's stern and unyielding adherence to correct conduct, and, at the same time, his strict rectitude and sense of justice. I can do no better, I think, than to tell ye the tale as 'twas told to me by my friend,

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Ashton, himself. Old Major H—, of the Valley of Virginia, had arrived in the city and was to spend the night at the home of Mr. Starke, *pere*. The two old cronies had much to talk about and it was nearly midnight when young Starke found them, seated by a glowing fire in the library, “swopping” yarns. The Major was telling of some of his experiences along the Hudson river, back in the thirties, when he was engaged in getting lumber up in that section. Now, no man could be found with sufficient temerity to call the old Major a prevaricator—that was before Roosevelt had made the “shorter and uglier” word so popular—but he was obsessed with *coloring* his narratives, perhaps to make himself more entertaining. It seemed that trees were referred to as containing so many “butts,”—that is, a tree would make so many board lengths—and the Major was telling of a poplar tree which, with the number of “butts” that *he* figured in it, would have far out-classed 333 the giant redwoods of California and must have swayed its head perpetually in the clouds. “I gave a staccato whistle with pianissimo effect,” said Mr. Starke, when telling me about it. “Father caught it, and a scowl on his face told of his displeasure. I knew my time had come and was not surprised that, when the Major was about to be escorted to his room, I was told to remain in the library. Down the stairway I heard him coming; the door opened. I was told to be seated and then, with a stern expression, father said, ‘I don’t know *what* I am to do with you. I am disheartened. I have done my best to inculcate in you those principles that stand for something in life and you seem absolutely unmindful and indifferent concerning them.’ I ventured to ask, ‘Why, Father, what have I done now?’ ‘Oh!’ said he, ‘that is the pity of it—you do not even *know*. My Lord! If there is *anything* that I have striven to impress upon you, it has been respect for old age and here, sir, in this room, in *my* house, you are guilty of such conduct.’ I could not resist and, with bated breath, I said, ‘Now, Father, do *you* believe that any tree could have had as many butts in it as Major H—claimed was in that poplar tree?’ With that he arose and, with a thump on the table, exclaimed most emphatically, ‘Yes, I do! But if you hadn’t have whistled, God knows how many butts we would have got out of that tree’.”

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In speaking of my distinguished friend, Ashton Starke, I am reminded of an incident that took place on the floor of the House of Delegates, while the local option bill was under consideration. An effort was made by certain Republicans to show that the amendment 334 to the bill, which was advocated by me, providing that cities of over five thousand inhabitants should be exempted from the provisions of the law, was intended to defeat the bill. In answer to this contention I had read by the Clerk of the House a request from the Methodist ministers of this city, asking that the amendment be concurred in. Mr. Starke, a friend of the bill, arose and stated that, while it was true that *two* temperance advocates had waited on him and requested that he withdraw his support from the amendment, yet the majority of the ministers were in favor of its passage. Mr. Waddill, a member of the House from Henrico County and a Republican, interrupted him and asked how many ministers were present when the paper to which he had referred had been adopted. He replied that he did not know, but subsequently presented another resolution adopted by a conference of all of the ministers of Richmond, asking that the bill be adopted. Thereupon Mr. Waddill asked further information as to the number of names signed to the paper. It was represented that there were some thirty names, whereupon Mr. Waddill exclaimed: "I didn't know that there were that many ministers in Richmond!" To this Mr. Starke drily remarked, "I am not surprised at the great ignorance of the gentleman in this direction." Whereupon there was a burst of laughter, in which Mr. Waddill joined. Thereupon the House refused to reconsider the bill and it was sent to the engrossing clerk, and subsequently passed.

There is recorded in some most delightful reminiscences of a distinguished lawyer and active Presbyterian leader a pleasing account of a visit that 335 he and a friend made to the city of Richmond, and as this same story relates some of my own personal memories, I beg to quote it here. The incident occurred soon after the end of the Civil War.

The next Sunday I worshipped in the old Presbyterian Church of Richmond. The edifice was as sad a reminder as any shot-torn battle-flag. The walls were stained with many a

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leak. Patches of plaster were pendant like the scabs of already healed wounds. The floor was uncarpeted; the pews uncushioned and broken, recalling the fact that for years they had been used for hospital beds for thousands of wounded men. Hymn-books and Bibles were torn and coverless, suggesting the wadding used at the battle of Springfield in the Revolution, where brave old Dominie Caldwell led his congregation on to fight with his famous "Give them Watts, boys!" Some of the leading men of Richmond were arrayed in "butter-nut" cloaks, made of old army blankets by cutting slits for the heads and arms.

The pastor, Dr. Moses D. Hoge, a man who had lost none of the respect of the North by his fidelity to his Southern flock, was in the pulpit. At the close of his sermon he made an appeal for the repair of the edifice. My Northern companion on the trip, who for four years had been as good a hater of the Confederacy as any man with "blood in his eye," emptied his pocketbook into the collection-box, and accompanied his donation with an additional pledge written on a blank leaf of a letter he had in his pocket. I never worshipped God with more heartiness, as, without a word of bitterness or complaint for the Lost Cause, the preacher led our devotions in a prayer to the Prince of Peace. The new loyalty—that of man to man—had already conquered the hated war-spirit, and I thought only of Him whose "banner over us is love."*

* Along the Friendly Way, by James M. Ludlow.

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The introduction of the name of that distinguished minister who served his flock so grandly not only before but during and since the Civil War, affords me the opportunity to say that I consider him one of the grandest men with whom I was ever acquainted. Although I was but slightly acquainted with him then, yet he was one of the first men to greet me in my private home after I moved my residence to this city, and I am happy to say that our acquaintance ripened into a deep and sincere friendship. It gives me no little pleasure to say that I hold him in the highest esteem.

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In Wise's brigade which had seen service in many campaigns not only in Virginia but in the Carolinas, and had distinguished itself for bravery and devotion to the cause of the Confederacy, there was enlisted, in a company made up almost entirely of King and Queen troops, Samuel Peachy Ryland, probably the most intimate and devoted friend of my boyhood. Serving in different commands and never once seeing each other, we had corresponded during the whole of the Civil War, although, as might be expected, practically all of that correspondence has been lost or destroyed. Neither he nor I was seriously injured during the four years of conflict, but it was reserved for him on the last day of the conflict, immediately before the formal surrender, that my friend was seriously wounded and taken under the care of the field hospital corps. On the next day, when I heard of his injury, I started out to find him. This was not easy to accomplish in the disordered condition of things at Appomattox after the surrender, but at last I found him in a private house where a temporary hospital had been established. We remained at Appomattox Court House two days after the surrender and I tended him as best I could for that time. He was nursed back to health and, like myself, after the war, he was thrown upon his own resources—he as a clerk in a large lumber company operating in eastern Virginia, and I in the pursuit of my studies as a law student in Columbian College, in Washington. This and other incidents connected with our lives have not in any way marred or diminished our friendship and devotion.

Years afterwards, when he had become a successful business man of the city of Baltimore, where he had made his home, and I had pursued my education and equipped myself by study and practice as a lawyer, and incidentally a politician, in the State of Virginia—twenty years afterwards, when I had removed to the city of Richmond—he appeared in my office and, greeting me most cordially and almost affectionately, said, “Speaker, I have come to employ you to defend a case for me in Nansemond county. It involves twenty-five thousand dollars, and I must have you as my lawyer.” To this I replied, “Sam, I can't go; I'm too busy here and you couldn't pay me a sufficient sum to justify my leaving my regular business.” But he would take no refusal and, at last, after much

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hesitation, I agreed to assume the leading part, with able associate counsel, in the defense of the suit, which was to be tried in the Nansemond Circuit Court. It finally came to trial, and I met with unexpected criticism from the opposing counsel, to the effect that I was 338 brought to the scene of the conflict because of some unexplained or untoward reason—making allusion to “a strange, metropolitan lawyer” having been called in—intending in this way, doubtless to exert an undue influence and, as I thought, to prejudice the jury against my client's cause by reason of my being a stranger in the community. Such an insinuation was promptly resented in the argument of the case and, in justification if not in palliation, I told of the intimate relations that had existed between Mr. Ryland and myself from boyhood days, and especially stressed the scenes that had confronted us at Appomattox Court House. It seems hardly necessary to state that a verdict was quickly rendered for my client.

My first meeting with Samuel Regester was on board boat returning from Baltimore, where I had been visiting my brother, Jim. His father was a Methodist minister of Maryland, and Mr. Regester and his bride were returning from a visit to his family. She was before her marriage Miss Eubank,* of Essex county, whose family I had known for some time, and she presented me to her husband. This was one of those rare cases where the spark of congeniality struck immediate fire, and a glowing friendship burst into flame which has burnt steadily during the years that followed. We talked far into the night and he engaged me to look after some of his property interests for him. Since then we have been associated in many ways most pleasantly, for nearly half a century, up to the present time, as illustrated by the following letter:

* This refers, of course, to his first wife. who died a few years later. He has since married the present Mrs. Regester.

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June 5, 1920.

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Samuel Regester, Esq., Hanover Apartments, City.

My dear old friend:

It was thoughtful and kind in you to enclose me that beautiful little poem, by Virginia Conway Latham, entitled "My Friendship Chain."

With us the shadows are rapidly growing longer but the halo of the advancing evening increases, which in some degree compensates. I love to think upon our early acquaintance and long-continued friendship, which has strengthened year by year.

Be so kind as to remember me most cordially to Mrs. Regester, and believe me, as ever,

Your friend, H. R. Pollard.

The poem referred to in the above has meant so much to me, and expresses so perfectly what a part this and similar friendships have played in my life, that I quote it in full.

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MY FRIENDSHIP CHAIN.

One by one the links are breaking, Shorter grows my friendship chain; But those links that are remaining True and firm hold just the same.

As I draw them close about me, Each one worn from holding fast, Lovingly I press them gently, Thinking o'er the vanished past.

Links there are so worn and bended, Like a wire of thin fine gold, Almost broken from long holding, Dearer still from being old.

All the links are precious metal, All been tried and proven true; Some've been worn since childhood's lisping, Some have a brilliance almost new.

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My friendship chain is clasped about me, Long it's lain close to my breast; As the links fall softly from it, Closer still I draw the rest.

Thousands could not buy it from me, Made by joy and love and pain; And I count myself a Croesus While I own my friendship chain.

My friend is fond of asserting what has been somewhat of a motto with him, that “a Regester never quits,” and certainly this has proven true in regard to his friendship. Instead of becoming worn or tarnished 341 from long usage, the links of love and esteem in our mutual “friendship chain” have, as is the way with precious metal, only become brighter and more shining with the passing years. I know that this is true on my part, and I am highly gratified to be assured that it is also on his, as attested in a recent very beautiful letter which he sent to bring me Christmas greetings and good wishes, the closing paragraph of which gives me this affectionate assurance:

“Now, my dear old friend, always true and dependable, my dear wife and I both want you to feel that we love you most sincerely, that nothing can possibly happen which can do other than strengthen our deep love, tender sympathy and sincere friendship for you and yours. And, for yourself, I want you to know that your beautiful life and character, which have made a lasting impress upon your people and times, have been to me an inspiration—helpful and strengthening—and that I feel deeply honored by your friendship.

“Your friend always, “ Samuel Regester. ”

Another friend of mine, in spite of the disparity in our ages, was Isaac Diggs, the son of Rev. Isaac Diggs, a prominent minister of King and Queen county. I knew Isaac all of his life and he read law in my office after graduating from the Richmond College Law School, and was later associated with me in a number of cases. Our friendly intercourse continued until 342 about five or six years ago, when he was appointed counsel for the United States Trade Commission and removed to Washington, where the Commission's

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sessions were held. His recent death was a decided sorrow to me, as expressed in a letter which I addressed to his widow and which, I think, sets forth our mutual regard.

December 7, 1922.

Mrs. Isaac Diggs, 1746 K Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

My dear Madam:

The distressing news of the death of my dearest of friends came to us by belated telegram after mid-day Tuesday. The telegram sent during the night was never delivered, and for the first time we read the sad news in the paper. I hope that the uninterrupted friendship between us from Isaac's youthful days speaks louder than words can communicate of the closeness of intimacy that has always existed between us. One of the first to come and congratulate me on my return from the surrender day at Appomattox was his father, assuring me of his desire to lend a helping hand in every way that was possible towards completing my education and the preparation of my life for the duties that confronted me in the situation in which the ending of the war placed me. I am rejoiced to be able to say that what little I have been able to help him in the great fight which he had to make has been most cheerfully given, and I only regret that I could not do more to help. I 343 therefore send this message of condolence to you and every member of the family, for whom I have nothing but the kindest and tenderest regards, and to whom I beg that you will deliver my tenderest sympathy and regard.

I am sorry that during our later lives we have seen so little of each other. My health has been such, as you doubtless know, as to make it impossible for me to see him during his last sickness, but I know, as I frequently heard, that he bore himself with courage and resignation and that he has entered upon his new life with joy unspeakable.

Mrs. Pollard and each member of the family send love and deepest sympathy.

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Sincerely, Henry R. Pollard.

Stevenson has somewhere said that if we find only one true friend, “with whom we can walk in love and simplicity without dissimulation, we have no quarrel with the world or God.” Measured by this count, I have been particularly blessed, for my little circle of those intimate friends whom I counted as nearest and dearest numbers many more than the *one*, and there are still a few names to be added to the list.

Among my boyhood friends and associates was Maryus Jones, who lived in the adjoining county, and who was a distant relative of mine, his mother being Mary Ann Brooke Pollard. Maryus was born, July 8, 1844, at *Marlfield*, the old family estate on the York river, in Gloucester county, and he came of a distinguished 344 ancestry. He received his preparatory education at Newington Academy, then later went to Randolph-Macon College. About this time the war broke out and he left college and enlisted in Company D, Twenty-fourth Virginia Cavalry (my regiment), where he saw much active service. It was during the war that we, both of us mere boys, met and a sincere friendship grew up between us. After the war, he went to the University of Virginia, where he attended lectures until 1868. He then returned to his home and, a few years later, qualified as a lawyer and began his practice at the Gloucester Bar. In 1879, he was elected Commonwealth's attorney of that county and held that office for sixteen years. We were often associated together, and always pleasantly, in the conduct of many legal controversies, and he was a frequent guest at my father's home, where he often stopped over when attending to business at the sessions of the county courts, and, after I became established in a home of my own, he visited me. His wife was the charming Miss Catlett, a daughter of “Councilor” Catlett.

Even as I am writing this, the sad news comes to me that two more of the precious links in my “friendship chain” have slipped away, and that Death has summoned both Col. Jones and Samuel P. Ryland. While confident in the belief that they have entered into a fuller, freer life in that Beyond, and that we shall someday meet and again gather up the broken

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threads of our friendship “where partings are no more,” yet I cannot repress a pang of deep sorrow at my loss through their departure.

Still another old friend and neighbor was Judge 345 Roger Gregory,* with whom I enjoyed a close and affectionate association, in spite of the fact that he was some twelve years older than I. He was also a native of King and Queen County, son of Roger Gregory and Marie Ellett, born April 3, 1833, at *Moores*, on the Mattaponi river. His family later moved to *Elsing Green*, King William County a fine old mansion constructed in colonial times by Carter Braxton, and there his father became noted for his lavish and gracious hospitality. Judge Gregory was a student in the academic department of the University of Virginia and also at William and Mary College, and, in 1854, he became a graduate of the law department of the University of Virginia, under Professor John B. Minor. So highly did that distinguished law professor think of his ability that, years afterwards, he committed to Roger Gregory the task of preparing the *Analytical Digest*, a table of the books prepared by Mr. Minor and taught in the law school of the University. Upon graduation, Mr. Gregory began the practice of law in partnership with Hon. B. B. Douglas, an ex-State-senator of Virginia and later congressman from the First District. Mr. Gregory was the first judge elected under the Constitution of Virginia, but declined re-election after having served one term. He was subsequently a member of the House of Delegates of Virginia. In 1890, he was elected by the Board of Trustees as the Professor of Law at Richmond College, and later became Dean of that department, where he served for sixteen years. He then retired to his home, *Elsing Green*, and engaged in the pursuit of agriculture upon a large scale. He was

* See Virginia Law Register, Vol. VI., pp. 403 sq.

346 elected a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1901–2, and in that body, recognized by everyone as being composed of the ablest men in the State, he was conspicuous for his learning and ability.

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Early in the Civil War, he volunteered in the "Lee Rangers," under the command of Captain B. B. Douglas. This company subsequently became Company H of the Ninth Virginia Cavalry. He was esteemed by his comrades and superior officers as a brave and faithful soldier.

He first married his cousin, Mary Ann Maria Brookes, who died in 1856; second, Elizabeth Frances Allen. Three children survive him.

His influence in his native county and the adjoining section as a wise counselor and an ardent Democrat was far-reaching. In the midst of acrimony and excitement that followed the enfranchisement of the negroes, he was largely instrumental in keeping law and order, maintaining white control and averting serious trouble in the way of race rioting, which at one time threatened.

He was a member of the First Presbyterian Church of Richmond.

If asked for his predominant characteristics, an acquaintance would answer unselfishness, fidelity, integrity, and sincerity. With these as the governing principles of his life, it is not surprising that he drew to himself a host of friends and admirers.

James Alston Cabell I met after I moved to Richmond. Our acquaintance was begun through our association professionally, as he was one of the leading members of the Richmond Bar, one of the most accomplished and learned members of the legal fraternity 347 in this city as well as a most gracious, charming and entertaining companion, a polished gentleman of courtly manner.

Another friend who meant a great deal to me despite the difference in our ages was Col. William Roane Aylett.* He was a native of King William County, a neighbor of Judge Gregory, and was born the same year, 1833, at *Montville*, a portion of the old Aylett estate granted by the Crown to the first of that name in Virginia, in 1658. He came of distinguished ancestry on both sides of the family. On his father's side he was related

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to the Winstons, the Dandridges, Macons, Henrys, and to John West, Lord Delaware. On his mother's side, he was a great grandson of Patrick Henry. Like Judge Gregory in this respect also, he attended the University and took his degree in Law under Professor Minor. After leaving the University, in 1854, he began the practice of law in his native county and was soon recognized as one of the leading lawyers in that section.

* See Virginia Law Register, Vol. VI., pp. 570 sq.

At the outbreak of the Civil War, however, he loyally put aside all personal interests for the defense of Virginia. He raised a full company of volunteers, the first enlisted in Tidewater Virginia to go forth to battle for States' Rights. This company was mustered into service almost immediately, with Mr. Aylett as captain. It was then known as the "Taylor Grays" but was later reorganized as Company D, 53rd Virginia Regiment. Captain Aylett was promoted to major and finally to colonel, and took part in most of the important battles of the entire war. He was wounded during the battle of Gettysburg, at Peachtree 348 Hill. After the war, like almost all Southerners, he found his financial prospects practically wrecked and had to set to work to rebuild his shattered fortunes, working harder than ever at his profession and also actually working at the plow to rehabilitate his estate.

He was for seventeen years Commonwealth's Attorney for King William County, and when I came to the bar in the courts in which he practiced he was, of course, well established and had a large clientele of the most influential people in his and surrounding counties. In this position he wielded a wide influence in the community, not only professionally but personally. Among his friends were Overton Dabney, a predecessor of his in office; John B. Young, of Richmond, a lawyer of great influence who practiced in that court; Hon. Roger Gregory; and Fendall Gregory. Under the old system, the Commonwealth's Attorney wielded a tremendous influence in the county and circuit courts—an undue influence, some people claimed, not only with the court but with the jury. This story has been told as illustrative of that point. My friend, Colonel Aylett, had been but lately superseded by a much younger man as Commonwealth's Attorney, Mr. Herbert Iverson Lewis, and there

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was also a new presiding judge of the court. This judge was notoriously fond of hunting and gave most of his time to this sport, though a large farmer and land-owner. Quite a famous criminal case had been conducted by Colonel Aylett, who had represented the defense, and the jury had retired for consideration of their verdict. During this interim the court recessed and the judge amused himself by using his "turkey-bone"—a contrivance 349 with which hunters imitated the call in order to decoy wild turkeys—around the court house grounds. Turning to Colonel Aylett, he asked proudly if he did not think that he was giving an unusually fine imitation of the call of this game. "Yes," responded the Colonel, drily, "it's very good. In fact I think you make a much better turkey than you do a judge."

After his association with the Cluverius case, Colonel Aylett had quite a reputation as a criminal lawyer and was much sought as prosecuting attorney, usually winning his case.

He married Miss Alice Brockenbrough, of Richmond County. He died in 1900, and his loss was severely felt by me as well as by his other numerous friends.

I first met Colonel Aylett at the bar and was associated with him professionally for twenty-five years or more, though he was for years before that a friend of the family and of my father, and they frequently exchanged visits. He was fortunate in having a most interesting family, including several very handsome daughters, and his hospitality was unbounded. He himself, apart from the brilliant professional side of his character, was a social, genial companion and a sincere friend.

And last on my list is one of my near neighbours and most intimate boyhood friends and childhood playmates, Edward Bagby, who was almost like a brother to me. He was the constant companion of me and my brothers, Jim and Robert Nelson, up until we went to war. He was killed at the battle of The Crater, much to my lasting sorrow. Although he was thus early taken from us in person, I deem it appropriate to count him as among the friends of my whole life-time, because 350 he has ever remained with me in spirit, and "they that love beyond the world cannot be separated by it." His brilliant career and glorious death

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made him the hero of his county and a monument to his memory was erected at Bruington Church, at the unveiling of which, August 8th, 1912, I had the honor to deliver the leading address.

About one thousand people gathered at the Bruington meeting house, thus marking an interesting epoch in the life of a unique and cultured community, since it was the third assemblage of somewhat similar character that had been held at that place. It may be asked why, after forty-eight years, should recognition be made of one who, at the age of twenty-two, gave his life upon the field of battle for a "lost cause." The reply is that there is a cause that is never lost; and that is, where character is consecrated to unselfish service; where a high soul lays down his life on the altar of duty. It was felt that the career of Edward Bagby was one that should inspire the youth of Virginia and of the land to high ideals, and should serve to indite upon men's hearts afresh the fact that "We live in deed not years; in thoughts not breaths; In feelings not in figures on a dial. He most lives Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

My address on this occasion, I think, so thoroughly epitomizes his life and character that I shall give it in part here.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I greet you all as lovers, friends and countrymen of Edward Bagby, whose memory we are here assembled 351 to honor and perpetuate. Nearly a half century has elapsed since he offered up his young life upon the altar of his country, but for once old Time is to be vanquished and his hand stayed from effacing the sweet memories of the beautiful life and character of a noble young man.

To interpret the life and rightly estimate the character of the dead, we must know the habits and ideals of the generation to which he belonged.

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The two decades immediately preceding the Civil War were the most happy and prosperous years that the people of this, my native county, had ever seen.

Educational advantages equal to any in the Commonwealth were enjoyed by our people. Following in the lead of Donald Robertson's Academy, located at Newton, at which President James Madison received his early training, male academies of high grade were maintained and liberally patronized. At Fleetwood, at Stevensville, and at Centerville, the youths of the country were prepared for professional pursuits and for the prosecution of advanced studies in colleges and universities; while several high grade schools afforded equal advantages to young women, one of which was Croton Female College, a chartered institution, located near Mattaponi Church, and presided over by that highly cultured woman, Maria L. C. Lewis, the wife of Dr. Zachary Iverson Lewis, and a sister of Judge John B. Clopton, one of the ablest jurists of his day.

Agricultural pursuits, the chief, if not the only industry of the people, afforded a liberal support for the land owners. During the last of these decades the price of grain was so advanced by foreign demand, 352 largely caused by the Crimean War, and the production of wheat so increased by the introduction and use of Peruvian guano, that farming became profitable. At convenient centres, large and well-stocked mercantile establishments were maintained by trained, accomplished and accommodating merchants, some of whom operated their own sailing vessels, by which they shipped grain purchased by the producers, and on return ships brought large stock of merchandise from Baltimore and New York.

Two semi-weekly lines of steamers navigated the Mattaponi River; one, the steamer *Monmouth*, plied between King and Queen courthouse and Baltimore, and the other, the *Sea Bird*, between Walkerton and Norfolk. Two semi-weekly lines of real stage coaches, each drawn by four spirited horses, connected the central and upper half of the county

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with Richmond, while the lower end of the county had access to that city by the York River Railroad, then but recently completed.

I think it may safely be said that in no county of the State were moral standards higher or religious influences more pervading. Born and reared under such benign influences, the sons of this old county adored the land of their nativity. Of her they would lovingly say:

“There is a land, of every land the pride, Beloved of Heaven o'er every land beside; There is a spot on earth supremely blessed, A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.”

Into one of the most favored homes of the county during that period, Edward Bagby was born, on the 353 26th day of January, 1842. His father, John Bagby, a veteran of the war of 1812, was the great-grandson of Thomas Bagby, the immigrant, who settled in Jamestown in 1628, and ancestor of many distinguished men of his name, among them United States Senator from and Governor of Alabama, and Confederate General Bagby, of Texas. Edward was the youngest but one of a family of twelve children.

John Bagby was twice married. Of his first marriage with Elizabeth Courtney, a daughter of Capt. Robert Courtney, a veteran of the war of 1812, there were the following children: Emeline, who married Benj. P. Cook; Richard Hugh, an able and honored Baptist minister; Priscilla, who married Joseph Ryland; Alfred, who was graduated from Princeton and became a distinguished Baptist minister and historian of his county; John Robert, colonel of the King and Queen Militia, who attained the rank of major in the Confederate Army; Hannah Elizabeth, who married John N. Gresham; Martha Hill, who married Benoni Carlton; Mary Ellen, who married Alfred Gresham; and George Franklin, a graduate of Columbian College and a distinguished Baptist minister; and of his last marriage with Mrs. Elizabeth Motley, a widow, who before her marriage was Elizabeth Lumpkin, in her early days noted for her beauty and in mature womanhood and old age dignified and queenly in her bearing, there were three children, Virginia, who married the Rev. John Pollard, D. D.; Edward, and Susan Etta.

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Edward gave early evidence of superior qualities of head and heart, which added to the incident of his being the son of the old age of his parents, made him 354 to them a veritable Joseph, while he endeared himself to others by a personality which I have never seen excelled for its individuality; exemplified in manliness without pomposity, meekness without servility, courage without recklessness, firmness without obstinacy.

It goes without saying that one possessing such qualities was popular with his school fellows. While he loved his studies, he no less loved the athletic sports of the day. In the two principal games, "Chermany" and "Bandy," he was among the first to be chosen for "his side." How I, then one of the small boys, envied the ease with which he knocked the ball from the home base "over the Oaks," or, when playing with the "outs," caught out an "in"!

When Edward first entered Stevensville Academy, William J. Berryman was its principal, but he soon gave place to Rev. Robert Williamson, an accomplished scholar, though not possessed with that degree of poise so essential to a teacher.

When I still later entered the Academy as a schoolmate of him whom we honor today, that prince among teachers, Josiah Ryland, was principal. With the coming of Josiah Ryland, Rev. Alfred Bagby and Josiah (Pat) Ryland, Jr., all highly cultured men, the school completely fulfilled its mission.

Among Edward Bagby's schoolmates of that day who became prominent, were Dr. John Bagby (son of Rev. Richard Hugh Bagby, D. D.), who died in the State of Arkansas, about ten years ago, greatly lamented by the community in which he was the beloved physician; James Pollard, a prominent lawyer of the Baltimore Bar; Thomas N. Walker, a leading lumber merchant of his day; Dr. Philip Gresham, of 355 Texas; Hon. Walter Gresham, a member of Congress from the Galveston District, Texas; and Rev. John W. Hundley, D. D., a minister of the gospel, now of Maryland—all of whom, except Walter Gresham and

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John W. Hundley, have passed over the river. To show how his schoolmates regarded him, I beg to quote from a recent communication from the last named:

“Ned Bagby was always my ideal of all that belonged to, or could be attained by, distinguished young manhood.”

This brief but beautiful testimony of Edward's schoolmate recalls Mr. Gladstone's tribute to his school friend, Arthur Hallam: “Arthur Hallam's life at Eton was certainly a very happy life. He enjoyed work, he enjoyed study; and games, which he did not enjoy, he left aside. His temper was as sweet as his manners were winning; his conduct was without a spot or even a speck. He had no high, ungenial or exclusive airs, but heartily enjoyed and habitually conformed to the republican equality long and happily established in the life of our English public school.”

Completing his studies at Stevensville Academy, in the summer of 1859, Edward entered Columbian College, D. C., in the Sophomore Class, in the fall of that year, and there maintained the same characteristics of gentlemanly bearing and scholarly attainments, as the records of that institution (kindly furnished me) will show, until the spring of 1861, when the young collegian left those classic halls where he had opportunity to hear for months, as occasion offered, the great sectional debates in Congress. He came, like the South's great Chieftain, to his native State and to the people of his blood, “with as chaste a heart as 356 ever plighted its faith until death, for better or for worse, to do, to suffer and to die for us, who today are gathered in awful reverence and in sorrow unspeakable to weep our blessing upon his tomb.”

He promptly volunteered as a member of the King and Queen Artillery Company, and was soon mustered into the Confederate service, where he served continuously until the day of his death, July 30, 1864, without a day's absence on account of sickness, as he states in a letter addressed to his sister, Sue, under date of July 9, 1864.

I can never forget the excitement and anxiety which prevailed during the weeks just preceding the departure of that company to the front. From every home a father, a son, a brother, and in some cases more than one of these, was preparing to go; nor can I forget the unfaltering courage of mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts, who, like the Grecian matrons, submerged the grief and anxiety of the hour in the activities necessary to change a citizen into a soldier. These with one accord, without the help of the sewing-machine (then not introduced), with cheerful industry plied their scissors and needles to make uniforms for their loved ones. Churches, schoolhouses, and private homes were converted into tailor shops. The day of the departure finally came and the whole community gathered to take part in appropriate farewell exercises of a religious and social nature. With that Company of nearly a hundred men there went away the flower of a rural community, which was not surpassed in Virginia for its industry, intelligence and morality. I saw them as they marched away from Stevensville, in May, 1861, the admiration of every beholder.

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Four years after, in the retreat from Petersburg to Appomattox, I saw the remnant of this same splendid company. These years of hardship in camp, in the trenches, on the march and on the battlefield had so decimated their ranks that less than twenty-five were in line, who, wearily and drearily, without the inspiring strains of martial music, but with the shadow of defeat rapidly deepening around their despairing hearts, fought their way from Petersburg to Appomattox. Their personal appearance was so changed that they were not to be easily recognized by their most intimate friends. And, may I say parenthetically, that this picture is only a pale reflection of what the scourge of war means. From it we may learn the truth of Victor Hugo's saying: "The sword is but a hideous flash in the darkness."

It would be tedious to trace the monotonous life of the young soldier at Gloucester Point, from May, 1861, to April, 1862; to tell of the forced march of his command to the lines around Richmond; of the fearful bloody battle of Seven Pines; of the long and monotonous camp life at Chaffin's Farm, where the Company was assigned to duty as "Company K,"

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34th Virginia Infantry; of his participation in the South Carolina campaign of 1863–4; of his return to Virginia, in the spring of 1864, and the co-operation of his regiment in the Bermuda Hundred campaign. Suffice it to say that during all these years the young soldier bore himself with dignity, with courage, and with honor. Though a private, and of youthful appearance, he so attracted the attention of his officers that he was detailed for special service as aide-de-camp 358 to General Henry A. Wise, the commander of his brigade.

The history of General Grant's campaign “by the left flank from the Rappahannock to the defenses around Petersburg,” from Cold Harbor to the Crater, is too familiar to need any description.* On the morning of July 30, 1864, a few minutes before five o'clock, the enemy sprung a mine under the Confederate lines. General Lee's report of this is brief. “We have retaken the salient and driven the enemy back to his lines with loss.” This, however, was the beginning of the end—the last stand of our gallant young soldier and of his beloved Dixie also. Recovering from the stunning effect of the breach made in our lines, the troops of Elliott's brigade maintained their ground with remarkable steadiness. One gun of Davidson's battery opened with a few rounds and then became silent, but was subsequently manned and officered by Wise's brigade, under instructions from Colonel Goode, and did excellent service.† “The conflict was kept up from 5 till nearly 10 A. M., with coolness and steadiness by determined men and officers on both flanks of the breach, and with a success worthy of much praise and with great damage to the enemy. . . . The enemy was driven from three-quarters of the trench cavalier and most of the works on the left of the crater, with moderate loss to our forces and heavy losses to the enemy, especially in prisoners. A large number of the enemy's troops, black and white, abandoned the breach and fled precipitately to their

* See Southern Historical Papers, Vol. VI., p. 144. Also The Way of the Rebellion, Series I, Vol. II., Part I., pp. 136–7, 556–63.

† See War of the Rebellion, above referred to, pp. 787–798; General Johnson's report.

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359 rear. Upon this fleeting mass, in full view from our works on the right of the Baxter road, the left regiments of Wise's brigade poured a raking fire at the distance of from 150 to 200 yards, while the left gun of Davidson's battery (which Colonel Goode had manned with a company of the Thirty-fourth Virginia Regiment, under Captain Samuel D. Preston) discharged upon them several rounds of canister."

It is proper here to state that Captain Preston was wounded, and Edward Bagby, aide-de-camp to Colonel Goode, commanding the brigade, was killed while serving this gun. Captain A. F. Bagby, Company K, Thirty-fourth Virginia Regiment, then took charge of it with fine effect until near the close of the action.

It is a matter of which we may justly be proud that this report makes complimentary mention of two gallant sons of King and Queen, in addition to what is said concerning him whom we honor today.

But coming still nearer to the young soldier's conduct on that fateful day, we have the testimony of Colonel Thomas J. Goode, the distinguished and gallant Colonel of the Thirty-fourth Virginia, who commanded Wise's brigade during the engagement, and who to the delight of his old soldiers, still survives and is present today. In a letter, dated July 26, 1912, to your speaker, he says:

Your favor of the 23rd was received by the last mail. I am greatly pleased to know that my most highly esteemed friend and comrade is to have a monument erected to his memory. If there ever was a man and soldier who deserved the honor, it was Edward Bagby. Am sorry I can't send you a copy of my report of the Crater fight. My full report was made to Major-General Bushrod Johnson 360 and should have been forwarded to General Beauregard, but I think it never was. It was from my report that General Johnson learned all he knew about my Aide, Edward Bagby. . . .

On the morning of the 30th of July, about 4:30 o'clock, we were aroused from sleep by a most awful explosion. When we arose the earth trembled like a bowl of jelly so that we

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could scarcely keep our feet. The scene we beheld was awful. Men's bodies and limbs, cannon, gun, carriages, etc., high in the air. Realizing at once that the enemy's purpose was to pass his troops through the breach and rush on Petersburg, I withdrew the Fifty-ninth Regiment of my command, Captain Henry Wood commanding, and placed it in a covered way or ditch running perpendicular to the line of works with orders to cut down any of the enemy attempting to form in rear of crater. This regiment checked repeated attempts. In a few minutes after the explosion one of my officers reported to me that a battery in our lines had been deserted by the artillerists and that there were not men to work the guns. I immediately withdrew Preston's company, "C," Thirty-fourth Virginia Infantry, trained artillerists, from its place in line and put it in charge of the battery. I left Edward Bagby, my Aide, with the battery with orders to report to me if anything went wrong. And I went to the Twenty-sixth Regiment on the extreme left next to the Crater, where I was sure the most strenuous effort would be made to drive us out, and widen the breach so as to rush in their whole force, which they estimated at about sixty thousand. . . .

About nine o'clock in the morning, my Orderly came and reported to me that Edward Bagby had been killed, Captain Preston mortally wounded, and the company terribly cut to pieces. I hurried back to the company and found it as reported. I then had it relieved by Captain Bagby's company, "K," which fought with great gallantry and dire loss to the enemy.

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Now let some of his comrades speak. Samuel P. Ryland, Jr., the nearest and dearest friend of my boyhood, through whom your speaker heard of Edward's end, says:

The explosion at the Crater took place about sunrise one morning when all nature seemed to have been at peace, and when not a gun was being fired from either side. I remember the occasion perfectly. I was pouring water from a canteen into the hands of Colonel Goode, who was washing his face (not two hundred yards distant from the Crater), and saw the men, and cannon, and debris of all kinds which was blown up into the air

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apparently from thirty to forty feet. I remember distinctly one eight-inch gun was almost thrown over to the enemy's lines, a distance of some fifty or seventy-five yards.

After this explosion took place, the Federal troops opened a broadside into our breastworks from one end of the line to the other. This line was several miles long and extended almost from the Weldon Railroad to the river. You can imagine the frightful confusion, brought on by the incessant firing, which lasted pretty much all day, and a great many of our men were wounded and killed.

As I remember, several hours after the explosion, I was passing up the line near the position occupied by the Otey Battery. (It seems that the men in this battery had been driven off, and there was no one using their guns at the time.) When I passed I saw Edward Bagby working one of these guns, and he called to me to come to his help. I think there were four guns in this battery, and my recollection is that we loaded one of these guns and fired it, until finally Ned Bagby was shot in the head with a minie-ball from the enemy and was instantly killed. I remember distinctly that I left the position and went back to Colonel Goode and reported that Ned Bagby had been killed while firing one of these guns into the Crater. My attention was called at this time to his coolness and bravery in firing this 362 gun. There never was a braver man in the war than he. After this incident my recollection is that Company "C" of our Regiment took charge of the battery, when many of their men were wounded and killed. Afterwards this company was withdrawn from the battery, and Company "K" (my old company) was put in charge and remained in charge the rest of that day. They did brave and gallant fighting.

And here is the testimony of another admiring comrade, Tom Kelly:

Ned had been detached from his company on special service, but on the morning of the Crater fight, after the breach had been made by the explosion, and the Yankees had poured through in great numbers, our nearest battery was comparatively deserted, with but few to man the guns. . . . Just at this time Ned appeared on the scene, took in the

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situation quickly, volunteered his services and was aiming a gun when a shell from the enemy exploded nearby and a fragment tore away a part of his head, killing him instantly.

And you will excuse your speaker, please, for entering the sacred precincts of two responsive hearts, then as now, one in hope, one in happiness and one in sorrow. Writing from camp, on August 6, 1864, to Edward's niece, the girl then of seventeen summers, to whom he had plighted his faith unto death, he said:

I was delighted to receive your letter written the 28th ulto., but by the same mail that brought your letter, one came from Sam Ryland with the sad tidings that Ned Bagby—the noble and brave—was no more. It seems that our best and bravest men are taken—mysterious, indeed, are the ways of Providence! I know not where to begin to speak of the good qualities of such a boy as Ned. Oh! that I could be like him! Why should we grieve for him? 363 He is now happy, where no war or bloodshed comes. Yes, he is happy with his God, whom he served faithfully. Precious, indeed, should our liberty be, purchased by the blood of men like Ned Bagby. Farewell, dear Ned. Your face may be seen no more, but long will you live in our hearts. Give my love to Cousin Sue and tell her how much I sympathize with her. O, cruel war! When will thy horrors cease?

Thus, in broken sentences, were recorded the same experiences of a distressed and perturbed heart that Tennyson felt when he bade adieu to the friend of his youth:

“But thou and I have shaken hands, Till growing winters lay me low; My paths are in the fields I know, And thine, in undiscovered lands.”

Victory perched on the banner of the Confederacy at the battle of the Crater, but it poorly recompensed the losses sustained. It is true of that victory as the Duke of Wellington said of England's triumph at the battle of Waterloo, “Nothing except a battle lost can be half so melancholy as a battle won.”

The death of Edward saddened the whole community, but upon his stricken parents it fell most heavily, though they bore it bravely. I remember that it was written me that the aged mother, when she heard the sad news in all of its details, said to sympathizing friends: "Well, my boy—my only boy—is gone, but I had rather that it be so than that he had failed to do his duty." But another way of expressing the noble sentiment of Lee in his famous phrase: "There is a true glory and a true honor, the glory of duty done, the honor of integrity of principle."

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A noble sentiment! In its last analysis it means unselfishness. That it is better to give than to receive. It is the Christly spirit. That he who would be greatest would be servant of all.

A few months after the cause of the Confederacy was doomed, in this historic temple dedicated to God, a great public meeting was held (known as the Young Men's Meeting), under the leadership of the three Bagbys (brothers of Edward), Broaddus, Baynum, Garlick, Diggs, Land and others, ministers of the gospel from this and adjoining counties. Rev. Jeremiah B. Jeter, D. D., of Richmond, the great orator and leader of public sentiment, was brought to be the chief speaker. As the basis of his great address, he took for his text the passage, "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth." It was the meeting of a great occasion, a great theme, and a great man. The result was magical. Animosities were allayed, new hope was inspired, weakened faith was strengthened, noble resolves were made. I do not remember what hymn was sung at the close of the sermon, but nothing would have been so appropriate as, "The morning light is breaking, The darkness disappears."

And, in conclusion, may I hope that the influences of this occasion may yield only half of that? Since that eventful day in which I caught new hope, it has seemed to me "I hear at times a sentinel, Who moves about from place to place; And whispers to the world of space, In the deep night, that 'all is well'."

CHAPTER X. MY IMMEDIATE FAMILY.

“Mine, with my heart in it.”

I have spoken at some length of my many friends, personal and political, and have traced in more or less detail my ancestry and family, like the Admiral in *Pinafore* bringing in “my sisters and my cousins and my aunts,” but I have as yet made no mention of my own very dear children, without which no history of my life could possibly be complete.

Our first-born was Henry Robinson, Jr. He was born while we were residing under my father's roof, at *Bel Air*, in King and Queen County. While he gave no promise of being especially comely in his early life, as neighbours and friends said—and his grandmother on his mother's side once made the observation, when he was a baby, that he was ugly and that “what was worse he'd never be any better looking,”—yet in the eyes of his parents he was quite different, and I may say that he has since developed quite contrary to his grandmother's expectations, and grew up to be not bad looking for a country lad. His education was not as complete as I would have wished, but, like city boys generally, he was restive and eager to become engaged in business. He attended Richmond College for two sessions, in the Academic department, but did not graduate, although while there he acquitted himself well. Choosing for himself the real estate business, he was first placed with my dear friend, Samuel Regester, who was at that time a merchandise broker with a large business in this city, but soon thereafter found employment with the real estate firm of Apperson and Apperson, and was from time to time promoted until he became, on the death of the elder Apperson, a member of the firm. His qualifications for that business developed rapidly, so that in a short time he took a high stand among Richmond real estate dealers, and went into business for himself in partnership with his cousin, John Bagby. His firm has now become one of the largest in the city in that line, and his business success has become assured.

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He married Miss Julia Williams, of this city, and they reside with their four children on West Grace street. Both of his sons, A. G. and Henry R., III., who is married to Miss Mann of this city, are dealers in real estate. His daughters, Julia and Jessie, are students at the Collegiate School. The younger daughter, little Jessie, pays me the compliment to say that she and grandfather are "great chums," and we do have a delightful time together when I visit them during the summer at their country place in Louisa County. She insists that any account of the family would be incomplete without mention of one of her pet cats (of which the tribe is legion), an enormous black cat called "Weensy"—an abbreviation for *Hallowe'en* and not a pet name indicative of size. This wonderful cat was found by Jessie's big brother when it was a tiny stray kitten, brought home in his coat pocket and presented to little Jessie, and the two have 367 grown up together as inseparable companions. Many are the adventures that Jessie has had in bringing that cat to and from town, and devious are her ways of blandishments and persuasions with obdurate conductors who threaten the abhorred "baggage car for that animal." She has become as resourceful in smuggling that cat into the parlor-car as the modern boot-legger with his goods. She further insists that the cat knows me and can recognize me whenever I approach the house, even if I am on the opposite side of the street, and that Weensy will invariably wave a paw to me from the sunny front window where she perches in state.

Our second child, named for his mother's father, died in infancy. I have carefully preserved the obituary notice telling of the little stranger's departure after so short a sojourn with us here.

"Died, on the 3rd of April, 1871, John Newton, son of Henry R. and Jessie Pollard, aged 5 months and 20 days.

" 'I have never known an angry word or look, I have felt not the storms of life; But, Mother, I oft from the wise have heard That this world is a world of strife; And my smile might

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have changed to a care-worn brow, And my song become a sigh; I am going to cloudless regions now, And I do not fear to die'."

My eldest daughter, Josephine, married John S. Harrison, a son of the late Professor Harrison, who was a Baptist minister and Professor of Latin at Richmond College. Mr. Harrison died a few years ago, leaving two grown daughters, Josephine and Martha.

My second daughter, Juliet Elizabeth, married 368 Ernest M. Long, a lawyer, now attorney for the Virginia Trust Company but formerly Professor of Law at Richmond College. They have two children, Jessie and Henry R.

Another daughter, Martha, married John Gibson, Jr., of Middletown, Ohio, a prominent business man of that town, engaged in the manufacture of blotting paper. They have one young son, Timothy.

My third boy, James Jeffries, named for my Uncle James, married Miss Sherrod Wilcox. She was generally considered, when presented to society, one of the most beautiful girls in Richmond, with marked dramatic talent, both of which qualities have made her much sought after to fill leading roles in many of our amateur productions, and even gained her the most flattering commendation and approval from one of the world's foremost dramatic producers, Charles Frohman. Jim is a member of the firm of Pollard and Bagby. They have two children, little Sherrod and James J., Jr.

My son Jim, as we all call him, like my Brother Jim, was always the family "cut-up," wit, and practical joker, just brimming over with fun and good spirits. I remember a trick which he often played on me when he was a very young man. I do not think that I was ever unduly strict with my sons, but I did try to watch over and advise them to the best of my ability, and I did not approve or encourage extremely late hours. I could tell when they came in at nights (or thought that I could) for, no matter how quietly they might tiptoe up the stairs, they would invariably drop their shoes with a dull thud after reaching the room. I would listen for this and so keep check on them. But Jim 369 got wise to this and found

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a way to circumvent my powers of logic and deduction which all criminal lawyers must develop. He would come in quietly, slip into one of the other boys' room, and there drop his shoes with a thump, so that the next morning his brother, who had been peacefully asleep, would receive the scolding. It was not until some years later that he told me the trick, which he and Sherrod regard as a good joke on me when I tried to play Sherlock Holmes.

Under ex-Governor Stuart, Jim was appointed as Colonel on his staff. In this way he was one of the committee to meet the British deputation that visited the United States during the late World War, to enlist a deeper interest and more particularly, I suspect, to get loans from this country. The delegation also visited Richmond and was entertained at the Mansion by Governor Stuart. After luncheon, they were taken on an automobile tour of the city, and it so happened that Jim was in the same car with Mr. Asquith. The conversation turned upon the proverbial claim, made on this side of the water, that an Englishman is devoid of any sense of humor and can't see a joke. Jim took the affirmative of this question and made his point, much to the amusement of the distinguished visitors. Lord Asquith undertook to refute this charge by relating an incident that he overheard on the streets of London, soon after the battle of the Marne. A handsomely attired and pretty young woman accosted an English captain who had been furloughed on account of being wounded in that battle. She said, "I see, Captain, that you have been decorated for bravery. Do you *know* that you yourself killed a German in your 370 great battle?" He replied that he was sure of it. "With which hand?" she asked. "With my right hand," he replied. London was then at white heat with enthusiasm for the Tommies. The young woman seized his hand and showered kisses upon it. In great surprise, the captain exclaimed, "Good lord! What a fool I was not to have said that I *bit* him to death!" Thus the distinguished Britisher turned the laugh upon Colonel Pollard.

I might assist him in proving that the proverbial Briton is sometimes witty and clever enough to get the better even of his American cousins, by relating a story that I often heard from some of the "old-timers" during my boyhood in the country, although I have never seen it in print, concerning what purports to have occurred at Cornwallis' surrender

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at Yorktown. I first heard it from Rev. W. H. Whitsett, D. D., President of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, at Louisville, Kentucky. He reported it to me as occurring in this fashion. The terms of the surrender were carefully prepared by the American officers and submitted to the British authorities, and were accepted by them except in one particular, namely that the English found it distasteful to be required to march out to the surrender field to the tune of *Yandee Doodle* and requested that they might use some other air. The amendment was agreed to and the British selected, on their own initiative, *The World Turned Upside Down*, a “rag-time” piece of that day.

Jim has been more or less interested in city politics and especially in the recent gubernatorial contest between Tucker and Trinkle. It was in this connection that, like Byron, he sprung into fame over night in 371 local circles. Though I do not vouch for its accuracy, the story goes that he, in a moment of campaign enthusiasm, and on the very day of the election, had the temerity to bet a thousand dollars on his candidate's carrying this city, which was regarded as an unassailable stronghold of his opponent. Moreover he won his bet, though by a narrow margin. So his “nerve” and good luck became town topics.

My next son, Robert Nelson, married Miss Mary Butler of Mathews County,—a woman of fine education and charming personality who is as dear to me as my own daughters. He is a lawyer, a partner of Hiram M. Smith, ex-United States District Attorney for this city. He has two charming little sons, Frederick and Robert, Jr.

My baby daughter, Sarah Jane, named for my beloved sister, married William Bernard Bates of this city. He is a civil engineer and was formerly city engineer of Portsmouth, but is now engaged in contracting work in Richmond. They have two daughters, Harriet and Beverley.

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Our youngest son, Thomas, named for my eldest brother, is also in the real estate business. He married Miss Helen Gray Wattson, another of Richmond's most beautiful and charming girls, and they have one little daughter, Helen.

In this hurried list, I have purposely omitted the name of my fifth son, Frederick Gresham, because I wished to give, somewhat more in detail, an account of his achievements. On him was centered the admiration of his parents as well as of his brothers and sisters. From his earliest youth he developed characteristics of intellectual qualifications which marked 372 him as a person of unusual cleverness and ability. His aunt, Mrs. Robert Nelson Pollard, was among the first to see his very unusual alertness of intellect, and she made him the pet, more or less, among her numerous nieces and nephews. He was decidedly the scholar of the family. In his career as a student he was rarely, if ever, excelled. He graduated from the public schools with first honors, and this held true of his college career also. While at Richmond College he never failed to attain the highest place among his fellows and, immediately upon graduation there, he fixed his aspiration upon attaining his M. A. at the University of Virginia in one year—something so rarely attained by any student in such a brief time that it was regarded as a signal achievement. Even as a little lad he had been studious and fond of books, often preferring peacefully reading alone to playing with his young companions. Sometimes when the other boys in the neighborhood would congregate in the yard or on the porch, Fred would become tired of play and wish to slip away to his reading. Not liking to leave his friends too abruptly he would resort to this ruse to get away. He would assume a listening attitude, look up at the upstairs window, and call out, "Alright, Mother! I'm coming," and so leave his playmates to their games.

But it must not be supposed from this that he was lacking in popularity or spirit, or that he was that lifeless, insipid creature known as a college "grind." Far from it. When he was at college, he was interested in nearly all of the student activities, a leader among his classmates, and a star athlete. While at the University, he twice won the tennis championship 373 as attested by clippings in my scrapbook. One of these reads:

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The University of Virginia outclassed the University of North Carolina at doubles in the annual tennis tournament this afternoon, winning three out of four games.

F. G. Pollard and L. M. Chapman represented Virginia, and Manlius Orr and J. Holt Haywood Carolina.

One of the games was spirited, and characterized by careful playing on both sides, but the Virginians showed a fuller knowledge of the game and the ability to play it more thoroughly. Pollard proved easily the strongest member of the quartet.

According to the other comment:

The University of Virginia triumphed over North Carolina at tennis again this afternoon, winning both matches of the singles. F. G. Pollard again proved himself the star, taking two love sets from his opponent, T. H. Haywood. He eased up in the last set and allowed Haywood three games. . . .

Pollard's playing in both games was perfect. He combines a thorough knowledge of the game with a strong and sure stroke and a puzzling serve.

Indeed, he seemed one of these rarely gifted mortals who are destined to excel in whatever they undertake. He gave promise of equal success in his law practice. As I have said, it was always the regret of my lifetime that I have never been what I consider a well-educated man or a scholarly man, and I have valued scholarship above all other things earthly. None of my other sons had the inclination to drink thus deeply of the "Pierian spring" and were not willing to devote so much time to perfecting their education, but in Fred's brilliant 374 college attainments my own thwarted ambitions were realized, and the disappointment of my life came in his taking off. But the Grim Reaper demanded my fairest flower for the heavenly garden.

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I think I may say without exaggeration that his death was a distinct loss to all who knew him. Most commendatory resolutions were passed as a memorial to him by the Richmond Bar Association, and were presented to the Supreme Court of Virginia by the Hon. A. W. Patterson, with the following remarks:

At a recent meeting of the Richmond Bar convened for the purpose, resolutions were adopted on the death of Fred. Gresham Pollard, and I was commissioned to present those resolution to this Court.

Fred Pollard was one of our best and brightest young lawyers. After making an enviable record in school and college and University, he came to our Bar, giving every promise of high achievement. It seemed that he would add fresh lustre to a name which had so long figured with honorable distinction among us in law, in politics and in religion. But this was not to be. Like an interesting story which breaks off abruptly as the pen drops from its author's hand, so we have come suddenly upon the unfinished page of young Pollard's history, and are left to wonder what the future held in store for him had he been permitted to meet the tasks of mature manhood. In such case we need to reflect that life's real value is not measured by length of days. "That life is long which answers life's great end." Each one of us has a mission, and he who with fidelity discharges the duties that are his, whether the period of service be long or short, has the assurance of that all-sufficient commendation, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

On behalf of the Richmond Bar, I now present these resolutions, and request that your Honors will take such notice of same as may seem appropriate.

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The text of the Resolutions is as follows:

Frederick Gresham Pollard died at Saranac Lake, New York, in the early morning on Friday, July 23rd, 1915. In his death the Bar of the City of Richmond has lost an inspiring,

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able and genial associate, and as a tribute to his worth, it is fitting that we should record our estimate of him as a man and as a lawyer.

Fred. Pollard was born in King and Queen County, Virginia, on the fifth day of June, 1885, the son of Hon. Henry R. Pollard and Jessie Gresham Pollard. When he was five years of age, his parents removed to Richmond, and it was in the public and private schools of this city that he received his early education. Upon graduation from the High School, he entered Richmond College and in the spring of 1905 received from that institution his bachelor's degree. The following session he was a student in the Graduate Department of the University of Virginia, and in June, 1906, he had the unusual honor and distinction of receiving the degree of Master of Arts after only one year of study. Coming of a distinguished family of lawyers, and himself so naturally equipped for that profession, it was not difficult for him to select his life work, and so in the fall of 1906 he entered the Law School of the University of Virginia. Upon his graduation two years later, he located in Richmond and was forthwith admitted to the Bar.

During the course of his already crowded college career, he found ample time to take a prominent part in literary activities outside of the class-room. He was particularly facile with his pen, and while at Richmond College was at different times Editor-in-chief of *The Collegian*, Associate Editor of *The Messenger*, and Associate Editor of *The Spider*, to all of which publications he was a frequent and interesting contributor. He was also President of the Nu Sigma Rho Literary Society for one term and was a forceful, witty and successful debater, having represented his college on more than one occasion in contests with other colleges.

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While at the University he was Business Manager of *College Topics* and President of the Law Class. He was prominently identified with the movement to solidify the alumni spirit of the graduates of the University of Virginia by the organization of a definite class system, and at the time of his death was President of the Alumni Class of Nineteen-Eight.

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His eminence in scholarship was equalled, if not excelled, by his prominence in other college activities, particularly in athletics. He was Business Manager of the Richmond College baseball team, and a tennis player of note.

Upon his admission to the Bar, he practised his profession alone until February, 1914, when he became the junior member of the firm of Pollard, Smith & Pollard, composed, besides himself, of his brother, Robert N. Pollard and Hiram M. Smith. He was a member of this firm at the time of his death. He was also a member of Grove Avenue Baptist Church, of the Commonwealth Club, of the Country Club of Virginia, of the State and City Bar Associations, of the Kappa Sigma Fraternity, of the Sons of the American Revolution, and Secretary of the Society of Colonial Wars in the State of Virginia.

Fred. Pollard's career at the Bar and in the civic and social life of Richmond was equally as notable as his college career, although the physical weakness to which he was subject and his early death prevented his achieving that success to which his mental and legal attainments entitled him. He had an alert and active mind, combined with a fair and judicial temperament and a rigid sense of honor, giving every promise of a brilliant, useful and successful life.

The one distinguishing feature of his life, however, was his high character and universal popularity. Possessed of a most genial and approachable disposition, a cordial manner, a quiet dignity and a rare sense of humor, he made friends of all with whom he came in contact. He loved his fellow-men with all the ardor and enthusiasm of his frank and fearless manhood, and his daily life was full

FREDERICK GRESHAM POLLARD

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of instances, both large and small, wherein he displayed an abiding confidence in all human nature. It is needless to say that his generous nature received a ready response in

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the hearts of all, for his friends were numbered by hundreds. He was indeed a lovable and beloved character.

“He had not passed on life's highway the stone that marks the brightest point,” but he added much to the sum of human joy, and “while yet in love with life and raptured with the world, he passed to silence and pathetic dust.”

NOW, THEREFORE, be it resolved, that the Bench and Bar of the City of Richmond, in meeting assembled do hereby express their deep sorrow over the death of Frederick Gresham Pollard, and do tender to his bereaved family their sympathy; and it is further resolved that these resolutions be spread on the minutes of the Bar Association of the City of Richmond, and that a copy be sent to the family; and that copies thereof be presented to and spread upon the records of the State and Federal Courts of the City of Richmond, and the Supreme Court of Appeals of Virginia.

The foregoing resolutions were certified and signed, under date of August 2, 1915, by the Secretary of the Richmond Bar Association, Mr. Wallace, and were subsequently printed in the *Law Journal*, along with a full-page photograph of Fred. Similar resolutions were adopted by other organizations to which he belonged, notably by his class-mates at the University, reading as follows:

We, the members of the Class of 1908 of the University of Virginia, having heard with deep regret of the untimely death of our beloved President, Frederick Gresham Pollard, and desiring to give expression, however inadequate, to the grief which we so deeply feel, DO NOW RESOLVE:

1. That in the death of Frederick Gresham Pollard, we have lost a loyal class-mate and faithful friend, whose 378 noble qualities, lovable disposition, and high character endeared him to all who knew him.

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2. That we shall preserve an abiding memory of his modest and efficient service to the Class of 1908 and to the University of Virginia.
3. That we extend to his bereaved family our heart-felt sympathy in this our mutual loss.
4. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of our deceased class-mate, and that a copy be published in the 1908 *Class Record* and in the *Alumni News*.

Resolutions expressing deep sympathy were also drawn up and passed and sent to me by members of the Administrative Board of this city.

CHAPTER XI. RELIGIOUS ACTIVITIES.

“Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the King—Else wherefore born?”

— Tennyson.

Of the high social and religious standard prevailing in the community in which I had the good fortune to be born, much might be recorded—far more, indeed, than there is room for in these brief sketches.

The original building which later became the Mattaponi Baptist Church was constructed by the early settlers of the Established Church as early, certainly, as the year 1690. Although no date of its construction appears on the building, nor can there be found any reliable historic record, the above date (1690) appears on the tomb of Jacob Lumpkin, located at one of the entrances to the church. The language of this inscription is as follows:

JACOB LUMPKIN

Obit 14 die September, 1708, Aetatis 64. Dux Militum, Victor Hostium, Morte Victus, Pax Adsit, Vives Requies, Eterna Sepultis.

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Near another door, to the south, appears the tombs of George and Mary Braxton, the parents of Carter 380 Braxton who signed the Declaration of Independence.

My people on both sides of the family were, as was the case with most of the early settlers in Virginia, Church of England. But, with the growing disaffection of many people at home in “Merrie England” and with the increasing spirit of independence and freedom in the new land, other denominations began to gain some strength. It will be remembered by all students of true American history that our Virginia colony was the first in the world to enact a statute providing religious freedom and toleration, and that, one whole year before anyone but the savage red men in their forests primeval had ever had an opportunity to watch the breaking waves dashing high on their stern and rock-bound coast, the first legislative body in the new world, our Virginia House of Burgesses, had met and issued boldly to the world a declaration of those principles of freedom which the English race has so sturdily upheld. It may be that the original May-Flowerites were better informed than their descendants and knew of this assembly, hence steered their bark in this direction in order to find the desired freedom to worship God, but, not having a good pilot, landed several hundred miles father north. However, to come back to my story. The bigotry and high-handedness of some of our royal governors gave greater impetus to this tendency and, after the Revolution, I find my immediate relatives most active in this trend towards greater freedom from the Established Church.

In the year 1803, my maternal grandfather, Major Thomas Jeffries, and Captain Robert Courtney (who afterwards served with distinction in the War of 381 1812), both of whom were residing in that immediate neighbourhood, responded to the religious instinct of their natures, together with the Rev. William Todd, a young man of the Baptist faith. He was at that time deputy clerk of his county, but was just beginning to preach—which he later made his life's work—and he baptized a few into the fellowship of this religious venture, among them Colonel John Pollard; his cousin, Miss Priscilla Pollard; and Mrs. Mary Hall,

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the widow of a sea-captain who had commanded a schooner plying between Baltimore and Cuba.

Col. John Pollard, my father, acting for himself and his cousin, Miss Priscilla Pollard, secured from the Governor of Virginia a warrant authorizing the grantees to use the unoccupied house and grounds, the title to which was then in the name of the Lower Church of St. Steven's Parish. This church had at that time fallen into disuse. In due time and in legal manner, a warrant or deed was issued granting title to the property as follows:

KNOW YE, That in Conformity with a survey made on the 31st day of October, one thousand eight hundred and forty, by virtue of Land Office Treasury Warrant No. 14,393 there is granted by the said Commonwealth unto John Pollard a certain tract or Parcel of Land, containing 2½ acres, situate in King & Queen County, in St. Steven's parish, bounded on all sides by the land of James Jeffries:

Beginning at a hickory S. 85½ W. 22 poles to a pine tree, S. 13 W. 16 poles to a red oak, S. 80 E. 22 poles to a mulberry stump, a locust to be planted, N. 8½ E. 21½ poles to the beginning with its appurtenances.

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD the said Tract or Parcel of Land, with its appurtenances, to the said John Pollard and his heirs forever.

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IN WITNESS WHEREOF, The said John Rutherford, Esquire, Lieutenant Governor of the Commonwealth of Virginia, hath hereunto set his hand and caused the Lesser Seal of the said Commonwealth to be affixed at Richmond, on the 30th day of July in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-one and of the Commonwealth the 66th.

J. Rutherford.

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It is needless to elaborate and in that way revive the bitterness of the controversy that grew out of the Dis-Establishment legislation, for which Mr. Jefferson in his day was so much criticized. It seems enough to say that the ownership of the church property at the time of the Revolution was undoubtedly in the public—in other words, it was public property, created by public taxation by means of levies upon *all* of the people, of every denomination alike, whether members of the Establishment or not. Consequently it belonged to the public and ought to have been devoted to public uses rather than to the maintenance of one sect to the disparagement of another. Hence the Dis-Establishment Act, which provided for the sale of such property and the disposition of the proceeds for public objects rather than to advance sectarian interests, was wisely conceived by Mr. Jefferson, and the question justly determined by the courts when this Act was finally declared to be constitutional as was determined in the case of *Turpin & al. v. Locket & al.*, * May, 1804. Out of this grew the large and prosperous congregation which, in the next generation, regularly worshipped at this location, and since that the Baptists

* See Call's Reports, Vol. VI., p. 113, sq. Affirmed, April, 1840, in the case of *Selden vs. Overseers of Poor of Loudoun*, 11 Leigh, p. 132.

383 have occupied the Church building and adjacent grounds.

As I have said, this church had been bereft of its congregation and left to decay and destruction by the elements. In that remote period, it was generally known as "The Old Brick Church." The church itself was built in the shape of a cross; was of the best and most durable materials, and had entrances from three directions—south, north, and west. The last was doubtless the main entrance. High up against the wall at the eastern end were the Creed, the Ten Commandments, and the Lord's Prayer, inscribed in gilt letters on a large tablet. At the northeastern angle stood the pulpit high overhead, highly ornamented, and with great sounding-board above and balustraded steps leading up. Running along on the left of the aisle as one entered the south door was a row of family pews, high as one's shoulders. This, however, was in the days of its magnificence, before the Revolution. In

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1800, the church presented a sad scene of desolation, covered with dust and cobwebs, left open to the storms and ravages of the seasons, even used as a den of refuge by the wild beasts and birds.

When, in 1803, Mr. Todd was invited by the several gentlemen aforesaid to hold services in the "Brick Church," he readily complied, and this was the first service held there since the Revolution. This continued in this manner, without any formal organization, until 1828 when seventeen men and forty-three women—sixty in all—were organized into the Mattaponi Baptist Church.* William Todd was elected

* See Appendix, page 434.

384 pastor, and John Redd and Thomas Jeffries deacons, and so the church was formally launched. In 1840, although there had been no serious trouble on this point, it was thought best to make sure of the title to the property, which was done, as I have already told. Colonel Pollard immediately transferred the title to trustees to hold the property perpetually. A small lot adjoining this was subsequently donated to the church by Judge James M. Jeffries and the present holding was completed later by donations from my brother, Robert N. Pollard, and from me. These grounds have been used as burying grounds for more than two hundred years.

In 1832, a Sunday School was opened at Mattaponi, but no records were preserved of it until some ten years later. Then Elder William B. Todd was made Superintendent, Robert Courtney assistant, and B. P. Cooke secretary. The list of pupils includes quite a number who afterwards became prominent in church work.* Colonel John Pollard was Superintendent of this Sunday school for thirty-four years consecutively. I succeeded him and served for several years, when my brother, Robert Nelson, took my place and still holds the office.

* See Appendix, page 435.

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Repairs have three times been put on the building. In 1842, the family pews, pulpit and reading desk were removed, the floor raised (it had been level with the ground), a partition built cutting off the east end of the cross, and a modern pulpit erected against this partition. In 1859, a baptistry of brick and cement was placed under the pulpit, a cistern formed in the basement underneath, and dressing rooms arranged 385 for the candidates; and the old seats were taken out and more modern ones put in their place. A magnificent marble font had been placed in the old church just below the altar, by the original worshippers, but having no use for a baptismal font of this kind, the Baptists gave it to the Old Fork Episcopal Church, in Hanover County, where it is used to this day. About twenty years later it again became necessary to make certain repairs, but nothing that effected any radical change in the building.

Just as I am putting the finishing touches to this narrative, and completing my account of the part played by old Mattaponi Church as an integral factor in the history of the community in which the dear old church is located, a new chapter is added to its history, and a sad one indeed to those who have known and loved it as I have done. News has reached me that a few days ago (February 11, 1923), it was accidentally burned, as our first information gave it, to the ground and left a heaping, smoldering ruin. A later and more detailed account is, however, more encouraging, as it proves the first estimate of the damage done to have been somewhat exaggerated. It seems that the fire originated from a defective flue in the southeast corner of the building, near which was located the heating apparatus of the building. This supposition furnishes the only logical explanation of the origin of the blaze. The fire was first noticed by members of the church who were assembling at the hour for public worship. They observed little tongues of flames leaping and spreading over the roof, and immediately gave the alarm and volunteers set to work to extinguish the flames. Unfortunately, there 386 were no ladders available of sufficient height to reach to the roof and no hose or adequate fire apparatus. The only approach to the shingle roof was from inside the church itself, into the garret by means of a steep ladder-like stairway, and it was from this point that the volunteer firemen worked, forming

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a line and passing up buckets of water. It was a most precarious situation, dangerous in the extreme, as should the flames burst through into the interior it would prove a veritable fire-trap with no means of escape for those caught in it. Hence very little could be done and the workers were forced to abandon their efforts and sadly watch the flames take their course. The persons in the crowd of spectators busily rescued whatever was portable from the building and thus most of the furnishings, benches, cushions, reading-desks, etc., were saved. The roof and the interior woodwork, including the original decorations around the pulpit, which dated back to the seventeenth century (as I have already described) were totally destroyed. The walls, by reason of their splendid workmanship, are still standing, and the damage is not, as was first reported, beyond repair. Already plans for the rebuilding of the grand old structure have been formulated and the work undertaken by its ardent friends among all the evangelical denominations that have been in the habit of worshipping there since its rehabilitation, back to the early thirties.

At the early age of thirteen, I became, with my younger brother, Robert, a professor of religion and, after the due formalities which adhered to the faith and practices of the Baptist denomination, I united with the Mattaponi Church, located near the present 387 village of Cumnor, in King and Queen County, and having a large and influential worshipping congregation. On August 8, 1859, in company with more than twenty other candidates, I was immersed by the Rev. Dr. Alfred Bagby, in the clear and placid waters of the Mattaponi River—in my mind a never-to-be-forgotten occasion! In the presence of a large company of spectators, headed by the minister, we were led down into the water, as the congregation heartily united in singing Charles Wesley's beautiful hymn, "Oh, how happy are they Who their Saviour obey, And have laid up their treasure above! Tongue can never express The sweet comfort and peace Of a soul in its earliest love.

"That sweet comfort was mine When the favor divine I had found in the blood of the Lamb. When at first I believed, What true joy I received! What a heaven in Jesus' sweet name!"

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One of the most useful Baptist ministers in the community, when I was young, was Rev. Howard Montague, of Essex County, related to the Montagues of Middlesex. At the same time, he was thought to be extremely eccentric. He was an ardent believer in the Confederacy and made a practice of offering earnest prayer for the success of the Southern cause at all of his preaching appointments. Toward the end of the war, when disasters came upon our cause, he petitioned the throne of grace as usual, and his congregation 388 noticed especially his imprecations upon the Yankees after the fall of Vicksburg and the battle of Gettysburg. He generally wound up his petitions by remind-the Lord that he was not afraid of them, fearing that his intense earnestness on this occasion, taken in connection with the recent disasters, might be interpreted as signs of weakness, so he concluded by saying, "Oh, Lord, we would have Thee to distinctly understand that we are not afraid of them."

Another story is told of him, though I can not vouch for its accuracy. However, it came to me through two ministers. It is said that he had invited and secured the services of a certain local preacher to conduct a protracted meeting for him, right across the Rappahannock River from the Northern Neck. This minister happened to be a man of very emotional disposition. The meeting started, it was thought under good auspices, but there were no visible results in the way of converts, so the kindly brother became greatly discouraged and announced to Mr. Montague that he had decided to leave for his home on the Northern Neck the next day. After much persuasion from Mr. Montague, the visiting minister still insisted that he should return home and give up the meeting. After satisfying himself that it would be in vain to try, by ordinary means, to dissuade him, Mr. Montague determined to pray the minister out of his obstinacy, and made a very strong appeal somewhat as follows: "Oh, Lord, we pray Thee that Thou wilt show mercy upon us and grant us Thy aid in our present problems; that Thou wilt touch the heart of our brother so that he will not continue to harden it against us in this our hour of need. So work upon his heart and mind, O 389 Lord, that he will not desert us but will continue to work in Thy fields until the promised harvest. But, if in Thy infinite mercy and omnipotent wisdom, Thou dost

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not see fit to grant this, Thy servant's request, then we pray Thee that Thou wilt keep him safely in Thy care through the many perils attendant upon his return home. Thou knowest that the weather has been for some days most threatening, and that, at this season of the year, dangerous storms are of the utmost frequency; that the way is rough and the waves high, so that passage of the river is filled with many perils and dangers, and that the small boats now available are most unsafe and in danger of being swamped. Therefore, O Lord, we humbly beseech Thee to have especial care for our brother's safety if he insist upon leaving us now, and guard him from all these perils from the inclement elements, and bring him safely home."

Still another story, concerning the traditional style of public address sometimes indulged in, is more ludicrous than amusing. The minister referred to in this story was said to be very illiterate though hard-working and conscientious. On one occasion it so happened that he was at a loss for a simile that would illustrate his point. Just then he saw a fly crawling across the open Bible, so he said, "The wicked shall certainly be turned into hell just as surely as I will kill this fly!" He made a sudden swoop upon the fly, struck at it and—missed. With a look of utter astonishment he gazed at it as it flew away out of reach, and he ejaculated, "Blessed be God, it's gone?"

As strange as it may seem this minister—his name was Schools—did not infrequently occupy the same 390 pulpit with Andrew Broaddus, the first of that name, about whom R. M. T. Hunter, in one of his letters, states that he considered him the greatest orator to whom he had ever listened, "inside or outside of the halls of Congress." The third of that name, his worthy grandson, is still the pastor, after a service of more than a quarter of a century, in the Sparta Baptist Church of Caroline County, and is a dear and cherished friend of mine.

In the several preceding generations, prior to the Civil War, the community doctor was an important factor in almost every locality, generally much relied upon as a leader in social, political and religious affairs. It is said that Dr. F—, upon graduation of one of his sons in

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medicine, gave him the following advice: "Now, my son, since you are back from college and ready to settle down, by all means join Bruington Church. It will mean pounds in your pocket if you do." And I am satisfied that, from a worldly and financial standpoint, this medicated religion or religioso medicine was sound advice.

When I was a boy, the Christian denomination, or "Campbellites" as we called them, held a protracted meeting near my home, and the visiting minister, a Mr. D—, who was conducting revival services, happened to be also the proprietor of a certain patent medicine—some kind of a specific. He was quite a flowery orator, with a pretty good opinion of himself, and on this occasion had put forth his best efforts, but had not received what he considered adequate recognition and applause, especially from the local paper. Therefore, after the sermon one evening, he approached Mr. G—, the editor of this paper, and 391 hinted broadly for a "write-up." "What did you think of my sermon tonight, Brother G—?" he asked. "Don't you think that I went most thoroughly into the metaphysics of my text?" "Well, Brother D—," replied Mr. G—, "I don't know what kind of *physic* you might call it, but you certainly handed them a mighty bitter big dose of it!"

One of the most interesting characters in my section of the country was Colonel Erastus T. Montague. He had been minister to Naples under the Polk administration, and was well-known in Middlesex, where he resided, and adjoining counties for his familiarity with the political and religious history of his section. He was always a welcome guest, with or without an invitation, among the leading families in these counties. His experience abroad and his vast store of interesting information united to make him one of the most unique characters of his day, assuring him of a welcome anywhere. His wife having died in early life, he lived a widower for many years, finding his greatest pleasure in his wide acquaintance with the political history of the day. I have frequently heard of an interesting incident that occurred in the hospitable home of Dr. Samuel Fauntleroy. Colonel Montague was a guest, spending the night at Dr. Fauntleroy's home where, in accord with the habit of the community, family prayers were observed each evening. Since the colonel was a prominent churchman, he was invited to conduct the prayers. He was then quite advanced

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in age and the day had been quite fatiguing to him. He read a long chapter from the New Testament, and then knelt with bowed head to pray. But he had hardly gotten under way when he began to nod, his eyelids refused to stay open any longer, his voice trailed off, and he was fast asleep. His host and hostess quickly observed this, but Mrs. Fauntleroy, with a tenderness and gentleness that adhered so signally to her character, begged the doctor not to disturb the weary old man or embarrass him by letting him see their amusement at his lapse. The doctor grumblingly did as she wished, complaining in a whisper, "Good gracious, Fanny, do you expect me to kneel here all night?" She answered, "Just wait a little while; he is certain to awake very soon." However it was some minutes before he did arouse himself and completed his devotions.

I remember some of the stories that are told about the quaint things that were said and done in the public worship at old Mattaponi Church, in my native county. One of my sisters, Sarah Jane, was the wife of Rev. Alfred Bagby, D. D., at that time the pastor of the church. However, living up to the difficult role of "parson's wife" had in no wise crushed out her natural sprightliness and love of fun. Our cousin, Mrs. Lottie Tabb, was choir-leader. She was of an entirely different disposition from "Sallie," very serious and sober-minded and as bad as the proverbial Britisher when it came to seeing a joke. One Sunday morning they were both sitting together on the front bench. That day Dr. Bagby happened to preach an unusually long sermon, even for that day and generation; it seemed to stretch on and on, interminably, through many a "firstly," "secondly," and so on, *ad infinitum*. At last, he came to the "finally." With a sigh of relief Mrs. Bagby leaned over and whispered to Mrs. Tabb, "Lottie, strike up 'Hallelujah,' 'tis done!" Unsuspectingly, Lottie did as she was instructed to do and the result was almost to break up the meeting, as the congregation could not restrain their mirth.

There is another story that we often like to tell of Dr. Bagby. It had become necessary to enlarge the burying ground surrounding the old church, as the original settlers who had worshipped there had, apparently, literally taken "no thought for the morrow" and had not laid off the sections according to any plan or left enough space to meet the needs of

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future generations. The result was that the graves had been placed in rather a haphazard fashion, many of them even projecting onto the roadway. Dr. Bagby was determined that this must be remedied and the driveway kept clear, as it seemed to be a terrible thing to literally tread upon a person's grave. He was discussing this matter with the sexton, who was most devoted to him, and would have done anything he could for him.

"But, Doctor Bagby, that's a hard job you're giving me. I can't tell a man's family where they've got to bury him, can I? Why suppose they want the corpse buried right along side of their kin, I can't tell them they've got to put it over in the new part of the graveyard, some place away off from the rest of the family."

"Yes you can, Brother Brooks," replied Dr. Bagby. "You'll have to. Just suppose, for example, that someone wished to have a body buried under the chancel, as they used to do when this church was first built, and insisted upon doing this just because one of his ancestors was buried there. In that case, what would you do? Would you let them tear up the church, pull up the flooring, etc.?"

"No, indeed, Doctor, you *know* I wouldn't!" the old man exclaimed. "Of course not! That is, not for anybody on earth except you—I'd be *glad* to do it for you."

While my sister's sterling character made her really an ideal minister's wife—which as everyone knows is a very trying position to fill to everybody's satisfaction—her glowing sense of humor, her vivacity and sunny disposition, served as a perfect foil for her husband's serious dignity. I remember one time when Dr. Bagby had been seriously ill and she had nursed him with the tenderest care and patience, when she finally knew that he was out of danger and on the road to convalescence, she was radiant. Naturally, during his illness, she had been very closely shut away from all gayety and had seen practically none of her friends, and though she cheerfully and lovingly made the sacrifice, yet her sprightly temperament made it seem a big event when he reached that stage of convalescence where her constant attention was no longer needed and she could attend

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the first social event since he had been taken sick. She was getting ready to go, humming a gay little tune, and dancing up to the mirror to put the final touches to her "primping," and the good doctor remarked, "Sarah Jane, I verily believe that if I had died, it wouldn't have been more than two years before you'd be having beaux again!" She turned with the utmost gravity, but with a twinkle in her eyes, and exclaimed, "Good gracious, Doctor Bagby! You don't suppose I could waste all that time waiting two whole years 395 do you!" The doctor decided to make a complete recovery as speedily as possible.

There is another story that she liked to tell on the doctor, and one we used to tease him about a great deal. He was a great strickler for the most rigid and uncompromising honesty, and often tried to impress these principles upon his son, John. One day John argued the question with his father, saying, "But, Father, I think you have too many strict rules. Nobody in practical business affairs could possibly keep to such a strict code as yours. It would be a physical impossibility, and he wouldn't get any where in a business way." The doctor's answer is strongly reminiscent of the old darkey who insisted that "ef'n you jest 'bleeged to steal water-millyuns" be sure to steal ripe ones. Said he, "Well, my son, if circumstances will not permit perfect honesty, then be just as honest as possible."

An amusing story is told concerning my service as chairman of the Building Committee, when expensive and important repairs were being made upon the old Mattaponi Church. These improvements were carried on in the summer of 1885, and were in charge of my life-long friend, a carpenter of the neighborhood, Mr. Joseph Cosby. The building had been formerly without galleries, but it was deemed wise to enlarge the seating capacity of the church, although it was already quite commodious in that respect. It was planned to do this by placing a gallery above the nave of the church, the construction of which had been partially completed before it was thought to test how this might affect the excellent acoustics. I was delegated to investigate this immediately, and the head carpenter 396 suggested that, in doing so, I should stand in the rear of the gallery while he would go down into the chancel or back of the pulpit and call to me, to see if there was any difficulty in hearing from that distance and in that way test the adequacy of the acoustic properties

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of the new construction. It so happened that the work, at this time, had been in progress for some weeks, but, for some reason or other, I had failed to make any payment on the construction. Accordingly, when the test was being made, Mr. Cosby took his place in the pulpit and called back to me, accosting me in the usual familiar way, "Mr. Speaker, when you going to pay me something on this job? Did you know we have been working here for more than a month now and you haven't paid us a cent?" I declared that the acoustics were perfect, that I could hear him the first time and the money would be forthcoming at once. Many of my friends thought that this was a very good joke on me that he should have taken such a novel method of presenting his bill.

My intimate friend and devoted cousin, William Campbell, a first cousin of my sainted mother, seemed to take great delight in telling this story whenever he met me at religious gatherings. Speaking of Mr. Campbell, I beg to record here concerning him that he served throughout the whole war as a scout, having been detailed for that special purpose.

Promptly upon my removal from King and Queen County to the city of Richmond, in the year 1889, I moved my membership from the Mattaponi Church to Grove Avenue Baptist Church, of Richmond. This church was then located at the corner of Main and Shafer streets and services were conducted in a very 397 inconspicuous frame building, but very soon thereafter the church was moved to the corner of Grove Avenue and Shafer. Within a short time I was elected deacon of the church, and so continued to serve until the tender of my resignation, upon April 4th, 1921, by the following letter:

4 April, 1921.

To the Pastor, Deacons and Members of Grove Avenue Baptist Church:

Dear Brethren:

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On account of my impaired health, I deem it wise and best for the Church that I should tender my resignation as one of the deacons of Grove Avenue Baptist Church, which I hereby accordingly do.

In leaving your service, I assure you of my high esteem and Christian regard, and beg that you will relieve me of the arduous duties which the position that I have held for more than a quarter of a century entail.

You will understand, of course, that this resignation as deacon carries with it the vacancy in the position of chairman of Board of Deacons.

Sincerely and fraternally yours,

Henry R. Pollard.

In reply to this, I received from the pastor of the church, Rev. Len G. Broughton, D. D., the following communication, which I found most gratifying and treasure highly:

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April fifth Nineteen twenty.

Hon. H. R. Pollard, Sr. 918 West Grace Street, Richmond, Virginia.

My dear Mr. Pollard:

I take the first opportunity of writing you a line concerning your resignation as Deacon last night. We all quite understood and appreciated the reason that moved you, and unanimously and with great feeling, the church elected you as an Honorary Deacon, which position I feel sure you will accept. We cannot leave your name off of our list. Your long service and your splendid career with the church makes such a thing unthinkable.

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I wish you to know personally my own affection and appreciation for you personally, and for your position and helpful loyalty to Grove Avenue Church. My own relation to you is too tender and delicate to write about. I am sure you must feel it. At least, I desire that you know of my love and confidence.

Trusting that your health may speedily improve with the settling of the spring, I am, with much love,

Fraternally yours, Len G. Broughton.

During the whole of this time, I was teacher of the Men's Bible Class. I also served for two terms as President of the Virginia Baptist Association, presiding over one session in Norfolk and the other in the Second Baptist Church of Richmond. I was twice elected Vice-President of the Southern Baptist Convention, once in annual session at Hot Springs, Arkansas, and the other occasion in Chattanooga, Tennessee.

An incident of some interest to me occurred at the Hot Springs meeting. Upon my election to the vice-presidency, I was seated, as is customary, with the other officers on the stage. I was rather surprised to receive a note from a lady, a Mrs. Menier, of that city, the wife of a prominent man, the owner of the largest bath house in the city. She requested that I meet her at the main entrance of the hall, upon dismissal of the convention. This I did and found her a most accomplished woman, a distant relative of mine, who before her marriage had been Miss Pollard, of Missouri. She insisted that I be a guest in her home during the remainder of my stay and would take no refusal. I have since kept up a correspondence with her, though I have not again visited her and she has only once been to Richmond since that time. It most unfortunately happened, much to my regret, that I was at that time too ill to receive any company or to see anyone, and so missed the pleasure of having her as our guest at my home.

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I wish to report that, several years ago, on a pressing invitation from the Sharon Baptist Church (colored), I addressed one of the largest congregations I ever faced in this city, speaking upon *The Need of the Hour*. I was cordially received and my address seemed to be highly appreciated by my audience. Certainly I was delighted to render any assistance I could to my colored fellow-citizens.

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One of the most remarkable characters that I ever met, was Mr. C—, an Englishman, who, at the time of our meeting, was a man somewhat past middle age. His home was in Toronto, Canada, where his household comprised his wife and several grown sons. He was introduced to me by Mr. William Crump, a member of my Sunday School class at Grove Avenue Baptist Church. Both he and Mr. C— were traveling salesmen and had been acquainted for a number of years. Mr. C— was evidently a man of splendid culture, a graduate of Oxford University, England, one of the finest conversationalists it has ever been my pleasure to meet, and a person of strong religious convictions. During the two years that he was frequently in Richmond on Sundays, he often taught most ably the Bible Class which I was in the habit of teaching, and occasionally, when in the city on prayer-meeting night, he would attend such meetings at Grove Avenue Baptist Church, of which Dr. J. B. Hawthorne was then the pastor; and sometimes, upon Dr. Hawthorne's invitation, would lead such meetings in a manner most satisfactory to both pastor and congregation. He expressed to Dr. Hawthorne his belief in immersion as the authorized mode of baptism and on his request was immersed by Dr. Hawthorne, and thus united with the church. He divulged to me (I do not know whether to Dr. Hawthorne or not) that the cause of his leaving home at his time of life and engaging in traveling was that his wife had, rather late in life, become a spiritualist and rendered his life extremely unhappy by trying to impress her belief upon him. He had little or no sympathy with these doctrines. He confided to me this incident. In their 401 discussions of spiritualism, his wife strongly pressed upon him the claims of a certain medium in whom she had great faith, and urged him to make a test by receiving a message from his father, which this medium claimed to

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be able to give. As a dernier resort, he finally consented to do this. Upon reading the so-called message, he handed it back to her, saying that he was quite satisfied, as he was perfectly convinced that the message was *not* genuine. "Why," he said, "it actually has one grammatical mistake and two mis-spellings, and my father was an Oxford graduate." This seemed to greatly offend his wife, so much so that he was compelled to find surcease from her persistent urging by taking a position that would keep him out on the road. After a year or more, these occasional visits to Richmond ceased, and I have never heard of him since. As I have said, he was certainly a man of fine education and was also quite talented as a poet.

In the year 1900, the session of the Baptist Congress was held in Richmond, November 20–21, on which occasion I had the honor of being one of the speakers, my subject: "Is the Trust Beneficial or Injurious to Society?" The other speakers were Prof. E. H. Johnson, D. D., of Crozer Theological Seminary; Prof. Franklin Johnson, D. D., of Chicago University; B. L. Whitman, D. D., LL.D., Philadelphia; Rev. W. B. Matteson, of Red Bank, N. J.; Rev. W. Quay Roselle, of Homestead, Pa.; Prof. Charles W. Needham of Columbian University, Washington, D. C.; Frank Dickerson, Esq., of New York City; Rev. W. R. L. Smith, D. D., of this city; Prof. W. L. Poteat, of Wake Forest, N. C.; Rev. J. E. Sagebeer, Ph.D., of Germantown, Pa.; Rev. J. J. Taylor, D. D., of Norfolk, 402 Virginia; Wm. H. Whitsitt, LL.D., Louisville, Ky.; Charles A. Stakeley D. D., of Washington, D. C.; B. H. Carroll, D. D., of Waco, Texas; Madison C. Peters, D. D., of New York City; B. F. Woodburn, D. D., of Pittsburg; E. T. Tomlinson, Ph.D., of Elizabeth, N. J.; Kerr B. Tupper, D. D., of Philadelphia; Rev. R. P. Johnston, of St. Louis; Rev. W. C. P. Rhoades, D. D., of Brooklyn, N. Y.; and Rev. S. H. Greene, D. D., of Washington, D. C.

I leave it to an inquiring public to determine whether or not this imposing array of oratorical talent, together with the weighty and formidable subjects under discussion, talked the good brethren to death, for the Congress soon afterwards went out of existence.

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On Monday, October 25, 1909, the Laymen's Missionary Convention met in Richmond, at St. Paul's Church. During the session, Judge White made an excellent address, speaking as official messenger from a similar Convention—or rather from another meeting of a branch of the same organization—held at Cleveland, Ohio, during the preceding week. Upon the close of his speech, the President of our Convention called on me to reply to Judge White, and I made the following impromptu response:

Mr. President:

Like the young lady who was urged to make an immediate response to a proposition of matrimony, I feel that this call to respond to the graceful and cordial words of greeting brought us by the distinguished judge, from the Cleveland Convention, is altogether “too sudden.” But, Mr. President, I have 403 never seen the day and I hope I may never see it, when I could not say to one with such a glowing message as he brought, “I am glad to see you, Brother. God bless you!” I can say even more, which, however, I have not always been so fortunate as to be able, with entire frankness, to say when I have heard a judge deliver himself—“I concur fully in all you have said.”

Referring to what was said about the former discord in our now united, prosperous and happy land, I wish to say that the South rejoices that the causes which led up to the baptism in the fiery ordeal of a fratricidal war have been removed, and that now, as never before, we can touch elbows in another and nobler contest—one undertaken at the command of the Captain of our Salvation for the betterment and uplift of the world. Out of bitter and almost hopeless disappointment, God has brought abounding good.

Under the immediate command of Rev. Littlebury W. Allen, a Captain in the Confederate Army and a Baptist minister, (and, may I say by way of parenthesis, I am something of a Baptist myself), I rode in the last regiment of the last brigade that left this, the capital city of the Confederacy, on the day of its evacuation; and, from the heights of Manchester on the southern side of the noble James, I saw the raging conflagration that left the business

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section of the city a heap of smoking ruins. Are you surprised, sir, that one week later, at Appomattox, when General Lee found it necessary to yield to the inevitable superiority of numbers and resources, this old veteran (for he was then past sixty year) no less of his country than of the Cross, should have said to me, a youth of eighteen summers, the son of his friend and brother, 404 “Henry, all is lost; we are henceforth doomed to be hewers of wood and drawers of water”? His saying fell like a pall upon my already perturbed and sorrowing heart. But the darkness of that day, as I now see it, was but the dark hour before the breaking of a brighter, better and happier day. But I would not have you think that all who there surrendered thought and felt like this old veteran. God be blessed that there was present on that historic occasion one high in command and firm in faith, who seemed to have a vision sublime of the angel of peace hovering over and blessing a re-united land, and assuring him not only of the possibility but the certainty that out of the chaos and bewilderment of that crisis, God could and would bring peace and prosperity. That man was the Christian soldier and statesman, General John B. Gordon. And so he went from regiment to regiment, speaking words of encouragement and hope and, even in this presence, in this historic edifice, made so in a manner touchingly alluded to by our distinguished visitor, I feel at liberty to say that out of the disagreements, turmoils and bloodshed of the war, God has brought harmony, calmness and charity—conditions if not essential at least highly helpful in the evangelization of the world, and of the mission we are here to promote.

Then, Mr. President, we would have the judge say to those across the Ohio, for whom he has spoken so eloquently, that we greet them as brothers and co-workers engaged in the greatest enterprise that now confronts the world. Tell them that in the past we laymen have cultivated the *art* of giving, while for the future we propose to develop the *grace* of giving. But 405 I am reminded that I am not on the program for a speech, and therefore must forbear to enlarge upon, or attempt to enforce, this simple yet important thought with which I close.

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Since my membership with Grove Avenue Baptist Church, which commenced in 1889, there have been five pastors—without exception men of splendid ability and education, of a large degree of piety—and it would be, indeed, a slight not to pay homage to their worth. The first was H. D. Goodwin, a man of almost unequalled eloquence. He would frequently end his sermon with an apostrophe on Jesus Christ, as Saviour of the world, and would exclaim, in closing, when the whole congregation was almost entranced with his eloquence, “Hail, Thou long-expected Jesus, Born to set Thy people free!” “Sing it, brethren, sing it!” And the congregation would rise as one man and burst into song.

The next in order was Rev. James C. Hiden, D. D., a graduate of the University of Virginia. I have no hesitation in declaring him one of the most interesting preachers to whom I ever listened. He had acquired the habit, of introducing his sermon with a short “prelude,” using for this purpose gems of literary productions. I shall refer especially to one such deliverance. He quoted, “Truth crushed to earth shall rise again The eternal years of God are *his*; But error, wounded, writhes in pain, And dies among *her* worshippers.”

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As the reader will note, in each case where the personal pronoun was used, he had reversed the gender, using “his” for “hers” and *vice versa*. After the sermon, I modestly approached him and said, “Doctor, I cannot allow the way you misquoted your prelude to go unchallenged, especially as it concerns your failure to give honor to whom honor is due, that is to the ladies.” He at once seemed to understand to what I referred, and, rather gruffly answered, “You are mistaken, sir,” and abruptly turned away. But the next morning before my breakfast-bell rang, he rang the front door-bell, came in rather brusquely, and, without the ordinary salutation, said, “Brother Pollard, you were right and I was wrong. Good day, sir.” Of course, I urged him to stay to breakfast but he was determined and made his immediate departure.

After Dr. Hiden, came Rev. James B. Hawthorne, D. D., a native of Alabama and a distinguished pulpit orator, who had served as pastor of churches in Atlanta, Boston

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and New York. This had given him a national reputation which was unsurpassed in this country. There is a most delightfully readable volume of his sermons, compiled by Rev. W. R. L. Smith, D. D., now a retired minister of the Baptist denomination and for a long time pastor of the Second Baptist Church of Richmond.

Then came Rev. William Cary James, a younger man than any of those mentioned above. He served for twelve years. While lacking in the splendid oratorical qualifications of his predecessors, he was a man of good education, of splendid piety, affable in his home, popular with his congregation, earnest, industrious and effective as a pastor. He left to become 407 Superintendent of the educational interests of the Southern Baptist Convention, located at Birmingham, Alabama. He did splendid work in developing the church in all of its activities as a denominational entity.

The present pastor, Rev. Len G. Broughton, succeeded him two years ago. Before coming to us, Dr. Broughton had served in the leading Baptist churches of the South, and had also acted as substitute for Dr. B. Campbell Morgan for two years in his large London church while he (Dr. Morgan) was engaged in serving the British government by preaching and lecturing through the rural districts, keeping up the morale of the people, aiding enlistment, and promulgating loyalty to the war ministry. This is one of the largest churches in London, with a seating capacity of five thousand, and Dr. Broughton is reported to have filled it to the utmost during the entire two years. On his return to this country, he was invited to serve as pastor of Grove Avenue Baptist Church, where he is giving satisfaction and drawing large crowds. He is a man of splendid education, travelled, cultured and eloquent, and, in addition to his preaching, he frequently lectures to large audiences on many interesting subjects.

I remember the first time that he ever came to Grove Avenue was many years ago, while Dr. Hiden was pastor. He was then a young man and came to conduct services for two weeks. During that time he was a guest in the old Doctor's home and, as he has since told me, every night, after the services, they would go up to his room together and have long

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and interesting discussions on many topics. But never a word as to the young man's sermons, though he was putting forth his best efforts, until the twelfth and last night. Then Dr. Hiden remarked, "Broughton, that was a fine sermon of yours tonight, wonderfully fine. But my boy, you took the wrong text to fit that sermon."

Noble men, every one of these—God bless them all! Three of them have gone to their reward; James and Broughton remain actively engaged in the Master's service.

I deem it of sufficient importance to make record of my long services as a member of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Southern Baptist Convention, and also as a member of the Board of Trustees of Richmond College, on each of which Boards I served (gratuitously, of course) for the period of twenty-five years. When I finally felt that the accumulation of duties made it imperative that I resign from these Boards, resolutions were adopted by both bodies, expressing regret that such action was necessary on my part and thanking me for my services in terms of high appreciation which I found most gratifying. The following is a copy of the message sent me by the Mission Board:

WHEREAS our brother, Hon. H. R. Pollard, who has been a valuable member of this Board for a long period of years, has deemed it advisable to tender his resignation, as the pressure of many business obligations makes it impracticable for him to attend the meetings of the Board and its Committees,

THEREFORE BE IT RESOLVED:

1. That we record our very great appreciation of Brother Pollard's self-sacrificing and invaluable services

"THE THREE HENRYS"

409 as a member of different Committees, in the general work of the Board, and especially his counsel and advice in many legal matters pertaining to the conduct of our missionary enterprises;

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2. That we express our deep and sincere regret that circumstances are such that he can no longer remain a member of the Board, and

3. That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Board, and a copy forwarded to Brother Pollard.

Respectfully submitted,

Committee.

Wm. Lockhart Ball

T. Clagett Skinner

J. R. Johnson

Annual meeting of the Foreign Missions Board, June 16–17, 1915.

My son, Harry Pollard, Jr., did me the honor to invite me to make an address before his Young Men's Bible Class at Grove Avenue Baptist Church, so I took this occasion, with perhaps more or less pride, to illustrate the importance of developing a habit of saving or of practicing economy in early life. During his childhood at our old home in the country, where his early life was spent, I saw that Harry was developing, as I thought, a keen interest in acquiring property, and, to encourage him along that line, I tried to give him a start. I owned and kept the usual number of cows to furnish milk for a large and growing family, so the first two calves that were born on the plantation I gave to Harry to be cared for by him and later sold for his benefit, when they became of sufficient size, and the money invested for him. He, naturally enough, became very attached to these two animals and 410 was rather reluctant to part with them, but they were sold and, when he became old enough to manage his own affairs, I paid the money over to him, along with his savings from similar sums which he had from other sources. It was the beginning of his success

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as a property owner. I attributed in no small degree to this incident in his early life his later success, and so determined to make the subject of my speech to his class of young men *Saving*.

I think one of the most beautiful and most gracious compliments ever paid me during my long life was given me by my Bible Class. Certainly I have never had a tribute that touched me more deeply, or one that I appreciated more sincerely; and it was even more highly prized by me because so unexpected. I think no better account of this beautiful thought and act can be given than that contained in the original letter, and I therefore insert it here.

Richmond, Va., May 18, 1919.

Hon. H. R. Pollard, 918 W. Grace St., Richmond, Va.

Dear Brother:

This has been designated as H. R. Pollard Day by the Men's Bible Class of Grove Avenue Baptist Church, and as a committee representing that class, we desire to place on record and express to you the high appreciation in which you are held by the class, in view of the continued service you have so faithfully rendered as teacher, since the organization of the class.

Our appreciation and love for you personally have grown with the years, and may you continue to enjoy our confidence and affectionate regard with renewed assurance of our continued loyalty to you and the best interests of our class. The spiritual uplift we have received by your wise and sagacious presentation of the lessons from week to week, has been a benediction to each one of us, and, therefore, we feel that the instruction we have gained has been of infinite spiritual benefit to every member of the class, for which you have not only our appreciation, but ever-lasting gratitude.

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In conclusion, we desire to express the wish for your continued good health and happiness and that your useful life may long be spared, not only that your ministry to the class may be continued, but the example and influence of your valuable life may prove a boon to all who may be associated with you.

Yours fraternally and truly,

Committee.

John G. Dew

Hill Montague

S. F. Padgett

Allie Jacob

R. W. Jones

I have always been intensely English, upholding with all my strength the deeply embedded Anglo-Saxon principles of freedom and justice and courage, and believing with all my mind and heart and soul in Anglo-Saxon supremacy—not in any militaristic sense, but in the highest ideals and finest spiritual attainments that this world has ever known. So it was that when the World War came, it touched me more profoundly than any experience of my lifetime. Indeed, it dominated my mental life completely, to such an extent that I hesitate to speak of this, feeling that I am laying bare my very soul. Yet it has meant so much to me that no story of my life could be complete without it.

My sympathies were always with the Allies. I felt that their success meant the very life and hope of the world's civilization, and I confess that I was not altogether happy over America's part during the “drugged and doubting years,” when we were mere spectators. While I would unqualifiedly condemn “jingoism,” I am not a pacifist by any means. For

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me, peace must be an honourable peace, and I was *glad* when America finally chose that “the Flesh shall die, and not the living Soul!” I could echo most fervently Van Dyke's exhortation,“

O dearest country of my heart, home of the high desire, Make clean thy Soul for sacrifice on Freedom's altar-fire!”

My heart was especially with the college men, the pick and flower of our Southland, who left their games and their high ambitions and went abroad to die; who “gave their merry youth away for country and for God.” It was these boys who did much to give the A. E. F. its tone of high-hearted, jubilant courage and to make it known as the “Singing Army,” at which France marvelled; who could go forward to their last rendez-vous with a smile in the eye and a jest or a 413 song on the lips that robbed Death of its terrors. Forgetting the differences caused some two hundred odd years ago by a stubborn, pig-headed Dutch king, England and America were again one, once more brothers across the sea, fighting under one banner in a crusade for right. And glory of glories for Dixie! It was here that the call of the blood was strongest and the answer came clearest and readiest, for the Southern boys proved worthy of their glorious heritage of the '60's, and the sons and grandsons of those who fought with Jackson and Lee upheld in Flanders' fields under Foch and Pershing the same ideals of freedom and right, like true Southerners sticking to their creed, “Though all we knew depart, The old commandments stand: ‘In courage keep your heart, In strength lift up your hand’.”

Without waiting for the draft, the very pick and flower of our Southland volunteered and, after the few West Pointers were placed, America looked largely to our national guard units of the South to furnish her officers, and that section furnished more in proportion than any other part of the United States. It is Richmond's eternal glory that one company of her proudest military organization—Company B of the Richmond Light Infantry Blues—was sent, almost to a man, as commissioned officers to command the troops in France.

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From the time of our entry into the War, that became the paramount interest of my life. I have always kept up my mother's custom of having family prayers every morning, but, from this time on until the end of the War, I would arise earlier and set aside an hour for private prayer and communion, lifting up my soul in a plea for the Allied success, since my body was no longer young and strong enough to give in battle. I would then read with utmost care all of the news as to the situation over there.

For some days before the armistice I had had a strong feeling of elation, a kind of presentiment, as I followed the news of the great offensive then under preparation, and as the days passed this feeling increased, until on the morning of November the eleventh it became almost an obsession, almost uncanny in its intensity. When I arose from my knees after my prayers that morning, there came singing through my heart and mind as clearly and exultantly as though a living, vibrant voice had answered me, the words of the psalmist:

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

"Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle."

And the words stood out as clearly in my brain as if stamped in letters of gold. I cannot describe the strong sense of peace and of utter exaltation that possessed me, presaging the good news that was to follow later in the day.

And now, in our hour of triumph, our chief care, it seems to me, should be lest we forget and so fail to hold high enough the torch thrown to us by the brave, strong hands that held back the foe from battering down the gates of our civilization. Hence it strikes me with all the force of a physical blow when some few—thoughtless ones, let us say in *kindness*—would try to set a mercenary valuation upon this glory so bought with high courage and idealism and sacrifice and the love greater than which no man hath; would

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descend to petty factionalism and make of these high achievements a kind of football for partisan politics; would place a price of thirty pieces of silver upon the little white crosses in Flanders' fields! It comes as a shock to me to think of even attempting to set a material valuation upon honor and courage and obligations met as a man should meet them—a sacrilege and a breaking faith with those who sleep in Flanders fields so flagrant that the poppies would blush a deeper crimson. Rather than this, let us strive to see that their sacrifice is not in vain, that our crusaders' banner is kept without fear and without reproach, and not that one jot or tittle of what they purchased with great price shall pass from the world; and so “This let us pray for, this implore: That, all base dreams thrust out at door, We may in loftier aims excel And, like men waking from a spell, Grow stronger, nobler than before, When there is Peace.”

Finis

APPENDIX.

ADDRESS OF HON. H. R. POLLARD.

(Upon receiving the portrait of Gen. Wm. B. Taliaferro presented to Lee Camp of Confederate Veterans, Richmond, Virginia.)

Commander, Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The conception of a Confederate Camp was a happy thought. Originally, its objects were mainly social and beneficial. By a later, yet perfectly natural, development, its objects were broadened and ennobled, when it assumed the sacred obligation of collecting, preserving and perpetuating, not only the gallant deeds, but the pure motives, and the high character of the men who fought for the Southland. This much of our patrimony survived the wreck and ruin of war, and if we had not treasured it and bequeathed it to our children we would have been false to a great trust. I dare say that one of the best means to this worthy end is to hang upon the walls of this hall portraits of our departed comrades, who bore

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themselves so honorably that they won the admiration, not only of their countrymen, but of the world at large.

And so, when loving friends of these heroes graciously send their portraits, we accept them with reverential delight, because they bespeak not only the abiding confidence of the donors in the aims and objects of our organization, but also because these faces give light and life to the pages that record their deeds.

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Commissioned so to do by this Camp, I do now, in the name of R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, Confederate veterans, accept the portrait of that distinguished citizen, fearless soldier and broad-minded philanthropist, William Booth Taliaferro. And for this Camp I promise that as he sacredly guarded the honor of his Mother State, so this Camp will keep this prized gift—the heritage not only of this but of unborn generations.

After the eloquent address to which we have listened, in which the life and character of General Taliaferro were so fully and faithfully portrayed, I might well content myself with a simple expression of the gratification that the Camp feels in having the picture of this distinguished General added to our collection. But I beg, in view of my intimate association with him since the war, that you will allow me to give my estimate of my dear friend, as a public-spirited citizen. After all, our greatest soldiers have been greater as citizens. This was even true of the time of Rome's greatest power as a military despotism. Sallust, the wisest and most conservative of Roman historians, and a contemporary of the great men of whom he wrote, says that this was true of Julius Caesar. Great as an orator, he was greater as a soldier, and greater as a citizen.

And Cicero, speaking before the Roman Senate, said that every other quality of mind and heart was inferior to a spirit of philanthropy, expressing itself in wise and practical efforts to better the condition of mankind. This quality, he said, is given as a reward of virtue; while other advantages are lent at the 421 caprice of fortune. Shakespeare

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recognized this as an ethical principle when he makes Mark Antony, in his address over the dead body of Caesar, reach the climax in his eulogy when he says: "When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept." If such was the highest standard of worth among the Romans, whose ideal of national greatness was military prowess, how much more is it, or ought it to be true in America, whose ideal of national greatness is the development of every individual member of society into a strong, contented and self-respecting citizen. The presence of these virtues made it possible that this nation, at the end of the most gigantic war of modern times, could wave her hand, and armies aggregating more than a million sank back instantly into peaceful civil life. Of this spectacle, Mr. Gladstone said: "Cincinnatus became a common-place example. The generals of yesterday were the editors, the secretaries and solicitors of today." It was an inspiring lesson to mankind, and a splendid tribute to the cause of popular government throughout the world. The honorable gentleman, whose life and character we memorialize this evening, gracefully laid down the commission of Major-General, and assumed without a murmur the unostentatious labors of a country lawyer. These labors he cheerfully prosecuted for a quarter of a century—going in and out before his fellow-citizens, the embodiment of urbanity, integrity and philanthropy. Unstintingly, he gave of his time and his thought to the cause of public education. In the organization of one of our public institutions, the Farmville Normal School; and the rehabilitation of another, the College of William and Mary—the mother of the 422 wisest statesmen of any age—he took the initial and leading part. His military achievements, which were great, pale before the lustre added to his name by these contributions to the public weal.

But I meant merely to suggest, rather than elaborate, the true elements of national and individual greatness. These need to be emphasized in these times. A tendency towards militarism and imperialism demands that we should elevate civic honors above military glory. By doing this, we show ourselves patriots rather than partisans—devotees to duty rather than to sentiment.

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With much appreciation we accept this portrait. Its presence in the Hall honors us no less than the distinguished citizen whose face and form it delineates. May his memory be fragrant in our hearts and homes until we, too, "pass over the river" and are united with him in the Great Beyond.

PORTION OF AN ADDRESS.

DELIVERED BY HON. H. R. POLLARD, AT KING AND QUEEN COURT HOUSE, ON THE OCCASION OF THE UNVEILING OF CERTAIN PORTRAITS.

Honorable Judge, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I esteem myself happy to be present here on my "native heath" and to participate in the auspicious ceremonies of this interesting occasion.

This room and these surroundings bring trooping from my memory's storehouse scenes of the past. Here the first of my feeble efforts to convince judge and jury were made. Here sympathetic friends watched with doubtful expectation those efforts and spoke words of encouragement. Here generous applause from too partial constituents endorsed again and again my stewardship as their representative in the Legislature and clamorously demanded further service.

Living, moving and having my being for twenty active, busy, bustling years among such scenes, surrounded by such friends, has knit me with hooks of steel to this people and I can truly say of my native county:

"Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see, My heart, untraveled, still fondly turns to thee."

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But there are other memories more appropriate to this hour that cannot be ignored.

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While the last presiding justice of the last constitutional court of a Bench of Justice, our honored and highly esteemed country-man, Dr. Thomas Latane, is still spared to us, almost all of his associates have been called to a Higher Court. The Blands, Walden, Saunders, Acree, Fleet, Brumley, and others not now remembered, sat here in turn when I first came to the bar.

Then of the members of the bar, Jeffries, Douglas, the Montagues, Tyler, my honored father, and J. H. C. Jones, the “noblest Roman” of them all, are gone.

To do honor to these and others equally deserving, whose portraits hang upon these walls would be indeed a worthy object, but this occasion, and similar ones in other counties, so wisely conceived and successfully executed by the honorable judge of this circuit,* are intended to have a deeper and wider significance and influence. It is intended by the portrayal of the features of these faces, looking into the countenances of the living crowds that come to this Temple of Justice, to instill into their hearts the spirit of emulation of the virtues of their fathers—to excite in them the resolve to be worthy sons of noble sires.

* Judge Thomas Roane Brockenbrough Wright.

If it is true, as has been said, that the greatest study of mankind is man, then we are indeed in the right path.

Without the lives and characters of the men whose faces look down on us, this old county would be poor indeed, for her priceless jewels are the untarnished names of her Bagbys, her Braxtons and her Blands, 425 her Fleets and her Fauntleroyes, her Harwoods and her Haynes, her Jeffries and her Pollards, her Motleys and her Spencers, her Ruffins and her Robinsons.

“Not high-raised battlement or labored mound, Thick walls or moated gate; Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned; Not bays and broad-armed ports, Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride; Not starred and spangled courts. No! Men—high-minded

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men; Men who their duties know, And know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain;
Prevent the long aimed blow, And crush the tyrant, while they rend the chain— These
constitute a state: And sovereign Law that, with collected will, On crowns and globes,
elate, Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.”

All there is of history worth knowing can be known when we know the life and characters
of the men who participated in passing events. Tried by this standard, old King and Queen
is entitled to a place in State and national history.

The county was created, in the year 1761, by an act of the House of Burgesses, by which
the territory now composing the counties of King and Queen and King William was cut off
from New Kent County; and, by a similar act, passed in 1708, the county of King Williams,
as now composed, was cut off from the county of King and Queen. (See 3 *Henning's
Statutes at Large*, pp. 95 and 211.)

One of the earliest and a greatly distinguished son of the county is John Robinson, who
became Speaker 426 of the House of Burgesses about the year 1740. His residence was
at *Pleasant Hill*, on the Mattaponi River, near Little Plymouth, and he was buried there.

This county was the birth-place of Carter Braxton, one of the fifty-six signers of the
Declaration of Independence from the whole thirteen colonies, and one of the seven from
Virginia who signed it. The mother and father of this great statesman, in the churchyard at
Old Mattaponi, await the morning of the resurrection.

I beg to submit the following brief sketches of three of the worthy sons of the old county,
whose portraits are today unveiled. (I here gave a rather full sketch of the life of my father,
Col. John Pollard, but as this is already given in Chapter I., page 24, I shall omit it here.)

Judge James Madison Jeffries, son of Thomas Jeffries, was born at *Spring Farm*, near
Mattaponi Church, on the 25th day of June, 1809, and died at West Point, Virginia, in his
eighty-first year.

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He was graduated from the college of William and Mary. Adopting law as his profession, he attended Judge Tucker's Law School at Winchester. Thus thoroughly equipped, and with courtly manners and abounding industry, his success was assured from his first appearance at the bar.

About 1830, he became Commonwealth's Attorney of his native county, which office he continuously held until the days of Reconstruction succeeding the War between the States. In 1870, he was elected to the Circuit Court bench, in which capacity he served until his death.

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His record as an upright judge stands unchallenged. He was interred at Mattaponi Church, in sight of the spot where he first saw the light.

John Newton Gresham, son of Samuel Gresham, Sr., was born near Newtown, in King and Queen County, on the 25th day of August, 1820. With excellent mind, limited education, kindly disposition, pleasing manner, and unusually attractive person, he commenced life as a deputy in the Clerk's office of his native county. Afterward, he became a clerk under the then leading merchant of his county, Mr. John Bagby, at Stevensville, and was soon thereafter married to the daughter (Hannah) of his employer, and became a partner in his mercantile business, which pursuit he followed until his death, on the 21st day of July, 1884. In 1870, he was appointed Clerk of the County and Circuit Courts of King and Queen County, but failed of election before the people by a narrow majority. At the succeeding election for member of the House of Delegates, he was elected and served with satisfaction to his constituents, who desired to return him, but he declined re-election.

The next issue of the county newspaper carried the following complimentary account of the foregoing occasion:

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Hon. H. R. Pollard, now of Richmond, but a loved and honored son of King and Queen, by request of Judge Wright, made an address presenting the portraits of the distinguished men. His classic face, well modulated and musical voice added much to the charm of his remarks. . . . It would be difficult to praise too highly the chaste language, magnificent flight of oratory and intensely instructive thought of this gentleman. Together with Mr. Claggett Jones and Judge Dew his was *par excellence* the effort of the day. . . .

Judge J. G. Dew, of the County Court, by request of Judge Wright, made an address accepting the gallery of portraits. He is an eloquent man and a lawyer of great ability. His remarks were delivered in a calm, dignified manner. They were strong and exceedingly suggestive. He was the only speaker to show how helpful to the cause of justice were the ministers of the Gospel.

OUTLINE OF ADDRESS ON ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

I shall include in this volume of sketches the outline of an address which I made before the annual meeting of the Sons of the American Revolution, at the Westmoreland Club in this city, on February 22nd, 1915, on the subject of *Alexander Hamilton*, one of the most conspicuous figures, in think, of his day and of notable reputation and far-reaching influence in the country's building.

I put this brief sketch in, rather than the speech as a whole, as reported in the papers the next day, in order to show some of our future budding young orators what a seasoned veteran's working outline looks like when he gets into full swing!

Alexander Hamilton.

1. Born on Island Nevis, W. I., January 11, 1757.
2. Married Elizabeth Schuyler, daughter of General Schuyler, December 14, 1870.

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3. Recruited first artillery company. Mustered into Continental Army as Captain, 1776, authorized by ordinance of New York Convention.

4. Served with distinction in battles of:

Long Island,

Harlem Heights,

Chatterdon's Hill,

New Brunswick,

Trenton,

Princeton.

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5. Became member of Washington's Staff with rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, 1777, and served as his private secretary.

6. Sent to General Gates to solicit reinforcements for Washington's army.

7. In 1781 resigned from Staff and soon entered active service and distinguished himself at Yorktown.

8. In 1780, only 23 years old, he determined to make finance his specialty. Addressed an anonymous letter to Robert Morris, then the richest and wisest financier in America. Of that letter it is said, it demonstrated that he had "an inborn genius for finances."

9. In 1772, became member of Continental Congress.

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10. In 1878, he was a conspicuous member of the Convention which drafted the United States Constitution.

11. Was appointed by Washington the first Secretary of the Treasury.

12. He coined the phrase, "A coercive Union."

13. Was tendered the office of Chief Justice, by Washington.

14. In 1799, he was appointed Major-General and made second in command to Washington, who was appointed first in the then anticipated war with France, and Washington dying he was made first.

15. In 1804, was killed in duel with Vice-President Burr, and buried in Trinity churchyard.

16. His wife survived him 50 years, less four months, dying in her 97th year.

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17. Washington said of him:

"This I can venture to advance, from a thorough knowledge of him, that there are few men to be found of his age, who have more general knowledge than he possesses, and one whose soul is more firmly engaged in the cause or exceeds him in probity and sterling virtue."

18. The great Chief Justice pronounced him the greatest character, next to Washington, that the Revolution produced.

19. Daniel Webster said of him:

"He smote the rock of material resources and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth. He touched the dead corpse of the public credit and it sprung upon its feet."

20. Talleyrand said of him: "He could see consequents yet dormant in their principles;" and in another place he said: "He divined."

COLONEL MORTON MARYE.

By Hon. C. Lee Moore.

Morton Marye, of French-Huguenot descent, was born September 7, 1831, and reared at *Brompton* (Marye's Heights), Fredericksburg, Virginia. He was the son of John Lawrence Marye, an eminent and distinguished lawyer of his day, and Anna Maria Burton Marye. He married Caroline Homassel Voss of *Hawthorne*, Rappanhannock County, Virginia.

In early manhood he engaged in the mercantile business in the city of Alexandria, Virginia, where he was associated with a firm of large domestic and foreign connections. He was prior to the Civil War Captain of the *Alexandria Rifles*, and was in command of that company at Harper's Ferry at the time of the execution of John Brown. When the Civil War broke out his company volunteered. He was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, 17th Virginia Infantry, and was made Colonel, in November, 1862. He was gazetted Brigadier-General but refused to accept the title and would never permit its use, saying that he had not earned it on the field. He was wounded by a minie ball in a desperate, brilliant and courageous charge in the Second Battle of Manassas, the ball penetrating the knee and compelling amputation. Colonel Marye was in numerous engagements and so brave and gallant was his conduct that his superior officers frequently made mention thereof in their reports. 433 His military record is a part of the history of his State, and to her he devoted *all* of his life in both military and official service.

After the war was ended, Colonel Marye was elected by the people of the city of Alexandria (who in honoring him conferred the greater honor upon themselves) as Clerk of the Corporation and Circuit Courts of that city. This position he filled with efficiency and ability until he was, by the joint bodies of the General Assembly of Virginia, elected Auditor

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of Public Accounts of the Commonwealth. He became the head of that important office on January 2, 1884, and held the position, by repeated elections from time to time, without opposition, until his death occurred in the city of Richmond, on December 22, 1910.

Soon after he became the head of that office he was distinguished throughout the Commonwealth for the fair, fearless and able manner in which he discharged the duties of the office, and demonstrated to the satisfaction of all the people of the Commonwealth the wisdom of the General Assembly in electing and continuing him in that office. . . .*

* For omitted paragraphs see page 221.

Colonel Morton Marye deservedly had the respect and admiration of the people of Virginia. Those so fortunate as to know him intimately bore for him the highest esteem and the truest affection. To his Commonwealth he gave his all, and it may be truly said of him that, courageous as he was in her military service, he was none the less brilliant and distinguished in her official service. Colonel Morton Marye was a soldier, statesman, loyal friend and Christian gentleman.

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CONSTITUENT MEMBERS OF MATTAPONI BAPTIST CHURCH.

William Todd, *Pastor*.

Thomas Jeffries, *Deacon*.

John Redd, *Deacon*.

Henry Bagby

James Garnett

John Moulson

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John Pollard

Philip Eubank

Bartlett B. Hart

Thomas B. Hart

Robert Oglesby

Walker D. Hart

Martin Turner

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Samuel Whiteman

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Edward Hart

Richard Eubank

Susanna Bagby

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Nancy Cook

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Martha Thomas

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Juliet Hart

Polly Crafton

Betsey Dally

Elizabeth Garrett

Fannie Whiteman

Susanna Fisher

Lucy Gresham

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Elizabeth Hart

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Hatty Newbill

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Katie Eubank

Rachel Eubank

Dacey Eubank

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Robert Courtney, *Asst. Supt.*

B. Pendleton Cooke, *Sec'y.*

Philip Eubank, *Treas.*

William Campbell, *Librarian.*

Thomas Pollard

Alexander Campbell

James Watlington

Robert Jeffries

George Cooper

John R. Haynes

Frank Watlington

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John B. Pickles

Marius Todd

Theodore Courtney

Augustus Watlington

Granville R. Lewis

George F. Bagby

Columbus Whiteman

William Campbell

William Eubank

George T. Turner

Jacob Turner

James Turner

Dorinda E. Gresham

Elizabeth Haynes

Mary C. Radford

Evelyn Bagby

Sally Fox

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Ann C. Lewis

Martha H. Bagby

Mary Ellen Bagby

Mary T. Courtney

Sarah J. Pollard

Susan C. Pollard

Emily Whiteman

Martha E. Bagby

Martha R. Lewis

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